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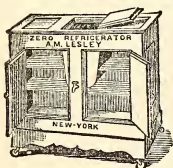
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THE GALAXY.

VOL. XVI.—JULY, 1873.—No. 1.

VIEWS ABROAD.

A DAY WITH THE FRENCH PAINTERS.

THE studio of X— was at the upper end of the Luxembourg Garden; the walls were of that bluish gray affectioned by most painters, and the light was broad and soft. With him were two women-models, one of whom had been posing. They were both dressed; one was just completing her toilet. The easel bore an unfinished picture of Pelagia in an attitude of meditation under an olive tree. The painter, serious and humorous by turns, like most Frenchmen, explained his subject in characteristic speech.

“As you are doubtless aware,” said he, “Pelagia was a celebrated actress in Antioch, known as the *Pearl*, who turned the heads of many foolish young men as well as those of some old wise ones; in a word, the Schneider of Antioch theatricals. In the midst of her gay life and mundane triumphs, she hears a sermon by Bishop Gregorius, a celebrated preacher, whose eloquence brings about her conversion. In my picture I endeavor to seize the moment when the change of heart begins. As you see, she seeks solitude, and is reclining under an olive tree in a posture of melancholy reflection. To bring out the traits of Pelagia, I employ two models, one for the face and the other for the figure. As you have been in Palestine, please tell me if my olive tree is after nature.”

As I had often sat under the old olive trees of the Garden of Gethsemane and the Valley of Jehoshaphat, under which Pelagia had also doubtless many times reclined, I was able to give a fair idea of their appearance. This elicited serious discussion from him for five or ten minutes, when, turning to the models, who were on the point of going, he said:

“Conduct yourselves wisely, my dear Pelagias, and you will be happy. Recollect that you are now butterfly saints who have emerged from the chrysalis of theatrical depravity which once existed in the festive town of Antioch. I shall expect you at your respective hours to-morrow; let no pleasure-junketing interfere with your appointment.”

After the departure of the young women, the painter went with me to an atelier on the other side of the Seine, where students drew from the model in classes, and on the way spoke of the theory of judging of the appearance of men after their work, and by way of illustration, to show that there was no foundation for the theory, referred to Gérôme. His older works, the “*Gladiateurs*,” the “*Mort de César*,” and “*Phryné devant le Tribunal*,” as well as

one of his later, "Cléopâtre," suggested a pagan taste; and his genre pictures, like the "Duel après le Bal," indicated a mundane dramatic character. In a word, his work exhibited a certain sublimated materialism which would lead one to expect in him a Parisianized Oriental, full of sensuous tastes, when in point of fact he was a slight, pale man, with large melancholy brown eyes, and features of perfect purity of outline—a chastened spirit, one would say, full of charity to all mankind—a monk of the studio, working sadly but steadfastly in expiation of the sins of others. Meissonier, seen through works like the "Attente," the "Lecture chez Diderot," the "Capitaine," the "Corps de Garde," suggested a solitary artist in artistic apparel living in Bohemia, who disliked the Philistine spirit of to-day and systematically shut himself in the sixteenth and eighteenth centuries, and who, with a horror of the tastes and habits of the bourgeoisie, lived in regions unknown to it—a lonely, picturesque man in sack coat and slouch hat. Meissonier in reality was a dapper, red-faced man, who wore the shiniest of silk hats, and resembled more than anything else that bourgeois from whom he fled as from the wrath to come. In the works of Bouguereau there was a poetical sadness which indicated a pale student of nature, while in the flesh he was a jolly, red-cheeked, plump little man, full of gayety—especially pleased with Americans because they bought his pictures. There was none of the grotesque humor of Gustave Doré's drawings in his face nor his manner, and he might be taken for almost any one but a painter. That consummate master of drawing who delighted in painting Arab scenes—Boulanger—presented nothing in his appearance either for or against the probability of the authorship of his work; he was a thin, saw-toothed little man, of pleasant expression, and a head entirely bald with the exception of three stiff little sprouts of hair which were always wide-awake and unyielding. Lefebvre, as regarded the identification of personality with work, occupied the same neutral ground—a youngish man, quick and decided in speech and movement, with large blue eyes, and slightly bald, all of which had nothing to do with his exquisite manner of painting woman's form. There was one, however, who looked exactly like his work, namely, Cabanel—by exception, to prove the rule against the theory—a stately, courteous man, with hair and beard almost white, and, in striking contrast to them, dark eyes and eyebrows. Most of his personal characteristics were found in his pictures. In his work of the "Naissance de Vénus" there was elegance, purity, and beauty of lines and modelling, and that sombreness in coloring which he always employed; the purity almost attained to coldness. His portraits were posed in a grand way, elegantly draped. These qualities were all singularly like the man.

Our arrival at the atelier cut short further discussion of the subject, and we mounted a well-worn stairway of one of the old-fashioned houses alongside the Seine, to one of the upper stories.

About twenty students were here collected, awaiting the arrival of the person who was to pose. A glowing stove made the place excessively warm, with a view to the comfort of the expected model. As it was customary to admit only painters, X— advised me not to intimate that I did not belong to the priesthood of art, as painters, and especially models, disliked the presence of Philistines—laymen being thus designated in the language of the atelier.

Presently the model arrived—a bright handsome brunette of nineteen or twenty. There was a demonstration of welcome from the painters, the door

was locked, and she proceeded in a business-like fashion to prepare for work. When ready, she mounted a platform about two feet high, where she fell under a lofty, broad side-light. Two of the more advanced painters, who acted as a committee of arrangements, placed her in a position. This being the first pose, there was discussion about the posture to be assumed. Several times the two placed her and then retired a few yards to observe the effect, remarking as they did so, "Don't hold the arm so stiff," "Incline the head a trifle," and what not, accompanied with painters' pantomime, such as slowly sawing the head, shutting out portions with the intercepted hand, and massing the effects with half-closed eyes. The fourth trial proved to be a success, at which a phrase of general satisfaction was expressed. The two, enjoining her not to budge, with the others, got behind their easels and went to work, some taking off their coats. One modelled in clay; with this exception all held crayons. All the faces turned earnestly toward the canvas, the clay, and the model, and not a sign of dawdling or frivolity was to be seen. To them the woman was a statue. Nothing was recognized here but art; it took the form of worship, and he who looked with other eyes than those of an artist was accounted sacrilegious. Thus the public opinion of the atelier made them all artists, and if the art feeling was not possessed, it was assumed.

After a time the silence was broken by her requesting some one to heat up the stove as she was cold, which brought out one or two ejaculations, and a murmur that we were already in the interior of Africa, to which she retorted that they would not think so if they were in her place. Another long silence was interrupted by her asking the time, at which one of the elders remarked, "Not yet, mademoiselle." Again, in a few minutes she said she was sure the time must be up. "It is, my child," answered the same elder; "repose yourself." She left the stand, drew a mantle about her, and took a seat by the stove with a sense of relief. She was obliged to look out for herself in regard to the time of posing, as the painters were usually so absorbed as to forget it.

The repose of the model brought with it a contrast to the previous silence. There was a general buzz, and lighting of pipes and cigarettes. Two or three compliments were addressed to the model for her excellent posing; native gallantry cropped out, and two or three told her she was an angel or a duchess, to which she replied in that spirit of raillery with which these things were uttered. This was an illustration of French character—fond of work and equally fond of play.

I approached the model as she sat by the stove and entered into conversation with her, when I learned that she had another occupation, that of artificial flower-maker, by which she earned three francs a day. Posturing was naturally more profitable; she received five francs for the two hours and a half to three hours she remained in the atelier, during which she posed about two hours, the remainder being taken up in rests. The times of repose she called her *entr'actes*. Believing me to be a painter, she called my attention, in a simple, natural way, to the roundness of her arm, the texture and color of the skin, and the curved lines of her shoulder. She went on to say in a manner purely professional:

"My arms and shoulders are my best points, and I occasionally pose for them; I like it much better than posing for the whole figure."

At length the painter in authority told her it was time to resume the pose, and before stepping on the platform she looked at his watch. She was pos-

ing for Cynthia, who cast the shepherd Endymion into a deep sleep in order to kiss him. One of the painters having acquainted her with the mythological story of the artful stealing of the osculation, she observed that she paid very little attention to such nonsense—besides, one could not believe more than half these painters said about such things. Then she fell cleverly into the posture, guided by a few directions. As they proposed to work on the face, she was instructed to wear a pleased expression. Cynthia was taken at the moment she is advancing toward the sleeping Endymion to snatch the kiss, coy and yet impelled by sweet temptation.

"Try, my child" said the man in authority, "to imagine that the young man you love is lying asleep before you—with his pockets full of bank notes."

This had the desired effect; the model could not help laughing, and the traces of it remained some time on her face. All fell to work again and silence was supreme, as each tried to transfer Cynthia's happy face to canvas. Once in a while, when through lassitude or forgetfulness she modified the posture, *papa*—the elder painter—said to her sharply, "Mademoiselle, pay attention," which showed that, however much license was allowed during the rests, rigid discipline was exacted in time of work.

When she got through, she made her toilet in the same business-like way that she had unmade it. She asked for a looking-glass to complete it, but the article could not at once be found. "What savages!" said she; "twenty men and not one mirror. But I am not surprised at it; you are such monsters you are afraid to look at yourselves." As Frenchmen like to be called monsters by the women, this was taken as a general compliment. At length a cracked mirror—poetically styled *starred*—was produced, before which she smoothed out her plumage like a bird in the sunshine. Her attire was simple: a sombre-colored little hat, black alpaca robe, dark brown mantle, closely fitting gloves and boots, and a parasol in hand, comprised her costume. Equipped, she had the demeanor of a *rosière* of Nanterre, or a convent girl. The five-franc piece was handed to her enveloped in paper, a mark of delicacy. After making an appointment for another day, she passed out with a modest, quiet air, amidst a general chorus of adieus.

The painters soon followed the model, except three who remained behind to select other models. X—was one of these, which permitted me also to remain. The trio discussed the defects, as well as the *points*, in the flowerist who had just left, after which it was decided that another model was necessary to complete their Cynthia. They also expressed a desire to have a man to pose for Samson; and as they were talking about it, such a one, amongst others, presented himself. He said that he had achieved success as John the Baptist and Ajax; he averred that he was even strong enough to do the Laocoön. He was requested to strip, which he did with despatch. He was a man of extreme masculine development, looking like a prize-fighter of the heavy weights; he was placed in several postures which brought out the muscles like cords, and whilst going through these attitudes he called attention to his points: "There is a leg for you, Messieurs—strong enough to support the façade of the Madeleine. And this breast—you might break stones on it. I beg you to examine the arm, a bundle of ropes twisted together—quoi!"

The Ajax was going on in this strain, when he was interrupted by one of the painters, who told him he had too much of one thing. On his asking what that was, he was informed that it was tongue.

"That is a bad foot you have there, my friend," remarked a painter.

"There is nothing the matter with it, monsieur."

"One of the bones is gone. How did you lose it?"

"What an eye monsieur has! A surgeon took it out after an accident."

It required a practised eye to note this slight malformation, but these painters, trained in anatomy like surgeons, were not long in discovering it. As soon as the model learned that he was to be engaged to pose for Samson, he said that he had done it before, and with remarkable success. Showing his brawny arms, he asked if they did not also want something else; he was up to the requirements of the Fighting Gladiator, or anything in that line. I ventured to inquire which Gladiator, and he replied, as one who recited an oft-told tale:

"He of the Louvre, a pugilist; antique, brown with age; attitude leaning forward; left hand raised on guard, right hand thrown out back ready to strike a side-blow; right leg bent; straight line from the head to the toe of left foot; muscles vividly revealed in intense development; a wonderful petrification, as if he had been smitten to stone at the instant of striking."

"How well he describes it," I observed to my companion.

"Yes—he is repeating the catalogue!" After the departure of the strong man, other models made their appearance, men and women, but most of them went away without securing an engagement. The chief aim of the committee charged with the business was to find models possessing a leading characteristic: a laughing man, a fierce one, a noble one; a sad woman, a gay one, and so on. Naturally, a prime object of pursuit was the beautiful woman, concerning whom opinions differed somewhat, but the most general one was that she possessed abundant hair, golden or warmly-tinted light brown; a rather small head, low forehead, eyebrows delicately arched; eyes *à fleur de tête*, contrary to the idea of the ancients, who put them deep in the head; that oval outline of face which has been classic from all time; legs long, and a waist consequently short. She was a woman of chaste symmetry, the reverse of the massive woman of the old Flemish painters. It was held in the atelier that fat destroyed the line of beauty and robbed color of its delicate transparency, and was, in a word, the great enemy of the beautiful woman. The Grecian nose, describing a straight line to the top of the forehead, was regarded as an affectation, and therefore to be cast out of the temple of art as something pernicious, in obedience to that axiom that nothing is beautiful but the true.

In the examination of the models, there was discussion concerning the poising or balancing of the figure, the rule being that the head should be directly over the foot on which the body rests and that in whatever direction the head turned the weighted foot should follow. Compliance with this rule brought the figure into the most natural position. If the head was thrown back to look up, the foot was moved back to conserve the equilibrium; and as the head was thrust forward there was the corresponding movement of the resting foot. The head was never to be turned without a corresponding movement of the body, the turn beginning at the neck and descending to the waist. The head was not to be thrown back except to look up. The license in the use of arms and legs was greater, yet subject to certain formulas. The hand in any ordinary action was not to reach higher than the head, the fist higher than the shoulder, the foot higher than the knee, and in the tranquil pose the space between the feet should not exceed one foot. The sympathetic action of the body with the leading movement was never to be lost sight of; an

arm is raised, and all that side of the body exhibited the same tendency, even to the heel which rises from the floor.

The key to art in the matter of posing was to have the model well poised, for it was held that unless there was solidity in the pose it was unnatural. Hence the oft-repeated question to the model, "Do you feel easy?" and to satisfy by comparison, the model was occasionally requested to take her own natural position and say whether she felt as comfortable in the other as this one. Those who arranged the pose, also put themselves in the same attitude to discover if there was any constraint in it, and then changed it to others to arrive at the poise by comparison, as in the case of the model. Without familiarity with the pose on the part of the model, it was impossible to get that *naïveté* of movement indispensable in a true work of art. The affectation which came from constrained position was what was most to be avoided, and the aim always in view was, not to show science in art, but nature. According to these painters, the grace and nobility of expression in the work of the ancients came to them, in great part, from simplicity of pose. Exaggeration of movement was something fraught with evil to art, and the ateliers where it was practised were referred to as the gymnasiums of contortionists, the racks of tortured models, and the homes of body-wrigglers and face-twisters.

The workers in this atelier were opposed to the representation of heightened, heroic action, designated by them as extravagant and melodramatic, and in this I think that French painters generally share their idea. The tendency of art to-day is toward pictures which represent repose. The age is not militant but peaceful; no civilized people would now wage a thirty years' war. The senses are becoming more refined, and scenes of violence more revolting; and the general desire of comfort and a life free from perils and shocks is finding its way into the pictures. Hence the fashion of what are called, for want of a better name, genre pictures, with the peaceful, red-hued warriors of Meissonier, and the lazy, poetical figures of Gérôme. Painters, guided by the spirit of the age, select subjects from modern life that are not of a harrowing character—those that tell of gentle emotions and amiable sentiments and little domestic scenes, such as the "Bénédicté," the "Prière," and the "Bibliothèque" of Edouard Frère, the "Sœurs de Charité," the "Pharmacie," the "Toilette," and the "Consolation" of Madame Henriette Brown, and the views of luxurious life of Toulmouche and Tissot. The picture-buyers are in a great measure responsible for the genre picture, for the painter forms himself after their taste. Two hundred years ago only rich lords and powerful princes could own pictures. Now there is general cultivation and a desire to possess, under the restriction of certain limits in the way of price. Besides, apartments are small, which imposes limitation in space as well as in money, and historical pictures can only find a place in a public gallery. Thus money, space, and the general taste, are against the follower of Paul Delaroche. The time is past, at least for years to come, for painting such pictures as the "Radeau de la Méduse" of Géricault and the "Martyre de Saint Symphorien" of Ingres, for neither the taste of the public nor the genius of the painters runs in this direction. The high horse of art has been ridden so hard as to be run to death, and the mediocrities who have been astride of him during the last few years hastened the demise. This one, like Pegasus, must be mounted by one who knows how, otherwise he is soon overtaken with ignominious limp and disastrous fall. Historical art, in a word, is like trage-

dy, which must be interpreted by genius; in the hands of mediocrity it falls into that ridicule from which it is separated by only a single step.

The genre picture has been popularized in some measure by the excess of work in the old field. From gladiators fighting and dying, church subjects from the Holy Family through all the saints, battles full of carnage, agony, and death, the mind now turns away with a sense of relief, to the contemplation of the actual and comparatively tranquil scenes of to-day. Richard Cœur de Lion laying open the head of a Saracen with his terrible battle-axe, does not possess half the interest of a couple of lovers under the trysting tree. Ajax defying the lightning is not nearly as engaging as a couple of chubby, joyous children in the midst of a flock of poultry. The amateur remorselessly turns away from Cæsar agonizing under the stroke of Brutus, to dwell on Belinda reading a declaration from her beloved. Togas, sandals, and Olympian games have had their day, as well as the after-coming doublet and hose, flounce and ruffle. The amateur will no longer look at the ancient Bayard defending a bridge single-handed against hundreds; but Bayard of the nineteenth century, uttering his glib and gallant speech in a boudoir, occupies him for half an hour. He is surfeited with the flash of swords, tired of majestic Jupiters and weeping Didos, but is quickly absorbed in a child tending geese or a tatterdemalion riding a donkey. The picture which he likes is hard to fix with a definition. Every other department of painting save this has a name which interprets clearly what it is. Thus, historical, battle, religious, animal, marine, landscape, and still-life pictures have names which leave no doubt as to what they are; but *genre* is a vague designation which covers a wide field of subjects—something purely conventional, meaning anything from a man to an infant, or a camel to a mouse. In a desire to arrive at a closer definition, the *genre* is called by some an easel picture, which is perhaps the nearest approach that can be made to a classification. It is a small canvas which tells a simple story that almost every one can understand, and this best suits an unheroic age.

The painters in the school alongside the Seine were affected by the vogue, as well as the amateurs who linger about Goupil's gallery, and exhibited little ambition to walk in the footsteps of Ingres and Eugène Delacroix in the regions of high art, but showed a marked tendency to follow in the field of those masters who were reaping harvests in the production of easel pictures.

There are many who think that the present fashion is injurious to art, and that the masters who confine themselves to the production of easel pictures are like composers of music who compose only pretty ballads and waltzes to the neglect of grand operas; that the grand grouping of the large picture requires the exercise of the highest faculty of the painter—that of creation; and that the restricted use of his lesser faculties in the production of small, simple subjects, dwarfs his power. Those who favor the present movement derisively affix the word *romantic* to the pictures of such as Gros, who to-day would be a giant reaching head and shoulders above contemporaneous painters. And they who remain faithful to the interpretation of the grand passions are distanced in the race for honor and gain. It is the expression of the same prevalent taste which pronounces against the eloquence of the classic orator in favor of the unvarnished language of the simple talker—which turns away from the grandeur of Mozart to the easily comprehended airs of Auber. All the arts have undergone a change since the existence of the last Empire, and that cynicism and materialism which belonged to it, have almost destroyed the taste for the

heroic. That a certain change from the overcharged pictures of the past is a healthy sign, there is little doubt; but the *juste milieu* has been passed, as is generally the case in such movements, and the other extreme reached. The picture of Napoleon on a gray horse, galloping up the Alps, swathed in a voluminous mantle, with his face turned toward the spectator as if seeking his admiration, was mock-heroic, and is now properly condemned. On the other hand, the picture of the same subject by David, where the great captain labors up the mountain side on a led mule, his face lost in melancholy abstraction, is not appreciated at its just value, through the want of heroic sentiment. Any subject which bears a resemblance to the act of getting upon stilts, in the estimation of the majority of painters and amateurs, now meets with unqualified disapproval, and shows the remarkable reaction which has taken place in art.

Still, occasional efforts are made by men of talent, out of the popular field, that are attended with fair results. Of these Bouguereau is one, and of the few heroic subjects he has attempted, one of the best is the "Flight of Orestes," where the stabber of Clytemnestra is pursued by the Furies; it shows some power and is very good in color. He has another of the same order hanging in his atelier, of a scene in the infernal regions, strong but extravagant. But these pictures must be considered rather as experiments, for the heart of Bouguereau dwells in pleasant scenes of every day, such as Italian women and children in costume. Cabanel is generally regarded as the foremost man in the department of *romantic* art. His "Birth of Venus" has a wide reputation, but is unpleasant to me both in color and manner of treatment. Of those that I have seen, his "Nymph and the Satyr"—I am not sure of the title—which hangs in the Luxembourg, is the best specimen of his work. The Satyr has raised the Nymph from the ground and encloses her with his left arm, while his right hand firmly grasps one of her arms as she struggles for release; her head is thrown back and turned from him in horror and disgust, while her massive golden hair almost sweeps the ground. The contrast is fine between the dark brown flesh of the monster and that of the beautiful and symmetrical woman. The Satyr is crowned with scarlet poppies and green leaves, a leopard-skin depends from his back, and his features are relaxed by a sensual grin. The background, with far-off slaty-blue hills, is very good. Almost all painters are fond of *chiaroscuro* ever since Rembrandt revealed its power, but Cabanel is an exception. He holds that it is not necessary to have dark shadows in order to relieve and to model, and his productions are comparatively free from them. There is so little shadow in them that the idea is suggested of a little clap-trap in making the light so artificial. Gustave Moreau is another painter who shows an inclination to follow in the path which has been almost abandoned since the death of Ingres and Eugène Delacroix, and his pictures, the "Orphans" and the "Young Man and Death," show a rare taste and much delicacy. There are others who occasionally do this kind of work, but few or none who devote themselves entirely to it. The case is quite different with painters of religious subjects, animals, still life, etc., each one of whom, as a rule, confines himself to his special branch of art.

In the evening X— conducted me to another atelier in the Passage Pano-rama, near the Bouvelard des Italiens. The stairs which we mounted led up to a little room whose walls were garnished with studies in oil, and shelves upon which were placed plaster casts of various heads and figures from the antique, while in separate corners stood colossal figures of the Venus of Milo

and the Venus of Medicis. One side of the room formed an arched doorway, closed by the heavy folds of a green curtain, which was pulled aside, when we came full upon a scene that to me was novel. At the further end of the atelier, on a carpeted platform, with green drapery for background, stood what I was tempted to believe was the wax figure of a woman, so motionless was she, with the numerous gas jets, with shining reflectors behind them, directed full upon her. What first destroyed the illusion was the movement of the eyes, which began turning slowly in one direction; save in this, the woman was as immovable as a statue. The professor who had charge of the atelier was much pleased with the immobility of the pose, and he said, "Perfect"; upon which a rosy wave passed from the temples of the woman over her face and disappeared in her shoulders, and her eyes grew something brighter. In looking at the model a new consciousness of the fact was acquired, that in nature woman is the highest expression of the beautiful. As the work went on the fall of a pin might have been heard, for the professor was a rigid disciplinarian. At length he ordered a rest, when the working rules, as in the other atelier, were entirely suspended, and every one moved about and talked as he pleased. The model drew a shawl about her person and seated herself on the end of the platform.

The painters of this atelier were composed of both sexes, working together apparently without difficulty. Six or seven women were present, two of whom were Americans. On making the acquaintance of one of the latter she observed:

"Some of our countrymen find an impropriety in our working in a mixed atelier, and perhaps there is, according to society's code; but if a woman wants to be a painter, she must get over her squeamishness; if she wants to paint strong and well like a man, she must go through the same training. The trial to a modest young woman is at first great; but as soon as she is possessed of the art feeling, the first impression which she receives on entering the atelier quickly wears away, and she is soon absorbed in her work like those around her. There is no sex here; the students, men and women, are simply painters. In the atelier, excessive modesty in a woman painter is a sign of mediocrity; only the woman who forgets the conventionalities of society in the pursuit of art stands a chance for distinction. If the woman has not a desire, an enthusiasm to profit by the advantages of the atelier, she had better never touch paint nor pencil. This is one of the best ateliers in Paris to learn to paint in, and this is a sufficient reason for our coming here. Society can no more be governed by the rules of art, than the atelier can be governed by the rules of society. If Rosa Bonheur had occupied her time looking after the proprieties, she would not stand where she does to-day."

There was something almost defiant in the remarks of the young woman, as if she held a position that required defending. What she said, too, left an inference that she had broken many lances in maintaining herself on what is regarded as debatable ground.

There was posing in this atelier day and night. The models succeeded each other in alternation—men one week, women the next, varied sometimes by little children and even an occasional negro. Every Monday, a number of models appeared at the atelier to exhibit their good points, in the hope of being engaged by the professor. Each one, as his or her turn came, stepped on the platform, going through the various poses with the utmost gravity and decorum. It was rather a sad spectacle, as most of them had to

be turned away. On this day, also, each student selected his or her place for the entire week, and the first comer had his name placed first on the list. Then came the selection of the pose, which was often a difficult matter and consumed sometimes two or three hours, so various were the pros and cons regarding each pose, and often it had to be settled by vote. As soon as the pose had been agreed upon, the first name on the list was called, and the student thus summoned selected the best place from which to see the model, put his stool and easel there, and drew a chalk line on the floor around the spot, with his initials in the inside in order to claim it in case it were appropriated by another during an accidental absence or a tardy appearance. The next student on the list selected the next best place, and so on till the end. Those who drew without painting occupied low ranges of stools immediately around the model, so as not to interfere with the view of the painters beyond them. The model posed for three-quarters of an hour, beginning a quarter after the striking of the hour and continuing until the next striking, the succeeding quarter being occupied as a rest. As in the other atelier, the rests were devoted to amusements, the models contributing thereto as well as the students. They made caricatures of each other, and if any one manifested vexation at being caricatured, he never after had any peace, for they all drew him then, and with the most ignoble traits. A person of this kind was being burlesqued while I was present. They drew him as a jumping-jack and as a devil popping out of a box. He had a turn-up nose which was dwelt upon with an exaggeration of form that moved almost every one to mirthfulness; the laughter of the model brought the tears to her eyes.

A fine looking old-man model was a favorite in the atelier, and during his rests went about among the easels to criticise the work. He had been a model all his life, and had often posed for Couture, Lefebvre, Gérôme, and other noted artists, and it was said his traits could be recognized in a number of their pictures. Another model, a powerful fellow who posed for the strong men, was a prestidigitator, who during his rests performed tricks with cards and handkerchiefs, and juggled tumblers with the dexterity and audacity of a circus performer. A younger model was a standing butt for having at an unfortunate moment boasted that the blood of the Périgords flowed in his veins. He was never allowed to forget it, and when he neglected his pose, one of the young men would cry out to correct him, "The pose—the pose!" and another would respond, "How can you expect a Périgord to mind the pose? ridiculous!" et cetera.

A number of these ateliers exist in Paris, offering facilities, not found elsewhere in the world, to all who desire to learn to paint, draw, and model in clay—in addition to the government schools in the Beaux Arts. A magnificent temple is furnished by the government for the exhibition of statues and pictures, and honors are conferred on those who distinguish themselves in any branch of art. The government galleries, full of treasures in marble and canvas, are thrown open to all without price, which renders them as accessible to the poor as to the rich. Art delineation in books and journals is general and cheap. Through the fostering care of the authorities, joined to a native aptitude, the art sentiment is more generally developed than in any other country, and the evidences of it are seen in many ways. One of its common expressions is in the ordinary signs over the shops and taverns, which are often executed by men who merit the name of artists instead of sign-painters. One often meets with a piece of still life over the door of an eating-house or a wine-shop equal to what hangs on the dining-room walls of many an epicure.

As a rule, every man is an artist in his profession, be he prime minister mounted on the theatrical tribune of the chamber, or cook in spotless white behind his glittering array of saucepans. Mantuamakers agonize over the importance of a waist a quarter of an inch too long, and head-ornamenters powder for hours over the question of putting a rosebud or a japonica in the hair of madame the countess. The shoemaker makes a study of the feet of Monsieur Chose, and though they should have the shape of tadpoles they shall be hid in forms that are passable. A Laïs takes up a man's silk hat that has been sat upon and crushed nearly flat, and wagers that she will wear it in the Bois de Boulogne; the artist in chapeaux is summoned to her aid, and the unsightly thing, through the power of artful adjuncts, becomes a picturesque object, and the day following its exhibition a half dozen imitations show themselves on the *tour du lac*. The government places graceful groups in marble without the portals of the Grand Opera, and within fixes the form and the number of petticoats which each *danseuse* shall wear. It subsidizes art in its swaddling clothes in the conservatories, and maintains it in its maturity in the same way in theatres and operas. The municipality of Paris constructs a capital which is a monument to art, the most beautiful in the world. The love of beautiful things is stimulated in every direction, its fruits are seen in every department of life, and it is plain that without such encouragement art would never have attained its present development. The authorities make the study of art a business, as they do in the construction of bridges, the improvement of rivers and highways; and there is intelligent, educated direction in the expenditure of money for art purposes, the same as for practical objects. Our government may not go as far in this direction as that of France, but the art features of our capital attest that we might profit by what has been done in that artistic country, for much of the money that has been from time to time voted by Congress for art decoration has been simply thrown away.

ALBERT RHODES.

THE COVENANT.

I.

BE true to thy word.
 Fear to break,
 Or forsake,
 That binding covenant,
 Heaven sent,
 By angels witnessed and sealed,
 Not to be repealed,
 Between thy soul and the Lord.

II.

False to thine own breath,
 Thou art the prey of death.
 From that hour
 Spirit power
 Thee shall abandon,
 And leave thee undone.

VIRGINIA VAUGHAN.

THE WETHEREL AFFAIR.

CHAPTER XXIX.

PERILOUS ACQUAINTANCES.

WHEN Imogen Eleonore returned home and was informed of the visit which had been paid her, her vanity was so much gratified thereby that she made an upright grand piano of herself and executed one of her most thrilling solos.

"My soul is rejoiced to hear that he purposes to come here," she discoursed, standing up loftily and elocutionizing in a way that was really dreadful. "Walter Lehming is a dwarf in stature, but he is a towering giant in genius, and a sweet cherub in heart. Only he of all the millions of earth have I found gifted and empowered to soothe the keen blackness of my soul in its hours of solitary sorrow, and to teach me the sublime lesson of improving my mind and elevating my morale by practice in English composition. To him I owe it that days which would otherwise have been dour and drear were transformed into glowings of beatific sunshine. To him, much more than to my own diffident merits, do I owe my station as an instructor. I rejoice that he is to be of us."

"Can I see him sometimes?" asked Nestoria with a timorous and piteous wistfulness. "I thought he seemed very good, and I thought I should like to hear him talk."

"Intercourse with him would cheer, entrance, and elevate you," affirmed Imogen Eleonore, conscious that she herself had acquired eminence of feeling and intellect. "My poor, lonely little Nettie, thou shalt know this noble man, and he shall be thy friend."

"Will it be safe?" queried Nestoria, pondering over her terrible secret.

"Walter Lehming may be trusted," replied the schoolmistress. "If he knew all, he would tell naught. The mysteries of angels and demons might be confided to his great heart, and there they would eternally remain, wrapt in pity and silence."

From all this grandiose babble, the oddity and absurdity of which she did not very plainly note, Nestoria gathered that it would be safe for her to meet her friend's friend, and that she might find in him a comfortable companion. It was very depressing to be so much alone as she was, and to have no more uplifting converse than that of a "constant reader" of the "Spasmodic." While she did not scorn her fellow-lodger, and had begun to regard her with the affection which in meek spirits springs from a sense of obligation, she did find her somewhat limited in mind and rapid in discourse. They two stood to each other in the relation of a superior and an inferior, the former unconscious of her superiority, and the latter of her inferiority. Thus there was content, but not the highest content; and Nestoria craved betterment, provided it could be had without peril.

In a few days Lehming moved into the tenement-house, bringing with him the transcendental John Bowlder. It must be understood that the Wetherel estate was still far from being settled, and that Lehming had as yet positively refused to receive any advances from it. The Dinneford ladies, oppressed

by the sombreness of the Judge's old house in Brooklyn, and incessantly haunted there by its associations with their murdered kinsman, had abandoned it and rented a modest dwelling in New York. Bowlder and Lehming had not accompanied them: it did not seem best to them that two men should abide with two women, though invited; and thus they had been led to establish themselves in lodgings. They took three rooms on the same floor with Imogen and Nestoria, thus completing the occupation of the passage. These plain and even mean apartments they fitted up in plain fashion, as became men of small incomes. One was Lehming's bedroom, another was devoted to the transcendental dreamings of John Bowlder, and the third was a parlor and study.

"This door must be always open," said Lehming after he had put the study in order, lined its dingy walls with his coarse book-shelves and strewn the green baize of its centre-table with periodicals. "This must be the reading-room of all our fellow-lodgers."

"You are right, Walter," agreed John Bowlder in his hearty, sonorous way. "There must be no monopoly of culture. What store of knowledge we have is not ours only, but our friends' also. I think little of books. Man is a god; he is greater than his works; he is worthier of my study. But the written volume ballasts and impels the mind which has not yet learned to steer its own course. Your thought is an inspiration of beneficence."

"The room is admirably fitted for the purpose," continued Lehming, rising on the toes of his pygmy shoes and looking about him with satisfaction. "It could not have been better planned for it. If it opened into my bedroom, it would have an air of privacy, and could hardly be made hospitable. But its only entrance is from the public passage, by which all the world may come. We will make all the world welcome."

"I could wish you would accept of opulence, Walter," said John Bowlder, honestly admiring his deformed friend. "The world would profit by it. Each man has his vocation, and the talent is the call to it. Yours is philanthropy, as mine is insight."

Lehming took no notice of the allusion to the fortune which awaited his beck.

"I want the aid of your insight," he smiled. "There are two young ladies on this floor who must be tamed to enter this room and use whatever they find in it. I want you to help me bait them with hospitality."

"We will call on them and entreat them," declared Bowlder. "We will bring them in hither by the hand, as you lead homeless children into your Sunday-school. Let us go to them at once. The man is no man who waits to do anything, though it be no more than the boiling of an egg, a single minute after it can be done. The punctual, prompt soul is the able soul—what foolish people call the man of talent. But the wise know him merely as one who dawdles not."

Then he began to improvise, in a queer singing way that he had, not specially wonderful for melody, chanting the following wondrous rune:

"Dawdler, dawdler, dawdle not;
Hear the bubbling of the pot;
Stir it while the fire is good;
So your mess shall turn to food."

John Bowlder had made bales and bales of such verses, which in his moments of presumption he tried to hope were equal to those of Emerson, or at

least conceived in their spirit. Like many men who long to be original, he was instinctively and even to a certain extent consciously an imitator, and was generally doing his whimsical best to reflect the peculiarities of some admired model, with such fantastic and farcical results as you may behold in a "crazy" looking-glass.

As his unbroken bass voice gambolled through his "rune," so his clumsy bulk rolled and rumbled along the passage. Ahead of it glided the little figure of Lehming, like a stunted pony drawing a large wagon. It was very much thus that they went through life: the dwarf guided, while the giant did the following.

It must be understood that Miss Jones had so arranged her own room as to be able on a pinch to receive visitors in it. She had divided it into two compartments by means of a lofty though fragile rampart of paper screen, which completely environed her bed and washstand with its gaudy representation of scarlet ships on a blue-vitriol ocean, so that nothing could well be more seemly and genteel at the price. Thus she was in a state of decorous preparation for the two gentlemen, and could admit them without going through any preliminary housewifery. Indeed, she was waiting for them, and opened at the first tap of Lehming's knuckles, so that John Boulder, who was just about applying his battering-ram of a fist to the door, missed his mark and nearly gave the schoolma'am a facer, immediately stumbling into the room in his usual headlong fashion. However, he lurched to before he had run down the ships on the paper screen, and was tugged without accident into a proper state of introduction to his hostess.

"Miss Jones, this is Mr. John Boulder," said Lehming in his simple, well-bred way. "He is an old friend of mine, and wishes to be a friend of yours."

"I welcome you, Mr. Boulder, to my humble cot," responded Imogen Eleonore in her most unhuman, grand-piano manner. "In the inane wilderness of brick and mortar which billows and throbs around us there are many, many abodes far more palatial than this, but none, surely none, in which you would be received with a simpler, more earnest, more heartfelt cordiality."

The effect of this speech was somewhat like that of the opening of the seventh seal; there was a silence of perplexity and amazement, though not for the space of half an hour. Imogen Eleonore had keyed herself up to such a lofty pitch, and had uttered her greeting in such an unnatural and absolutely untenable tone, that for a moment she could not say a word further, and merely stood panting. John Boulder, reduced to stark plainness and lucidity by an affectation which overtopped his own, simply mumbled, "Miss Jones, I thank you." He was much in the condition of a rooster who should find himself outcrowed by a hen. He could not transcendentalize in the presence of such a transcendent young woman. Meekly accepting a hard-bottomed chair, he stared with the utmost circumference of his great blue eyes at Imogen, postponing discourse until he could make up his mind how to take her. Never before, since he became a philosopher, had he found so little good in "insight." For a short period it seemed to him as if neither he nor any one else would ever speak again.

The sensible and kindly little Lehming came to the rescue of these two great spirits. He saw the need of pouring the oil of mediocrity upon the billows of sublimity, and reducing the conversation to a navigable level for human possibilities. In his silvery, placid way he remarked, "What a cosy old rocking-chair this is! It reminds me of my grandmother's."

But Imogen Eleonore's surging nature was not to be calmed at once. She was laboring under a sense of duty to herself, and to the sacred rites of hospitality. It was necessary to present her young lady friend to the two gentlemen in a manner suitable to the heroine of a mystery. Walking to the door of Nestoria's room with a gait like that of a stage duchess retiring through an "upper entrance," she tapped, opened, and said in what she supposed to be a thrilling murmur, "Nettie, my dear, come forth."

The answer to this ridiculous summons was a piteous apparition. After something like a burial, of weeks in duration, Nestoria came forth, unveiled and pallid, to meet her fellow mortals. At sight of her Lehming and Bowlder rose to their feet and bowed, with some such feeling as if they were saluting an infant who did not belong to this world—an infant who had already become a seraph. She was quite small, it will be remembered, and the stress of grinding trouble and anxiety had worn her thin, so that she looked even more tiny and childlike than her wont. Her bright natural color had faded under the shadows of sorrow and confinement; and the terror of discovery which crisped her heart at this moment gave her a whiteness like marble. In contrast to this pallor her lucid blue eyes were startling, and her luxuriant golden hair seemed twisted of living sunlight.

As for her expression, it was simply wonderful and indescribable. There could not easily be a more touching sadness, a more plaintive demand for sympathy, on the human countenance. In spite of struggles for resignation, in spite of a present effort to put on a mask of unconcern, and perhaps all the more because of the pinching constraint of that effort, she had a look which rivalled the calm despair of the Cenci. To Lehming and Bowlder, both sensitive and sincerely compassionate spirits, she appeared to advance under a cross and wearing a crown of thorns.

Even Miss Jones was impressed by this spectacle of timidity and suffering. For a few seconds she gazed at it in silence, forgetful of her mouthing elocution and fustian rhetoric, and honestly fearful lest the girl should faint away. But she had a difficult duty to perform: it was nothing less than to present in fitting terms a young lady whose full name she did not know; and, making one of those efforts under which both feelings and circumstances must bend, she addressed herself to the unparalleled ceremony. With a prompt ingenuity for which she ever after admired herself, she called to mind the spot where she had first met her mysterious fellow-lodger, and evolved therefrom a patronymic for her.

"Miss Nettie Fulton," she bowed in her greatest manner. "Nettie, my dear, let me introduce you to my old friend, Mr. Lehming, and my new friend, Mr. Bowlder."

For an instant she could say no more. The highest triumphs of genius are not gained without an exhaustive struggle. Once more we behold Miss Jones beaten by herself, and reduced to an agreeable silence.

There was such a din of shy, timorous blood in Nestoria's ears that she did not notice the new name which had been given her, and so was not discomposed by it. She heard only a jumble of words which she knew to be a form of introduction, and in obedience to it she bowed mechanically, but without speaking. She was in a strange confusion of spirit. So powerfully had her late seclusion impressed her, that it seemed to her as if she were now for the first time entering human society. Moreover, there was the terrible possibility that these men might guess her identity and surrender her to justice.

Nevertheless, she could not help seeking their companionship, as a shipwrecked pirate might draw toward navigators who should land upon his islet, though fearful that they had come for his capture and punishment.

Lehming and Bowlder were also unusually bewildered. They were dazzled by the girl's beauty, and touched by her plaintive expression of sorrow, and attracted by her air of infantile helplessness. They had a longing to gather her into protecting and comforting arms, as one picks up and pets an unknown child who has fallen into trouble. Thus for a few seconds there was silence, all three gazing at Nestoria.

This dumb inspection frightened the girl: of a sudden it seemed to her that these men had seen her before; and she quivered with a mad impulse to rush back into her room and lock the door.

CHAPTER XXX.

FINE TALK AND UGLY NEWS.

NESTORIA was saved from a flight which might have led Lehming, and even the transcendently unpractical Bowlder, to suspect something strange in her history.

Miss Jones saved her; not that she meant salvation; not that she perceived the advent of a crisis which required interference; on the contrary, she was thinking solely of herself, what she must do and how she must appear; her soul, as was too often the case with it, was intent upon her own aggrandizement in the eyes of her fellow creatures.

"Have the kindness to be seated, Nettie, and you also, gentlemen," she said, waving her hand majestically toward chairs, and talking with her front teeth, as we must do when we wish to inspire respect. "I regret, for your sakes, that my accommodations are not more palatial. But such as I have that I give, and most freely."

"Monarchs could demand no more," answered John Bowlder, who had by this time recovered from his trance, and saw an opening for philosophy. "A true monarch, a natural kingly soul, would desire no more. The angels who visited Abraham found no fault with his tent. Damask curtains and velvet sofas are merely adventitious circumstances, which may or may not attend hospitality. We think too lowly of our impulses and too highly of our material surroundings. Man is the oak and wealth the vine; and it is well if the vine do not strangle the oak; it is well if we cultivate the tree rather than the parasite. And when I say man, Miss Jones, I mean woman as well."

This sort of talk was rather deep water for Imogen Eleonore. She was at home in the spasmodic tempests of romance, but her first glimpse of the obscure ocean of transcendentalism daunted her. Her vanity and pluck, however, rebelled against the idea of being silenced. As the reader may already have suspected, she prided herself on being what she called a "conversationist," and held it a shame to let dumbness prevail in her society. She was always looking for opportunities to shine, and, although her shining was the shining of a monkey who has daubed himself with molasses, being rather ludicrous and inconvenient than illuminating, nevertheless she was not in the least aware of this discouraging fact, and so did her best to scintillate on all occasions.

"Alas, how little we understand the opacities of life!" she said with a

tragic stare, which ought to have let daylight through an opaque world. "How much we are captivated by the palatial brown-stone fronts, nor divine the meanness of the ignoble souls which they shelter, and which perchance are more miserable on Turkish carpets than they would be on sanded floors!"

Like many people of small means, who would dearly love to wallow in luxury, Miss Jones was much given to imputing unrighteousness to the rich, and trusting that they have at bottom a hard time of it.

"The finest linen, the soft frills of lace embroidery, and the costliest Majolica needlework, are often naught but veils for vice and misery," she went on cheerfully and magnanimously. "As you observe, Mr. Bowlder, we must not prize surroundings nor judge people by them. Often and often, as I have passed unnoticed and unknown, garmented only in my proud poverty and isolation, before the abodes of uptown magnificence, I have said to myself, Is joy here? No, surely not, was the drear response; at least not necessarily. What do you think, Mr. Lehming?"

"Don't let us be too hard on the rich," smiled the kindly pygmy. "They are unfortunate in their circumstances, it is true. But, as you were saying just now, ought we to blame people for their surroundings? Let us judge the men themselves. Considering how little harm the wealthy really do, when they have the power to do so much, I am disposed to pardon them their shortcomings, and even to grant them some admiration."

"Certainly," bowed Imogen Eleonore, disposed to assent to these opinions because they had been imputed to her.

"And now let us make a little journey," continued Lehming, rising. "I want to show you something which I think will give you a pleasure. Miss Nettie," he added, turning to Nestoria, and addressing her as he would have addressed a child, so youthful was her appearance—"Miss Nettie, will you walk with me? You and I are so nearly of a size that we shall not overshadow each other. We will let those two loftier people follow us. The brownies and fairies preceded the human beings in the procession of existence. Poor little extinct fairies and brownies! You and I are almost the last of those races."

They marched two and two through the passage to the door of Lehming's study.

"Enter my palace," he said. "This is my hall of glamour and enchantment. Here are treasures of gladness, my dear Miss Jones, which brown-stone palaces cannot surpass. This is our common reading-room, and the reading-room of all in this house. You two ladies must come here whenever you wish, and carry away whatever you like. A daily paper and two literary weeklies and half a dozen magazines and four hundred books will keep us all in luxury."

"Oh, I am so grateful to you, sir!" exclaimed Nestoria. Her pale cheeks flushed with pleasure, and the flushing caused a sudden, surprising increase in her beauty, not unlike what we see in the light of certain stars, which one moment are dim and the next luminous.

"You are fond of reading," said Lehming, delighted with her satisfaction.

"Very," replied the girl, her eyes wandering greedily along the bookshelves.

"You surprise me, Nettie," observed Miss Jones. "You hardly ever look at the stacks and stacks of literature in my room."

"The 'Spasmodic' and the 'Turtle Dove!'" smiled Lehming. "I decline

to blame her. My dear Miss Jones, there are better things than the 'Spasmodic' and the 'Turtle Dove,' and it is time that we give our attention to them."

"I thought you approved of fiction," stammered Imogen Eleonore, a sensitive plant by reason of much vanity, and disposed to accept exhortation as reproof.

"Here are Dickens and Hawthorne and Trollope and Charles Reade," continued Lehming. "They tell better stories than you will find in our New York weeklies."

"I have read 'Foul Play,'" said Miss Jones, glancing at the title of that work. "It was in a ten-cent pamphlet, the same as a 'Dime Novel.' That is by Charles Reade, I see. Did he ever write anything else?"

Even Lehming, accustomed as he was to the humbler society of New York, marvelled at such amazing ignorance in a veteran devourer of romance. Here was a young woman who read almost nothing but novels, and who yet scarcely knew the name of Charles Reade, while Hawthorne and Trollope were evidently as strange to her as Berosus and Sanchoniathon. To a person of refined taste the lack of literary culture among the great mass, the overwhelming majority, of the so-called reading public is all but incredible. The million, or perhaps one might truthfully say the millions, who find their sentimental recreation in such papers as the sanguinary "Spasmodic" or the amatory "Turtle Dove," are as unaware of the real masters of dramatic and literary art as they are of the celebrities of metaphysics or philology. They do not know their works at all, and if they knew them they would not like them. A sensational weekly which should attempt to entertain its subscribers with the novels of Hawthorne or George Eliot, would probably come to an early decease. The true secret of gaining the favor of this immensely numerous class of readers is to furnish them with matter just a little better than they could write themselves.

"You may trust Reade," said Lehming, who was anxious to raise Miss Jones's standard of taste. "He will always give you a well-ordered plot and an interesting sequence of incidents. Some of his characters, too, are sketched vigorously, and have the broad traits of human nature recognizable everywhere. I should think a Chinaman might be interested in Reade. Try him by all means; then we will go higher."

Imogen Eleonore, meanwhile, was reconnoitring the pages of "Griffith Gaunt" with a questioning and skittish eye, ready to start back if she should discover anything grave or tedious.

"Here is what seems to speak to my soul," she at last said, though with some hesitation, as though the speech were indistinct or the soul hard of hearing. "There is a tremulous strain of woe in this tale which I think will suit me," she added, putting the book under her arm, and turning to the more alluring matter of a pictorial weekly.

Meantime Nestoria had taken a small, plain volume from the shelves, and had plunged her face into it with the eager air of one violently athirst, who satiates himself from a fountain.

"May I ask what you have there, Miss Nettie?" inquired Lehming, approaching her in his gentle, gliding, nurselike way.

She held up that eloquent confession of a devout soul, written in the simplest, purest, most idiomatic English—a book which great literary ability could not imitate either in feeling or style—John Bunyan's "Grace Abounding."

"It is a masterpiece," he said reverently, after glancing at her with surprise. "It equals Herodotus in childlike grace, and it surpasses him in sublimity and pathos. There are passages in it which have made me turn to the epistles of Paul, to see which is the greater saint and the greater writer. Will you allow me to give it to you?"

"I thank you," replied the girl, while a flush of gratitude colored her entire face, there was such abundance and fervor in it.

"She feels the need of abounding grace and mercy," thought Lehming to himself. "I am in the solemn and awful presence of a profoundly troubled soul."

They looked at each other in serious silence, regardless of John Bowlder and Imogen Eleonore, who were holding some nondescript babble at the other end of the room.

"You are more kind than I know how to tell you," continued Nestoria. "If I could tell you how much your kindness touches me, you would be astonished."

"My dear child, you alarm me," sighed Lehming. "I fear that I am not so worthy and wise a friend as you need."

Nestoria was on the point of answering, "You are no doubt far better than I deserve;" but she did not dare come so near to a confession of her haunting horror; she remained silent.

"Have you no relatives, no intimates?" Lehming presently inquired.

"I am quite alone," she responded, after a moment of natural hesitation.

"Could you trust me to find you some acquaintances, such as I should judge suitable?"

She shook her head. "No, no. I have no time for society. I must work all the while. It will be all I need if I see you and your cheerful, pleasant friend. I like him, he has such kind eyes."

"It shall be as you wish," bowed Lehming. "You shall see us every day, and no one else. I trust that you will come to this room freely and make use of everything in it precisely as if it were your own."

"I thank you," said Nestoria. "I will come now and then—perhaps every day."

And with this understanding the interview ended, the two young women returning to their own rooms.

"Those men seem very, very good," observed Nestoria to Imogen, when they were alone. "I don't believe that either of them could commit a crime."

"What strange speeches you *do* make!" stared Miss Jones, absolutely envious of an eccentricity of thought or sentiment which she felt herself incapable of rivalling. "Who that one really knows, who of all the feeble beings that one is daily obliged to herd with, is capable of the sublimity of crime? If I knew a man who dared be a wretch," she continued, rolling mock-heroic eyes, "I could worship him. Grandeur of soul, whether for good or evil, is what I seek through the feeble—oh how feeble!—inanities of commonplace life."

One is tempted to make a long pause over the contrast presented by these two young women; the one forever strutting in simulated gloom and real satisfaction through some sham tragedy of the fancy; the other speechless and almost crushed under that pantherish thing which a real romance almost always is. But there is no need of philosophizing; the situation is visible at the first glance.

"You must not speak in that way," replied Nestoria quietly, though with an inward shudder. "God may some day take you at your word and grant your desire. You would be very wretched."

Secretly awed by the solemnity of this warning, Imogen Eleonore gave one stare at her unfathomable companion, and then turned for cheering diversion to the evening newspaper. As usual she read first the marriages and then the obituaries.

"Nobody is dead that I know," she sighed. "And only one person who seems to be of any note. The paper calls him the celebrated missionary, Doctor Bernard. Died at Erzeroum, August 5th. What a dolefully dull sheet! Do you want to look at it?"

Nestoria mechanically took the journal, rose from her chair with a great effort, walked unsteadily into her own room, and closed the door behind her.

"What a queer piece!" thought Miss Jones. "She has such starts and ways that sometimes she puts me out of all patience. Let her go and freak it out alone."

But half an hour later she thought she heard sobbing in Nestoria's room, and, forgetting her petulance, she went to see about it. The orphaned girl lay on her bed, tossing and twitching spasmodically, her eyes dry and feverish and her face flushed.

"You are ill, Nettie," said Imogen. "Why didn't you call me? I must go and get a doctor."

"No, no!" gasped Nestoria, starting up on her elbow and putting out one hand in earnest protest.

"But you need one," urged Miss Jones. "I am afraid you are going to be real sick."

"Oh, let me be sick!" pleaded Nestoria, tired of life and longing to die. "I beg of you not to call any one."

Daunted by such despair, and overcome by its imperious tone of urgency, Imogen Eleonore sat down.

But an hour later she slyly slipped out, hurried to the reading-room, found Lehming there writing, and whispered, "My little friend is dreadfully ill."

CHAPTER XXXI.

WHITHER, O WHITHER?

"AND she *won't* have a doctor!" continued Imogen Eleonore with mingled pity and horror, as if there were a piece of either madness or blasphemy.

The sympathetic Lehming sprang to his feet, ready to scour the entire city for help. But he was not one of those headlong good souls who trample blindly into a case of distress and save looking-glasses by pitching them out of a window. Even while he threw down his pen and rose from his table he had a gleam of that meditative, considerate wisdom which was one of his finest intellectual traits, and which frequently enabled him to make his deeds as gracious as his purposes. Little as he had consorted with women in society, he had noted the impulsive promptness with which they turn in trouble to a healer or consoler, whether in the guise of physician, or clergyman, or confidant. The fact that this girl should in her illness refuse to see a doctor struck him as very singular and very significant. Either she was a person of rare courage, or she was in strange circumstances.

"We will not call any one, unless it proves necessary," he said. "Perhaps this is only a sickness of the mind," he added, remembering the plaintive mystery which he had detected in Nestoria's face and demeanor. "Will you please ask if I may come in with you and see her for just one moment?"

Imogen Eleonore hurried away much comforted; she had laid her burden of responsibility and alarm on the shoulders of another; and, like most of her sex, or, perhaps I should say, like most of both sexes, she found the act cheering. But she did not return for many minutes, and Lehming said to himself, "I shall not be received."

So it proved. Nestoria would see no one, neither physician nor confessor. She bore this new and terrible affliction as she had borne all those other terrible ones which preceded it—alone. And she did really bear it; that is, she did not sink under it. Already she was like an otter, or other hunted beast, torn at by many hounds; one more snarling and mangling enemy made no difference, or seemed to make none. Indeed, the multitude of tormentors rather helped her to endure the suffering which each one inflicted; they crowded each other away from their victim, and the poison of one bite neutralized that of another. It is marvellous, but it is nevertheless a fact, that brave souls can withstand a host of afflictions almost as easily as one. It is brooding over a single calamity which brings on prostration and stupor, and which kills. Many blows at once, falling from all sides, keep the mind in activity. We are roused by a sense of injustice; we are exhilarated as by a physical conflict; and from the passion of battle we gather life.

It is true that most persons might have been crushed by what Nestoria endured at this time. But she had a vigor of constitution, both physical and moral, which kept her out of sickness and out of despair. There could hardly be a more healthy creature than this small and seemingly delicate young woman. And health, the mere well-being of the body, is the spring of almost all human strength. With few exceptions the men who have done great things in this world have been distinguished by enormous vitality, while many of them have been remarkable for muscular power. Plato was a boxer; Byron was an athlete and could swim eight miles; Washington, Scott, and Wordsworth had muscles of iron; Lincoln could lift a thousand pounds. We do not mean to insinuate that Nestoria was intellectually great like these men, but only that she had somewhat of their moral vigor, and that it sprang from the same cause, health.

We must pass over a day or two in the girl's history. It is impossible to describe adequately the sufferings of a bereaved soul while its loss is fresh upon it; you might as well try to paint in mere words the agonies of victims in Dominican chambers of torture. Show the rack and the thumbscrews and the lacerating knives of the deadly "virgin," and leave the conception of what these things can inflict to the imagination of the spectator.

A day passed like a car of Juggernaut over Nestoria; a day which to her fellow lodgers seemed sickness, but which was merely anguish; a drama in which the mightiest and cruellest feelings that can find room in the human heart were the actors; a battle worthy of having angels and demons for combatants, if indeed such were not actually present. At the end of that twenty-four hours she still retained life, reason, and even physical strength. She came out upon her little world of three persons, much the same that they had previously known her. Imogen Eleonore, returning from a hasty twilight shopping excursion, peeped into the sick-room to see how her patient fared, and found her painting.

"I am so glad you have got well!" she exclaimed, moved by such honest feeling that she spoke simply.

"I have not been sick," replied Nestoria, looking up with the patient smile of one who has truly learned to endure.

"Not been sick!" stared Miss Jones. "Why, you've been looking dreadfully—just like a ghost."

"Yes, I have had a bad day, it is true. What I meant was that I have had no serious illness. I am not accustomed to call myself sick so long as I can get up when I wish to."

"Well, you are a strange piece!" continued Imogen, still marvelling at this sudden recovery, which struck her as something like a resuscitation. "I wonder if you are made like other people. Do let me feel of you. Why, your cheek is as hard as marble. I never felt such solid flesh. How strong you must be! Are you as hard as that all over?"

"My father has often remarked how firm my flesh was," replied Nestoria.

She stopped; she had inadvertently mentioned her father; at times his death seemed unreal to her. But the moment she recalled the fact, speech on any subject became an impossibility, at least for a time.

"Have you a father?" asked Imogen Eleonore, in that melodramatic voice which she put on as a garment whenever she made her entry upon what seemed to her a great subject.

Nestoria shook her head and tried to go on painting; but the blundering shock of this inquiry was too much for her; she dropped her brush, covered her face with her hands, and burst into tears. They were the first tears which she had shed upon her bereavement, and they came rather as a rain of mercy than as a storm of castigation.

"Long dead?" queried Miss Jones, trusting that curiosity might seem to be sympathy, and indeed conscious of a cordial sympathy beneath an equally fervid curiosity. But Nestoria, deafened by the tempest of her own sobbing, was spared from hearing the loutish question.

Imogen Eleonore, who, in spite of her relish for ghoulish literature, was really a human being, presently became ashamed of herself and then pitiful. She was not accustomed to witness strong emotions, except through the dingy veil of letter-press and woodcuts; and she recoiled from this violent paroxysm of grief as she would have flinched from the actual presence of wounds and blood.

"I am awfully sorry!" she apologized. "I was not aware of the plaintive abyss of the unknown from which my careless foot extorted this cry of soul agony. It was not that my heart was lacking in the tendrils of tenderness, but only that I have had no such sad, sorrowful, solemn experience. I never lost a payment."

To this simple and egotistic girl it seemed as if no grief could resist such soothing, or fail to be charmed by such excuses. But the soul before her was in truly deep waters; and, dim as Imogen's spiritual eyesight was, she presently became troublously aware of the fact; she seemed to discern a spirit tottering and sinking amid raging, obscure billows. Nestoria's spasm of sobbing was so fierce and persistent that it fairly terrified the inadequate comforter.

"For pity's sake don't cry that way," she implored. "You'll strain yourself and burst a blood-vessel. Why, your face is all crimson. Oh, *don't* be so unhappy! You make me cry, and scare me."

Slender as was this stream of consolation, and turbid too with the common clay of the nature which yielded it, nevertheless it had force and subtlety enough to reach the bereaved heart. It was received there with gratitude: extreme anguish is not exacting nor fastidious: Dives in his torments asked for but a single drop of water.

Nestoria withdrew one hand from her face, let it glide slowly down Imogen's extended arm, and took an infantile hold on the skirt of her dress. The gesture, as we remember, was characteristic of her; it was her favorite manner of claiming sympathy and support. Imogen thought very strange of it, and said to herself that this was surely the oddest girl that she had ever met; but within the last minute or so she had caught a grace of delicacy which enabled her to resist all blundering temptations to speech; the one wise, gentle thing which she did was to lay her hand upon the tremulous hand which clung to her. The two girls sat thus, fingers intertwined with fingers, while the tempest of sobs slowly died away, like waves lapsing to rest.

"It is over," said Nestoria at last, forcing such a plaintive smile as a resigned ghost might wear on returning to its grave. "How patient and kind you are! I shall always love you."

It was the last violent throe of grief which Imogen ever witnessed in her friend. Henceforward Nestoria was able to draw a veil of obscuring tranquillity over her filial sorrow, as well as over her perplexities and terrors. Secrecy at every point was an absolute necessity; she must not even mourn visibly and audibly for her father. If ever the tears came into her eyes at the thought of his burial afar off in a spot unknown to her, she drove the piteous, pleading drops back to their lair, as enemies who might betray and ruin her. If a sob burst up from her deserted heart, she made cruel haste to smother it before some accusing voice should respond, "Are you not she whom justice seeks?"

Hardly dared she go deeply veiled to purchase such religious periodicals as she supposed might contain notices of her father's life and the manner of his death; and when she had obtained them, she read them in watchful solitude and then hid them under her mattress, as if they were proofs of crime. The four or five obituaries and eulogies which came to her hand were of course infinitely precious to her; and she longed to cut them out and keep them always near her heart and ready for her eye. But that would not do, for, if they were discovered in her possession, they might suggest her identity. Her grief was held in check by her constant dread of discovery and of the results which discovery would surely bring in its train. She was like a child shut up in a dark room, who dares not sob for fear of being overheard by some monster.

Meantime what should she do? The angel of death had changed the face of the world to her; he had swept clean out of life her only imaginable refuge. Her situation was that of a wanderer in deserts who hears that the oasis towards which he was faintly struggling has been overwhelmed by sandstorms, its sheltering palms uprooted and its wells choked. During weeks, which flowed with the scorching slowness of melted lead, Nestoria had been supported by the hope of reaching her father, and casting at his feet that horrible secret, so like to a mangled and blood-dripping corpse which a demoniacal destiny had fastened upon her. Now there was no one in all the earth to relieve her of her grisly load; she must bear it alone until she should be able to lay it beside her in her grave. There were times when the whole of this wearying pilgrimage seemed to open before her, the vastness of the inhospitable

outlook drinking up all her strength and courage, as the Sahara absorbs a rivulet at the beginning of its course.

But she must not faint; she must struggle to shape her future so that it should be bearable; especially must she discover and attain to some place of hiding. With a travail of spirit which was so immense and various that we may speak of it as her labors of Hercules, she ransacked the whole world for an asylum. Where was the spot which could give security to a friendless girl, whose terrible treasure, eagerly sought for by whole communities, was the secret of a murder?

Little by little she settled upon the resolution that as soon as she had money enough for the voyage, she would fly to some barbarous island of the Pacific ocean, there to end in obscurity her outcast life.

CHAPTER XXXII.

A SAD FAIRY AND A COMFORTING BROWNIE.

THIS thought of a flight to the unknown and almost unimaginable coral solitudes of the Pacific took a strong hold on Nestoria's imagination.

It helped her bear onward her heavy days, and at night it sometimes lulled her to sleep. As she bent over her painting she had reveries of floating over long, smooth billows, under the white, tranquil wings of sailing seabirds, toward inlets alive with canoes and shores waving with palms. The same pictures came to her in dreams; she was among wild peoples, but free from perplexities and terrors; she lived the life of a savage, but she was at peace. So happy was she in these visions that more than once she shed a few tears on awaking. As is often the case with the quietly wretched, the sorrowful who see no immediate escape in effort, she slept much. In sleep she forgot her alarms, griefs, remorse; in sleep there was a temporary truce to her warfare; she could lay down her arms when she lost her senses. We see a spirit which, though able to bear much, felt great weariness. Her reveries, and the eagerness with which she hailed them, proved how enfeebled was her mind, or rather how tired. The soul which is faint with hard and long rowing, lands willingly on this Lotos island of reverie.

Much, however, as the girl's thoughts partook of the nature of day-dreams, she was serious in her purpose of seeking refuge in the Pacific. She really meant to get to the Marquesas, or some other more unfrequented archipelago, and bury all her future years in its rank savagery. Perhaps she would be a missionary; perhaps spend her life in proclaiming the true God to heathens; it would be a fitting work for one who had been such a criminal; it would be a Pauline repentance. For she still believed that she acted very wickedly in refusing to expose the guilt of Edward Wetherel, and longed to do some worthy work and bear some self-inflicted penalty, which might make partial amends for her sin, even though justification and forgiveness were unattainable. Yes, a missionary life in the Pacific, suffering enormous hardships, incurring daily peril of death, and perhaps putting on the crown of martyrdom, was the career toward which she must strive. But before she could take flight she must have wings; and she labored incessantly to fabricate them, adding dollar to dollar.

Meantime she could not dispense entirely with human fellowship. A troubled woman instinctively looks for help to a man; and now that Nettie no

longer saw her father walking the stormy sea of life, she felt a need of some other virile saviour; before she was well aware of it she was stretching out the arms of her soul toward Lehming. It was very natural. There was as it were an aureole of sweetness and light—the sweetness of rich sympathy and the light of a clear intelligence—around the misshapen head of this good pygmy, easily visible to eyes seeking a deliverer. She had sagacity enough to feel (rather than to formally argue out) his superiority in real moral muscle over John Bowlder, burly as this last might seem to a superficial glance. Every day she sought more and more the society of Lehming, and found more support and pleasure in it.

As for him, he was eager to give her all the aid and counsel and pity that she would ask for, or could be brought to accept. No other human being, not even Edward Wetherel, under the blight of an imputed crime, had ever interested him so deeply as did this lonely, patient-eyed girl. When a man's heart is naturally sweet, every intellectual force that he possesses tends to increase its sweetness. Lehming was all the more benevolent because he had a strong imagination and unusual powers of reflection. It seemed to him that he had found a soul shipwrecked on the reefs of some unknown sorrow, and he longed incessantly to nurse it to health and give it deliverance. He was too delicate to intrude into Nettie's mystery by questions; but he accorded to her such watching and attentions as affection grants to an invalid. There was an inexhaustible willingness to listen to her in the rare hours when she chose to talk; there was a copious outpouring of instruction and amusement from his stores of knowledge; there were daily offerings of flowers and fruit. He knew the preciousness of little marks of regard, because he had rarely received them and had suffered from the lack of them.

His demeanor toward her had somewhat of the subtle perfume of courtship. He was far indeed from meaning it as such, for he had not the slightest hope of winning the girl's heart, and desired only to give forth his own wealth of emotion. Never forgetting his deformity of body and feature, and altogether unconscious of his attractive beauty of soul, he was humility itself. The idea of wooing and winning a handsome young woman would have seemed to him nothing better than frenzy. Nevertheless, as time went on, he swung insensibly nearer to this frenzy, approaching it by unconscious circlings, as a boat nears the Maelstrom. There was to come a period in his life when he would like a woman precisely as other men like women. He was destined to fall in love with Nestoria, and toward that fate he was even now drifting.

Not a day passed without a meeting between them. As we have said, the door of Lehming's library was always open to all the inhabitants of the tenement-house. But the lodgers in the lower floors did not care to enter it; they were of that hurried class who write upon the doors of their offices, "Gone to dinner—back in ten minutes"; they were so dragged about by the almighty dollar that they had no time or no taste for reading. Nestoria soon discovered that she was not liable to meet any one in the library besides its owner and John Bowlder and Imogen Eleonore; and thus she fell into a habit of visiting it every evening, when darkness forbade her to walk and her hand was cramped with painting. Lehming was almost always there, sometimes absorbed in a book, but more often writing. There was an exchange of smiles—two of the sweetest and most pathetic smiles ever seen; then Nestoria selected her volume or magazine, and seated herself by the long centre-table; after that there might be half an hour without a sound except the turning of leaves or the scratching of a pen.

The very silence of Lehming was an aroma from his exquisite delicacy. He feared that if he talked much to his guest he would have an air of demanding amusement from her, and so render his hospitality less free. Moreover, he found it necessary to resist the first encroachments of a compassionate curiosity which perpetually tempted him to put such questions to her concerning her history as she might perhaps not desire to answer. Consequently he laid down for himself the rule that he must never put aside his pen until she had first put aside her book. Is it not touching and indeed downright piteous to find such considerateness and self-control in one at whose feet life had laid so few favors and pleasures? But it is in just such humble vessels that we might expect to discover these rare graces. We must stoop to figures weighed down by crosses, and look under the acute shadows of crowns of thorns, if we would behold the brows which wear the brightest halos.

Sometimes, however, there were long communings between these two children of sorrow. Their talk frequently concerned literature, for Lehming was a contributor to various periodicals, and furthermore he had the project of a book on his mind, and he loved to discuss the art in which he was a student. One of these dialogues we may find it worth while to listen to, because, although it began upon the most commonplace circumstances of a life of authorship, it eventually wound and crept on until it touched the borders of Nestor's woful secret.

"Is making stories very profitable?" inquired the girl, wondering whether she could write and thus earn money wherewith to fly to undiscoverable islands.

"It brings in something," replied Lehming, entering eagerly upon a subject which profoundly interested him. "In the monthlies, weeklies, and dailies there is a fair market for tales and articles. A magazinist with talent, who works hard and gives all his time to his work, can average twelve or perhaps fifteen hundred dollars a year. In other words, he can earn something more than a common carpenter, and a good deal less than an expert machinist. But when you have made that modest statement, you have summed up nearly the whole of a writer's chance for income. The profit on a book, speaking in a general way, would not support an infant. People say that the periodical has killed the volume; but while this is true in a measure, it is not all the trouble; it is mainly the foreign reprint which kills the American work. Are you aware that any one of our publishers can seize upon any European book without paying the author a penny? Such is the dishonest fact; now look at the discouraging result. The American volume [let us suppose it is Lehming's] is necessarily loaded with a royalty payable to the writer; this royalty is only the pittance of ten per cent. in most cases, but it raises the price of the work by that amount; if without it the price would be ninety cents, for instance, it must now be sold at a dollar. Well, what sort of competition is this dollar book exposed to? The competition of Dickens, Reade, Thackeray, and all the athletes of foreign literature—all selling ten per cent. cheaper. Ten per cent.? I should come nearer the mark in saying twenty-five per cent., fifty per cent. Our publisher only selects for reprints the best of European works, such as have already succeeded in their own country—such as are sure to succeed here. He is so certain of purchasers that he can afford to be cheap, and also to advertise liberally. He is so certain of competition if he demands a high price, that he must be cheap. You will find Dickens and Reade and many others on our book counters at fifty and thirty cents a volume. Now, what does the purchaser do? Do you imagine that he will buy Lehming at a dollar when

he can get Lehming's master at half a dollar? He makes the bargain that will give him the most for his money, and in so doing he helps to kill American literature. It is the only business in our country in which the producer is completely sacrificed to the consumer. The result is that we have no literature; we have only a dozen or so of professed authors; and that dozen write mainly for the monthlies and weeklies. The American book is growing rarer year by year, and will soon be as extinct as the dodo. Men will not continue a labor which brings them only neglect and starvation."

"But a few write," said Nestoria. "You write."

"A few will always write," answered Lehming. "Every year five or six tyros step forward and awkwardly renew a useless struggle. But the circumstances of the case are inexorable; they wear out the most hopeful and the ablest spirits. We shall never have practised and skilful authors until we establish such an international copyright as will enable the native work to enter the market on equal terms with the foreign reprint. This competition of theft, moreover, is not the only trouble. Literature in our country is shackled with imposts and with customs duties. Paper, types, type metal, the materials for binding, everything which goes to the making of a book, bears a load of taxation for the benefit of some manufacturer. Our publishers themselves are so burdened that they are unable to hold our own market, and are steadily becoming mere distributors for English publications. It seems as if our legislators had sworn that, whatever else they left undone, they would root out American literature."

"I don't fully understand, but it seems very discouraging," sighed Nestoria. "I was wondering whether I could write; but I will make you a present of my subject." Then, after a moment of pondering, she went on hastily, as if impelled to speak, "I had a strange idea in my mind. It was that a girl should like some one, and like him very, very much, only to find that he was utterly wicked. Then what? Should she merely abandon him? Or should she denounce him to punishment? I don't know. I can't see how it should end."

"She should both abandon and denounce him," answered Lehming with the facile promptness of poetical justice.

Nestoria recoiled from him a little, pressed her hands together, and turned slightly pale.

"Stop," added the young man meditatively. "You have proposed a difficult problem. We must not judge even fictitious personages with haste and indifference. If we do not owe a duty to their shadowy existences, we owe one to our own mental and moral nature. I must have time to consider your riddle."

Nothing more was said on the subject; indeed, Nestoria was frightened at having said so much; but Lehming brooded over her suggestion frequently. Of course he asked himself whether the girl had alluded to the sorrow which looked out of her plaintive eyes; and of course the query, although unanswerable, made her all the more attractive to his sensitive and compassionate spirit. Other conversations, and other vague, timid hints of suffering, quickened his sympathy. Even if there were no mystery of great trouble in this child's life, he felt certain that she was lonely and almost friendless, and he longed to surround her with consolation. Not yet, not even in the rare vagaries which he permitted to his imagination, did he purpose to offer her a heart in place of the one which, as he sometimes suspected, she had found corrupt and cast away with noble loathing. He was too meek to believe that his affection could

be worthy of complete acceptance, even at hands which pleaded for affection as a charity; and to ask any woman whatever to receive him as a husband would, it seemed to him, be altogether unnatural and monstrous, and shamefully absurd.

But he was slipping toward Nestoria; he was becoming every day less and less the ruler of his thoughts and feelings; there was no telling how his moth-like circlings might end. Eyes which in this matter were keener than his, though duller by far in almost all things else, watched him with a petulant disapproval, judging him to be very near the flame of love.

"It will be real shabby if Mr. Lehming tries to marry that poor little chit," said Imogen Eleonore to herself more than once. "Mr. Lehming ought to know that he isn't a proper person to have a pretty girl. He may be very good and have a first-rate education, but he's a little jolter-headed hunchback, and not a fit match at all for my Nettie. If he wasn't a prominent instructor, I'd give him a piece of my mind about it."

Miss Jones, we perceive, put the matter in order before her mind in plain, straightforward terms, not encumbering it with the retinue of bombastic phrases which she favored when in society. We may infer that she really and honestly feared lest the incongruous wooing of which she discoursed might come about.

BY THE RIVER IN JUNE.

I.

FAIR flows the river to the sea,
Fair gleams the summer heavens above,
Fair is the green of fields and grove;
But fairer far than earth or heaven
My love's sweet face shines out for me.

II.

Ah, summer day! that saw us stand
By yon brown waters smoothly flowing,
With fond hearts beating, and eyes glowing,
And all the best of earth was mine,
In one dear woman's clasping hand!

III.

The sunlight lingered in her hair,
And crept about her brow and eyes;
The trees, full foliaged, hushed her sighs;
The river's ripple was in her voice,
And the world's fairness made her fair.

IV.

O heart! O love! while bright skies burn,
While yon dark waters seek the sea,
And seasons smile for you and me,
Shall my hand's place be in your hand,
Your eyes my light, where'er you turn!

M. I. GRIFFEN.

THREE INTERVIEWS WITH PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

IF it is true that the impression made on the public mind by really great men deepens with the lapse of time, then must Abraham Lincoln have possessed attributes of greatness; for, in spite of the confusion in our national affairs, and the absorbing interest excited by those of Europe during the interval since his death, the respect and admiration of the world for his memory have steadily increased. As the illusions of prejudice disappear, and his intellectual and moral traits become more clearly perceptible, men reflect on his character as a study, and linger with increasing interest over the records of his life. The grade which his fame shall permanently reach it is yet too early to determine, with the incomplete and undigested contemporary information yet obtained; but there is an increasing recognition by the public of his remarkable powers, and an appetite for all information that illustrates their quality.

Lately a biography of him has appeared, more complete than it falls to the lot of most eminent men to possess, and largely filled with private and personal details. Purporting to be written by an intimate and life-long friend, and showing proofs of great industry, this book has yet failed to satisfy the thinking public with its analysis of his character. Colonel Lamont is a politician, and a man who made the gift of privileges to himself the price of his friendship during Mr. Lincoln's incumbency of his high office; and it seems to many who read the biography that he has shed upon its subject the light of his own personality, and formed his moral estimate far lower than the rigor of truth requires. If the biographer's view of his friend's character is correct, Mr. Lincoln has been misjudged by his countrymen, and his death was not the national calamity that we have all felt it to be.

At any rate there is an eager inquiry for more knowledge about the man whose life was so wonderful in its transitions and achievements, and whose history is so interwoven with that of the republic at its most critical period. This belief has led the writer to recall some recollections which he has never before written out, and which aided him materially in judging of Mr. Lincoln as a *military strategist*, as a *diplomatist*, and as a *politician*. I cannot claim to have been his personal friend, and scarcely an acquaintance—never having seen him till after he became President, and then only on three occasions. These interviews, however, were such as to impress me deeply with the power of the mind with which I was thus brought in contact; and if the judgment I then formed has any value whatever, perhaps that value is the greater because of this very lack of previous acquaintance, and of personal bias in forming my opinion.

These explanations seemed necessary to a proper understanding of what is to follow.

I.

My first interview with Mr. Lincoln was early in January, 1863. It was a season of deep depression in loyal Washington circles, owing to recent reverses of the Union arms. We had well-nigh forgotten the splendors of Grant's early campaigns, in our impatience with the slowness of his later operations;

we had lost faith in McClellan, finally, after the escape of Lee back into Virginia, out of our very clutches at Antietam; and the dismal December that brought us the cruel disaster at Fredericksburg had closed feverishly with the beginning of a great battle in Tennessee, the details of which the public found it impossible to obtain. The new year opened with a feeling of wild anxiety in regard to the fate of Rosecrans and his army in the encounter we knew he had forced with Bragg on the banks of Stone river. Since it had gallantly marched forth from Nashville to meet the advancing enemy, the Army of the Cumberland had been the immediate subject of our hopes and fears; and though the Government had permitted us to know that the hostile hosts had sustained the first shock of an encounter, it had, beyond this pregnant announcement, maintained an impenetrable and ominous silence. Sunday, January 4, was a day of intense solicitude to the public, as it was morally certain that the great battle had then been fought to the end; and on the evening of that day, moved by special motives, and using influences not necessary to be named, I obtained an interview with the President for the purpose of ascertaining as much as possible of the truth.

I was accompanied by one of his personal friends; and when we entered the well-known reception-room a very tall, lanky man came quickly forward to meet us. His manner seemed to me the perfection of courtesy. I was struck with the simplicity, kindness, and dignity of his deportment, so different from the clownish manners with which it was then customary to invest him. His face was a pleasant surprise, formed as my expectations had been from the poor photographs then in vogue, and the general belief in his ugliness. I remember thinking how much better-looking he was than I had anticipated, and wondering that any one should consider him ugly.

His expression was grave and careworn, but still enlivened with a cheerfulness that gave me instant hope. After a brief interchange of commonplaces, I stated my precise errand, and could scarcely credit my senses when he told me that the Government was no better informed than the public in regard to the result at Stone river. I was prepared for any answer but this; for good news or bad news, or a refusal to give any answer at all; for anything but ignorance. It did not seem possible that a contest of the magnitude of this could have raged for days in a region of railways and telegraphs, and the Government be uninformed as to the issue.

Mr. Lincoln, however, proceeded at once to express his belief that our forces had won a decisive victory. His mere assertion seemed to me of but slight importance—so shaken had my confidence been in Federal success, and so accustomed had I become to the sanguine auguries of officials, generally contradicted by the event. I suppose he noticed this incredulity, for he at once undertook to give the reasons for his faith. With surprising readiness, he entered on a description of the situation, giving the numbers of the contending armies, their movements previous to the beginning of the battle, and the general strategical purposes which should govern them both. Taking from the wall a large map of the United States, and laying it on the table, he pointed out with his long finger the geographical features of the vicinity, clearly describing the various movements so far as known, reasoning rigidly from step to step, and creating a chain of probabilities too strong for serious dispute. His apparent knowledge of military science, and his familiarity with the special features of the present campaign, were surprising in a man who had been all his life a civilian, engrossed with politics and the practice of the

law, and whose attention must necessarily be so much occupied with the perplexing detail of duties incident to his position. The fact once comprehended that he had profoundly studied the war in its military aspect, the less astonishing though not less admirable was the logic in which he involved his facts, arguing steadily on to the hopeful conclusion which he had announced at the outset.

It is beyond my power of recollection to recall any part of his argument. I only know that he made a demonstration that justified his hopes, and which filled me with a confidence equal to his own, and excited admiration of an intellectual power so different from any which I had supposed him to possess. It was clear that he made the various campaigns of the war a subject of profound and intelligent study, forming opinions thereon as positive and clear as those he held in regard to civil affairs.

When I left him it was with a cheerfulness quite in contrast with the anxiety I had felt before. The news of the next day fully verified the correctness of his judgment by giving us the most decisive announcement of the brilliant and complete success of the Army of the Cumberland, in spite of the many and almost fatal misfortunes which had attended the early stages of the battle.

II.

My next interview was several weeks later, and with a very different purpose. General Sherman, then commanding a division in the West, under General Grant, had taken extreme measures against a newspaper correspondent at his headquarters, and had procured his arrest and trial by a court-martial, and his banishment beyond the army lines. It was generally felt that the proceeding was harsh and unjust; and several prominent officers having represented that the alleged offence was technical, a memorial asking the President to set aside the sentence was prepared and generally signed by the journalists in Washington. A Sunday evening was selected for the presentation of this memorial, and I was invited by the gentleman having it in charge to accompany him to the Executive Mansion for that purpose. We were three persons in all, the third being a member of the House of Representatives, and we had the good fortune to find the President alone—a general and a Congressman having just left him—and quite well disposed toward the request which we preferred.

After presenting the memorial, its bearer entered into a detailed history of the case, showing its injustice and inexpediency. Mr. Lincoln evidently considered it a delicate question, and was disposed to give it a careful investigation. He was resolved, I think, to conciliate the press, and equally resolved not to absolutely annul the action of the military authorities. The precise thing which he was willing to do did not appear till after a prolonged discussion, in which he participated with patient interest. My friend asked that he positively restore to the injured correspondent his lost privileges; while the President, not absolutely refusing at first, endeavored to satisfy us with a recommendation to General Grant to himself remit the sentence. But my friend believed that General Grant would stand stubbornly by the action of General Sherman, unless the President gave his wishes the force of an actual order. The discussion was long and animated. My friend was a master of argument and persuasion, and inspired by a warm personal regard for the banished cor-

respondent; and Mr. Lincoln seemed bent on some expedient that would measurably satisfy both parties. At times I thought our point substantially gained; but on defining the exact terms of any proposed arrangement, there was always in the end a reference of the case to the judgment of General Grant. Seeming to concede much, we finally found that he conceded nothing at all. Many ingenious expedients were proposed and rejected; and I was quite entertained by the display of diplomatic skill of which I had unexpectedly become a witness; for I had very little part in the conversation, but listened with great interest to the discussion going on. Mr. Lincoln's manner was all consideration and kindness and sympathy; but these concealed a firmness that seemed immovable.

At length, while walking about the room, which he did a good deal, he exclaimed:

"Well, you want me to make an order setting aside the action of the court. I wish to do what is right, and what you ask; for it seems to me, from all the evidence, that our newspaper friend has been a little too severely dealt with. Still, I am not on the spot to judge of all the circumstances, and General Grant is; and I do not see how I can properly grant your request without being sustained by his consent. But let us see what we can do; I will write something to put our ideas into shape;" and with a pleasant laugh he began at once to search for paper and pen. He was aided in this effort by little "Tad," who was present—and, I must say, somewhat troublesome—and toward whom his father frequently manifested the most anxious and considerate affection. He found a piece of paper with some difficulty on the table (littered with documents lying in complete disorder), and a very poor pen, with which he at once set to work.

The draft which he made was quite satisfactory. It was brief, clear, and precise; it stated the case truly, revoked the sentence of the court, and gave the correspondent the privilege of returning to General Grant's headquarters. We were delighted with the document, and of course said so.

"But," said the President, "I had better make this conditional on the approval of General Grant. You see it would not seem right for me to send back a correspondent to the General's headquarters in case he knew of any reason why the man should not be there. I will just add a few words;" and so he did, making the order close as follows: "And to remain if General Grant shall give his express assent; and to again leave the department if General Grant shall refuse said assent."

"There," he remarked, "I think that will be about right, and I have no doubt General Grant will assent." And so he did.

It was useless to contend further with this firm but flexible will, which always gave you an impression that it was about to yield, but which when once resolved was absolutely immovable.

The document thus prepared was in fact a military order, and I wondered if he made any record of its existence. He had not called in the aid of any of his secretaries, and I afterward inquired of Mr. Nicolay if any record of it had been made. He said not, and was even ignorant of its existence; and added a feeling remark on the President's official habits, which were reckless of all order, and gave his secretaries no end of trouble.

This affair concluded, the President seemed disposed to prolong the interview. Our conversation took a military direction, and embraced the various movements being made or known to be in contemplation. Mr. Lincoln

seemed pleased to discuss the war; in fact the informal nature of our conversation was a relief to his mind, overworked and jaded as he was by all the cares, official and political, to which he was daily subjected. Presently he startled us by declaring that he saw no hope of success for any of the campaigns now being opened.

Having gone thus far, and seeing our surprise and perplexity, he seemed animated by a desire to justify his statement. Going to the wall, and again taking down the large map which he had pressed into service on the previous occasion, he proceeded to inform us, which we did not positively know before, that there were now three important movements being attempted by our forces toward points against which our efforts had previously proved unsuccessful. One of these, he said, was against Richmond, on the same general plan substantially attempted by Burnside; one against Charleston, from the sea, by the combined land and naval forces; and one against Vicksburg, by way of the Yazoo pass and the network of bayous and small streams by which the Mississippi is flanked, and through some of which it was hoped to transfer General Grant's forces to a point from which a successful assault might be made on that great stronghold, which had thus far defied our most determined attacks.

"And I cannot see how either of these plans can succeed," said he; and, forthwith throwing aside all reserve, and speaking with as much apparent frankness as though conversing with his confidential advisers, he freely criticised the conduct of the campaigns in question, going into all the details of a military argument, and logically demonstrated in advance that Grant would again be foiled in his strategy against Vicksburg, that Hooker would fail to reach Richmond, and that Du Pont and Hunter would be compelled to retire baffled from before Charleston. I do not now remember the reasons he gave for his judgment in regard to the two movements last named, but I recollect well his clear description of the narrow and winding water-courses through which Grant was endeavoring to conduct his gunboats, generally impassable for large craft, either through too high or too low water, and capable of fatal obstruction in the forests which they penetrate, by an enemy intimately acquainted with every feature of the country, and who had proved himself only too well informed of all our movements, and equally active and successful in opposing our progress into his own country.

It was known that Mr. Lincoln entertained military opinions quite independent of and often at variance with those of his advisers; and I had before had a striking proof of the correctness of his judgment. I confess, however, that I was as much astonished as disheartened by this unreserved condemnation of the conduct of the war on the part of the Government of which he was the head; and I scarcely knew whether I was most astonished by his remarkable frankness or annoyed at his convincing argument. I said:

"If you feel so confident of disaster in all these movements, Mr. President, why do you permit them to be made?"

"Because I cannot prevent it," he replied.

"But you are Commander-in-Chief," I rejoined.

"My dear sir," he replied, "I am as powerless as any private citizen to shape the military plans of the Government. I have my generals and my War Department, and my subordinates are supposed to be more capable than I am to decide what movements shall or shall not be undertaken. I have once or twice attempted to act on my own convictions, and found that it was impractic-

cable to do so. I see campaigns undertaken in which I have no faith, and have no power to prevent them; and I tell you that sometimes, when I reflect on the management of our forces, I am tempted to despair; my heart goes clear down into my boots!"

With this characteristic climax he practically closed the discussion. Rising from his chair he moved uneasily about the room, as though to shake off some feeling that oppressed him. Suddenly he seemed to realize that he had been speaking too freely.

"Of course, gentlemen," said he, "we are talking in confidence, and as friends. None of this must get into print, or be repeated."

We took our leave soon after, but I was long haunted with the recollection of what I had heard. My admiration for the man and his high moral and intellectual qualities was increased, and my confidence in our military chieftains, never very high previously, was proportionately diminished. As before, the events justified his prediction. Our attacking forces were beaten off from Charleston; the Army of the Potomac was hurled back upon the north at Chancellorsville; and Grant and Porter were completely baffled in their ill-judged experiment in the hostile swamps of the Mississippi, which they attempted to penetrate through streams too narrow to turn a gunboat in, and surrounded by a restless foe ever ready to exhaust all the means of impediment and destruction. And though Mr. Lincoln's opinions *may* have owed their correctness to accident, yet I could not resist a feeling that he had a strength of brain and soundness of judgment which measurably supplied the want of military training, and which fitted him better to plan campaigns than any of the professional soldiers to whose views he felt himself compelled to yield.

III.

My last interview was of a political nature, and occurred during the spring of 1864.

The great political question of the day was the approaching Presidential election. The friends of the various aspirants were at work ascertaining and shaping public sentiment, but no candidate had yet been actually put forward for the Republican nomination. The movement in favor of the Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Chase, had culminated in disaster; that gentleman's chief supporters, including his Senatorial son-in-law, having manifested a plentiful lack of nerve or zeal, when the critical question became public of arraying him against his official chief, and made haste to take him at his word of declination, diplomatically spoken in order to rouse their flagging spirits. And yet Mr. Lincoln was not known as a candidate. It was believed that he would not decline a renomination, and his enemies affirmed that he was intriguing to procure one; but there was no jot of evidence before the public that he had given the subject a moment's thought. Yet so strong was his prestige with the people, so greatly was his power of patronage feared by the politicians, and such was the awe of his personal ability which weighed on those trimming patriots who regard it as a point of conscience never to be committed to the losing side, that by a sort of consent the wire-pullers were all waiting to discover his purposes and wishes before committing themselves strongly to any competitor.

It chanced at this time that a member of the Senate who claimed me as a

constituent was anxiously looking forward to his own reelection, which was somewhat in peril. The Legislature which was to determine his destiny was to be elected at the same time with the President; and as he was a warm friend of Mr. Lincoln, with whom he had great influence, he had resolved to be one of the foremost champions for the renomination and reelection of the latter, and to make common cause with him in his State, and thereby increase, as he thought, his own popularity and chances of success. The Senator had always flattered me with assurances that I had some influence in our State politics, and had used many and, thus far, unsuccessful means to attach me to his political fortunes. Hence, I was not greatly surprised when he came to me one day and invited a confidential conversation on national and State politics. I had no reason for refusing, and he proceeded to unfold a plan which had for its object the promotion of the interests of President Lincoln, of himself, and—flattering conjunction!—of the humble and unofficial individual who writes this chronicle. As both the other parties involved are dead, their ambitions cut short by the bullets and their schemings of no more account now than a last year's almanac, I violate no confidence in the vague sketch I am attempting.

The preliminary conditions of secrecy and good faith being settled, the Senator proceeded to develop his plans. Mr. Lincoln, he assured me, was and would continue to be a candidate for renomination, and on grounds of private friendship and of patriotism he, the Senator, was most anxious for his success. Of this he entertained very little doubt, believing that the President had a growing strength that would carry him over all obstacles both before the convention and at the polls in November. Having made up his mind to this effect, he was most anxious to carry for Mr. Lincoln our State, both to increase his own power as a Lincoln man therein, and to still further strengthen himself with the President during the second term. In fact, if the State could be thus carried, in convention and at the polls, the Senator assured me that a most influential position (naming it) awaited his acceptance in the new Cabinet; and, coming plumply to the point, he promised me then and there, if I would enter the canvass in our State for both candidates, to give me the choice of a high diplomatic position in Europe or an office in Washington, "in which [I quote his exact words] the present incumbent *says* he has made a million of dollars and has wronged nobody."

Notwithstanding my general humility of spirit, and an absence of strong aspiration for offices which either require more money than the salary to support them, as our foreign diplomatic ones do, or depend on a system of stealing to compensate the incumbent for the very arduous and responsible duties required, I was not quite overcome by the brilliancy of this proffer. Not to claim extraordinary philosophy or virtue, I will say that I had no very intense faith in political promises, and especially in those made by the gentleman with whom I was conversing. Neither did I desire to become his political supporter; and neither, for that matter, had I concluded that President Lincoln ought to be renominated. I had been a Chase man and had shared with a great many Republicans a profound dissatisfaction with the mode in which Mr. Lincoln had allowed the war to be conducted. Hence, when I saw the point towards which the purpose of the Senator tended, I began to seek some easy means of escape from the dilemma in which I was becoming involved. Therefore, not believing his statement in regard to his understanding with the President, I introduced, cunningly as I thought, a diplomatic hint that the ser-

vice he proposed to me was such as required me to learn from Mr. Lincoln himself that it would be acceptable, and to satisfy myself of the reality of the close relations existing between the two.

Much to my surprise, the Senator, after a little reflection, assented to my suggestion as being reasonable and proper. He promised me a private interview with Mr. Lincoln in a day or two, and, to my amazement, kept his promise. Of course I had no alternative but to keep on my part the appointment he had made for me, though with the distinct understanding that it should in no way commit me to any further action.

At the time appointed, therefore, the Senator took me to the White House, and ushered me formally into the executive presence. This done, and with a phrase or two of compliment, and without even seating himself, he retired with great dignity and in good order; leaving me to my fate, and content apparently with having stamped on my visit the seal of his Senatorial sanction.

Mr. Lincoln received me, as ever, kindly and courteously; but his manner was quite changed. It was not now the country about which his anxiety prevailed, but himself. There was an embarrassment about him which he could not quite conceal. I thought it proper to state in the outset (not knowing what the Senator might have said) that I wished simply to know whatever he was free to tell me in regard to his own willingness or unwillingness to accept a renomination, and also as to the extent to which the Senator was authorized to speak for him. The reply was a monologue of an hour's duration, and one that wholly absorbed me, as it seemed to absorb himself. There was very little for me to say, and I was only too willing to listen.

He remained seated nearly all the time. He was restless, often changing position and occasionally, in some intense moment, wheeling his body around in his chair and throwing a leg over the arm. This was the only grotesque thing I recollect about him; his voice and manner were very earnest, and he uttered no jokes and told no anecdotes.

He began by saying that, as yet, he was not a candidate for renomination. He distinctly denied that he was a party to any effort to that end, notwithstanding I knew that there were movements in his favor in all parts of the Northern States. These movements were, of course, without his prompting, as he positively assured me that with one or two exceptions he had scarcely conversed on the subject with his most intimate friends. He was not quite sure whether he desired a renomination. Such had been the responsibility of the office—so oppressive had he found its cares, so terrible its perplexities—that he felt as though the moment when he could relinquish the burden and retire to private life would be the sweetest he could possibly experience. But, he said, he would not deny that a reelection would also have its gratification to his feelings. He did not seek it, nor would he do so; he did not desire it for any ambitious or selfish purpose; but, after the crisis the country was passing through under his Presidency, and the efforts he had made conscientiously to discharge the duties imposed upon him, it would be a very sweet satisfaction to him to know that he had secured the approval of his fellow citizens and earned the highest testimonial of confidence they could bestow.

This was the gist of the hour's monologue; and I believe he spoke sincerely. His voice, his manner, armed his modest and sensible words with a power of conviction. He seldom looked me in the face while he was talking; he seemed almost to be gazing into the future. I am sure it was not a pleasant thing for him to seem to be speaking in his own interest.

He furthermore assured me that the Senator had his full confidence, and that he should respect any proper promises the latter might make. For himself, he affirmed (gratuitously, for I had not said anything to lead in that direction) that he should make no promises of office to any one, as an inducement for support. If nominated and elected, he should be grateful to his friends, and consider that they had claims on him; but the interest of the country must always be first considered. Meantime, he supposed he should be a candidate; things seemed to be working in that direction; and if I could assist him and his friend the Senator in my State, he should not fail to remember the service with gratitude.

I think I may be justified in remembering my interview with this remarkable man as one of the most memorable of many impressive recollections. I voted for him with greater satisfaction for it, though I could not see my way clear to adopt the programme made by the Senator. I could not identify the two interests according to his wish, without a violation of conscience and consistency, which I valued more than I did the prospective rewards with which he sought to dazzle my feeble eyes. To him I excused myself as delicately as I was able; thanking him in my heart only for the glimpse he had enabled me to get of a loftier nature and greater intellect than often rises into view in our muddy politics.

J. M. WINCHELL.

VISIONS OF THE NIGHT.

O THE visions that the night brings!
 O the fluttering of white wings,
 O benignant eyes and beautiful that down upon us bend!
 O the hum of happy voices,
 O the glad throng that rejoices,
 When the visions of the midnight bring the absent friend to friend
 O the dainty feet that find me,
 O the dimpled arms that bind me,
 Of the little love that softly from the star-land comes to me!
 O the gladness, past revealing,
 Filling soul and heart and feeling,
 When upon my yearning bosom she is sleeping peacefully!
 Ah, how sweet to know this dreaming
 Is a glimpse, a twilight gleaming,
 Of the beauty and the glory of the heaven we adore;
 And the faces which behold us,
 And the arms that fondly fold us,
 Are the faces and embraces of the loved ones gone before.

O the comfort that the night brings!
 O the fluttering of white wings,
 O benignant eyes and beautiful that down upon us bend!
 O the hum of happy voices,
 O the glad throng that rejoices,
 When the visions of the midnight bring the absent friend to friend!

KATE M. SHERWOOD.

LIFE ON THE PLAINS.

BEFORE proceeding to narrate the incidents of the pursuit which led us to the battle of the Washita, I will refer to the completion of our hasty preparations to detach ourselves from the encumbrance of our immense wagon train. In the last chapter it has been seen that the train was to be left behind under the protection of an officer and eighty cavalymen, with orders to push after us, following our trail in the snow as rapidly as the teams could move. Where or when it would again join us no one could foretell; in all probability, however, not until the pursuit had terminated and we had met and vanquished our savage foes, or had been defeated by them. Under existing orders the guard for the protection of our train was each day under the command of the officer of the day, the tour of duty of the latter continuing twenty-four hours, beginning in the morning. On that day the duties of officer of the day fell in regular routine upon Captain Louis McLane Hamilton, Seventh Cavalry, a grandson of Alexander Hamilton. Of course this detail would require him to remain behind with the train while his squadron, one of the finest in the command, would move forward to battle under charge of another. To a soldier of Hamilton's pride and ambition, to be left behind in this inglorious manner was galling in the extreme. He foresaw the situation at once, and the moment that intelligence of the proposed movement reached him he came galloping up from the rear in search of me. I was busily engaged at the time superintending the hurried arrangements for commencing the pursuit. Coming up to me, with a countenance depicting the most earnest anxiety, his first words were to frame an inquiry as to whether I intended him to remain behind. Fully appreciating his anxious desire to share with his comrades the perils of the approaching conflict, and yet unable to substitute, without injustice, another officer for him unless with the consent of the former, I could not give him the encouragement he desired. The moment that the plans for pursuit were being formed, I remembered that the accidents of service were to deprive the pursuing column of the presence and aid of one whose assistance in such an emergency could always be confidently relied upon. Some of his brother officers had bethought themselves of the same, and at once came to me with the remark that "we ought to have Hamilton with us." My only reply was that while my desires were all one way my duty prescribed that Hamilton should remain with the guard and train, it being his detail, and it also being necessary that some officer should remain upon this important duty. I answered his repeated request, that while I desired him in command of his squadron, particularly then of all times, I was powerless to have it so without being unjust to some other officer. While forced to admit this to be true, he added, "It seems hard that I must remain." Finally I said to him that all I could do would be to allow him to get some other officer to willingly take his place with the train, adding that some officer might be found in the command who, from indisposition or other causes, did not feel able to undertake a rapid and tiresome pursuit such as we would probably have, and under such circumstances I would gladly order the change. He at once departed in search of some one who would assume his duties with the train and leave him free to resume his post at the head of his splendid

squadron—that squadron in whose organization and equipment he had displayed such energy and forethought, and whose superior excellency and efficiency long bore the impress of his hand. I am thus minute in detailing these circumstances affecting the transfer of Captain Hamilton from one duty to another, as the sad sequel will show how intimately connected the destiny of one of the parties was with the slight matter of this change. Hamilton had been absent but a few minutes when he returned overflowing with joy, and remarked that an officer had been found who consented to take his place, ending with the question, “Shall I join my squadron?” To this I gladly assented, and he galloped to another part of the field, where his men were, to hasten and superintend their preparations for the coming struggle. The officer who had consented to take Hamilton’s place with the train had that day been affected with partial snow-blindness, and felt himself disqualified and unable to join in the pursuit, and it was exceedingly proper for him under the circumstances to agree to the proposed change.

During all this time Elliot with his three companies of calvary was following hard and fast upon the trail left by the Indians in the deep snow. By being informed, as we were, of the direction in which the trail was leading, and that direction being favorable to our position, the main command by moving due south would strike the trail of the Indians, and of Elliot also, at some point not far in rear perhaps of Elliot’s party. Everything being in readiness to set out at the expiration of the allotted twenty minutes, “the advance” was sounded and the pursuit on our part began. Our route carried us across the broad, open plains, the snow over a foot in depth, with surface of course unbroken. This rendered it exceedingly fatiguing to the horses moving in the advance, and changes were frequently rendered necessary. The weather, which during the past few days had been so bitterly cold, moderated on that day sufficiently to melt the upper surface of the snow. After leaving the wagon train, we continued our march rapidly during the remaining hours of the forenoon and until the middle of the afternoon. Still no tidings from Elliot’s party nor any sign of a trail. No halt was made during the day either for rest or refreshment. Toward evening we began to feel anxious concerning Elliot’s detachment. Could it be that the Indians had discovered that they were pursued, and had broken up into smaller parties or changed the direction of their trail? If so, could Elliot’s messengers reach us in time to make the information valuable to us? We had hurried along, our interest increasing with each mile passed over, until the sun was not more than one hour high above the western horizon; and still, strain our eyes as we would, and scan the white surface of the plains in every direction in our front, the snow seemed unbroken and undisturbed as far as the eye could reach. Our scouts and Indian guides were kept far out in front and on the proper flank, to discover, if possible, the trail. At last one of the scouts gave the signal that the trail had been discovered, and in a few moments the command had reached it, and we were now moving with lighter and less anxious hearts. After studying the trail our Osage warriors informed us that the Indians whose trail we were pursuing were undoubtedly a war party, and had certainly passed where we then were during the forenoon. This was encouraging, and a free rein was given to our horses as we hastened along through the snow. The object now was to overtake as soon as practicable the party of Elliot, which from the heavy trail we could see was in advance of us. The almost level and unbroken character of the country enabled us to see for miles in all directions,

and in this way we knew that Elliot must be many miles ahead of our party. At the same time I could see that we were gradually descending into a valley, probably of some stream, and far in advance appeared the dim outline of timber, such as usually fringes the banks of many of the Western streams. Selecting a few well-mounted troopers and some of the scouts, I directed them to set out at a moderate gallop to overtake Elliot, with orders to the latter to halt at the first favorable point where wood and water could be obtained, and await our arrival, informing him at the same time that after allowing the men an hour to prepare a cup of coffee and to feed and rest their horses, it was my intention to continue the pursuit during the night—a measure to which I felt urged by the slight thawing of the snow that day, which might result in our failure if we permitted the Indians to elude us until the snow had disappeared. Satisfied now that we were on the right course, our anxiety lessened, but our interest increased. Soon after dark we reached the valley whose timbered surface we had caught faint glimpses of hours before. Down this valley and through this sparse timber the trail led us. Hour after hour we struggled on, hoping to overtake the three troops in advance, for hunger, unappeased since before daylight, began to assert its demands in the strongest terms. Our faithful horses were likewise in great need of both food and water, as well as rest, as neither had been offered them since four o'clock in the morning. So far had Elliot pushed his pursuit that our scouts were a long time in reaching him, and it was nine o'clock at night when the main command arrived at the point where he and his three troops were found halted. A stream of good water with comparatively deep banks ran near by, while the valley at this point was quite heavily timbered.

To enable the men to prepare a cup of coffee, and at the same time give no evidence of our presence to the Indians, who, for all we knew, might be not far from us, advantage was taken of the deep banks of the creek, and by building small fires down under the edge of the bank, they were prevented from being seen, except at a small distance. At the same time the horses were relieved of their saddles and unbitted, and a good feed of oats distributed to each. Officers and men were glad to partake of the same quality of simple fare that night, consisting only of a most welcome and refreshing cup of good strong coffee and a handful of army crackers—"hard tack." By waiting an hour we not only gained by rest and refreshment, but the light of the moon would then probably be sufficient to guide us on our night ride. When the hour had nearly expired, we began our preparations in the most quiet manner to resume the pursuit. No bugle calls were permitted, as in this peculiar country sound travels a long distance, and we knew not but that our wily foes were located near by. Before starting I conferred with our Indian allies, all of whom were firmly convinced that our enemy's village was probably not far away, and most likely was in the valley in which we then were, as the trail for some miles had led us down the stream on whose banks we halted. "Little Beaver," who acted as spokesman for the Osges, seemed confident that we could overtake and surprise the Indians we had been pursuing, and most probably follow them direct to their village; but, much to my surprise, Little Beaver strongly advised that we delay further pursuit until daylight, remaining concealed in the timber as we were at the time. When asked for his reasons for favoring such a course, he could give none of a satisfactory nature. I then concluded that his disinclination to continue pursuit that night arose from the natural reluctance, shared by all Indians, to attack an unseen foe, whether con-

ceeded by darkness or other natural or artificial means of shelter. Indians rarely attack between the hours of dark and daylight, although their stealthy movements through the country, either in search of an enemy or when attempting to elude them, are often executed under cover of night.

As soon as each troop was in readiness to resume the pursuit, the troop commander reported the fact at headquarters. Ten o'clock came and found us in our saddles. Silently the command stretched out its long length as the troopers filed off four abreast. First came two of our Osage scouts on foot; these were to follow the trail and lead the command; they were our guides, and the panther, creeping upon its prey, could not have advanced more cautiously or quietly than did these friendly Indians, as they seemed to glide rather than walk over the snow-clad surface. To prevent the possibility of the command coming precipitately upon our enemies, the two scouts were directed to keep three or four hundred yards in advance of all others; then came, in single file, the remainder of our Osage guides and the white scouts—among the rest California Joe. With these I rode, that I might be as near the advance guard as possible. The cavalry followed in rear, at the distance of a quarter or half a mile; this precaution was necessary, from the fact that the snow, which had thawed slightly during the day, was then freezing, forming a crust which, broken by the tread of so many hundreds of feet, produced a noise capable of being heard at a long distance. Orders were given prohibiting even a word being uttered above a whisper. No one was permitted to strike a match or light a pipe—the latter a great deprivation to the soldier. In this silent manner we rode mile after mile. Occasionally an officer would ride by my side and whisper some inquiry or suggestion, but aside from this our march was unbroken by sound or deed. At last we discovered that our two guides in front had halted, and were awaiting my arrival. Word was quietly sent to halt the column until inquiry in front could be made. Upon coming up with the two Osages we were furnished an example of the wonderful and peculiar powers of the Indian. One of them could speak broken English, and in answer to my question as to "What is the matter?" he replied, "Me don't know, but me smell fire." By this time several of the officers had quietly ridden up, and upon being informed of the Osage's remark, each endeavored, by sniffing the air, to verify or disprove the report. All united in saying that our guide was mistaken. Some said he was probably frightened, but we were unable to shake the confidence of the Osage warrior in his first opinion. I then directed him and his companion to advance even more cautiously than before, and the column, keeping up the interval, resumed its march. After proceeding about half a mile, perhaps further, again our guides halted, and upon coming up with them I was greeted with the remark, uttered in a whisper, "Me told you so;" and sure enough, looking in the direction indicated, were to be seen the embers of a wasted fire, scarcely a handful, yet enough to prove that our guide was right, and to cause us to feel the greater confidence in him. The discovery of these few coals of fire produced almost breathless excitement. The distance from where we stood was from seventy-five to a hundred yards, not in the line of our march, but directly to our left, in the edge of the timber. We knew at once that none but Indians, and they hostile, had built that fire. Where were they at that moment? Perhaps sleeping in the vicinity of the fire.

It was almost certain to our minds that the Indians we had been pursuing were the builders of the fire. Were they still there and asleep? We were too near already to attempt to withdraw undiscovered. Our only course was to de-

termine the facts at once, and be prepared for the worst. I called for a few volunteers to quietly approach the fire and discover whether there were Indians in the vicinity; if not, to gather such information as was obtainable, as to their numbers and departure. All the Osages and a few of the scouts quickly dismounted, and with rifles in readiness and fingers on the triggers silently made their way to the nearest point of the timber, Little Beaver and Hard Rope leading the way. After they had disappeared in the timber they still had to pass over more than half the distance before reaching the fire. These moments seemed like hours, and those of us who were left sitting on our horses, in the open moonlight, and within easy range from the spot where the fire was located, felt anything but comfortable during this suspense. If Indians, as then seemed highly probable, were sleeping around the fire, our scouts would arouse them and we would be in fair way to be picked off without being in a position to defend ourselves. The matter was soon determined. Our scouts soon arrived at the fire, and discovered it to be deserted. Again did the skill and knowledge of our Indian allies come in play. Had they not been with us we should undoubtedly have assumed that the Indians who had had occasion to build the fire and those we were pursuing constituted one party. From examining the fire and observing the great number of pony tracks in the snow, the Osages arrived at a different conclusion, and were convinced that we were then on the ground used by the Indians for grazing their herds of ponies. The fire had been kindled by the Indian boys, who attend to the herding, to warm themselves by, and in all probability we were then within two or three miles of the village. I will not endeavor to describe the renewed hope and excitement that sprung up. Again we set out, this time more cautiously if possible than before, the command and scouts moving at a greater distance in rear.

In order to judge of the situation more correctly, I this time accompanied the two Osages. Silently we advanced, I mounted, they on foot, keeping at the head of my horse. Upon nearing the crest of each hill, as is invariably the Indian custom, one of the guides would hasten a few steps in advance and peer cautiously over the hill. Accustomed to this, I was not struck by observing it until once, when the same one who discovered the fire advanced cautiously to the crest and looked carefully into the valley beyond. I saw him place his hand above his eyes as if looking intently at some object, then crouch down and come creeping back to where I waited for him. "What is it?" I inquired as soon as he reached my horse's side. "Heaps Injuns down there," pointing in the direction from which he had just come. Quickly dismounting and giving the reins to the other guide, I accompanied the Osage to the crest, both of us crouching low so as not to be seen in the moonlight against the horizon. Looking in the direction indicated, I could indistinctly recognize the presence of a large body of animals of some kind in the valley below, and at a distance which then seemed not more than half a mile. I looked at them long and anxiously, the guide uttering not a word, but was unable to discover anything in their appearance different from what might be presented by a herd of buffalo under similar circumstances. Turning to the Osage, I inquired in a low tone why he thought there were Indians there. "Me heard dog bark," was the satisfactory reply. Indians are noted for the large number of dogs always found in their villages, but never accompanying their war parties. I waited quietly to be convinced; I was assured, but wanted to be doubly so. I was rewarded in a moment by hearing the barking of a dog in the heavy timber off to the right of the herd, and soon after I heard the tinkling of a

small bell; this convinced me that it was really the Indian herd I then saw, the bell being one worn around the neck of some pony who was probably the leader of the herd. I turned to retrace my steps when another sound was borne to my ear through the cold, clear atmosphere of the valley—it was the distant cry of an infant; and savages though they were, and justly outlawed by the number and atrocity of their recent murders and depredations on the helpless settlers of the frontier, I could not but regret that in a war such as we were forced to engage in, the mode and circumstances of battle would possibly prevent discrimination.

Leaving the two Osages to keep a careful lookout, I hastened back until I met the main party of the scouts and Osages. They were halted and a message sent back to halt the cavalry, enjoining complete silence, and directing every officer to ride to the point we then occupied. The hour was then past midnight. Soon they came, and after dismounting and collecting in a little circle, I informed them of what I had seen and heard; and in order that they might individually learn as much as possible of the character of the ground and the location of the village, I proposed that all should remove their sabres, that their clanking might make no noise, and proceed gently to the crest and there obtain a view of the valley beyond. This was done; not a word was spoken until we crouched together and cast our eyes in the direction of the herd and village. In whispers I briefly pointed out everything that was to be seen, then motioned all to return to where we had left our sabres; then, standing in a group upon the ground or crust of snow, the plan of the attack was explained to all and each assigned his part. The general plan was to employ the hours between then and daylight to completely surround the village, and, at daybreak, or as soon as it was barely light enough for the purpose, to attack the Indians from all sides. The command, numbering, as has been stated, about eight hundred mounted men, was divided into four nearly equal detachments. Two of them set out at once, as they had each to make a circuitous march of several miles in order to arrive at the points assigned them from which to make their attack. The third detachment moved to its position about an hour before day, and until that time remained with the main or fourth column. This last, whose movements I accompanied, was to make the attack from the point from which we had first discovered the herd and village. Major Elliot commanded the column embracing G, H, and M troops, Seventh Cavalry, which moved around from our left to a position almost in rear of the village; while Colonel Thompson commanded the one consisting of B and F troops, which moved in a corresponding manner from our right to a position which was to connect with that of Major Elliot. Colonel Myers commanded the third column, composed of E and I troops, which was to take position in the valley and timber a little less than a mile to my right. By this disposition it was hoped to prevent the escape of every inmate of the village. That portion of the command which I proposed to accompany consisted of A, C, D, and K troops, Seventh Cavalry, the Osages and scouts, and Colonel Cook with his forty sharpshooters. Captain Hamilton commanded one of the squadrons, Colonel West the other. After the first two columns had departed for their posts—it was still four hours before the hour of attack—the men of the other two columns were permitted to dismount, but much intense suffering was unavoidably sustained. The night grew extremely cold towards morning; no fires of course could be permitted, and the men were even ordered to desist from stamping their feet and walking back and forth to keep warm, as the

crushing of the snow beneath produced so much noise that it might give the alarm to our wily enemies.

During all these long weary hours of this terribly cold and comfortless night each man sat, stood, or lay on the snow by his horse, holding to the rein of the latter. The officers, buttoning their huge overcoats closely about them, collected in knots of four or five, and, seated or reclining upon the snow's hard crust, discussed the probabilities of the coming battle—for battle we knew it would be, and we could not hope to conquer or kill the warriors of an entire village without suffering in return more or less injury. Some, wrapping their capes about their heads, spread themselves at full length upon the snow and were apparently soon wrapt in deep slumber. After being satisfied that all necessary arrangements were made for the attack, I imitated the example of some of my comrades, and gathering the cavalry cape of my greatcoat about my head lay down and slept soundly for perhaps an hour. At the end of that time I awoke, and on consulting my watch found there remained nearly two hours before we would move to the attack. Walking about among the horses and troopers, I found the latter generally huddled at the feet of the former in squads of three and four, in the endeavor to keep warm. Occasionally I would find a small group engaged in conversation, the muttered tones and voices strangely reminding me of those heard in the death-chamber. The officers had disposed of themselves in similar but various ways; here at one place were several stretched out together upon the snow, the body of one being used by the others as a pillow. Nearly all were silent; conversation had ceased, and those who were prevented by the severe cold from obtaining sleep were no doubt fully occupied in their minds with thoughts upon the morrow and the fate that might be in store for them. Seeing a small group collected under the low branches of a tree which stood a little distance from the ground occupied by the troops, I made my way there to find the Osage warriors with their chiefs Little Beaver and Hard Rope. They were wrapped up in their blankets sitting in a circle, and had evidently made no effort to sleep during the night. It was plain to be seen that they regarded the occasion as a momentous one, and that the coming battle had been the sole subject of their conference. What the views expressed by them were I did not learn until after the engagement was fought, when they told me what ideas they had entertained regarding the manner in which the white men would probably conduct and terminate the struggle next day. After the success of the day was decided, the Osages told me that, with the suspicion so natural and peculiar to the Indian nature, they had, in discussing the proposed attack upon the Indian village, concluded that we would be outnumbered by the occupants of the village, who of course would fight with the utmost desperation in defence of their lives and lodges, and to prevent a complete defeat of our forces or to secure a drawn battle, we might be induced to engage in a parley with the hostile tribe, and on coming to an agreement we would probably, to save ourselves, offer to yield up our Osage allies as a compromise measure between our enemies and ourselves. They also mistrusted the ability of the whites to make a successful attack upon a hostile village, located—as this one was known to be—in heavy timber, and aided by the natural banks of the stream. Disaster seemed certain in the minds of the Osages to follow us, if we attacked a force of unknown strength and numbers; and the question with them was to secure such a position in the attack as to be able promptly to detect any move disadvantageous to them. With this purpose they came to the conclusion that the

standard-bearer was a very important personage, and neither he nor his standard would be carried into danger or exposed to the bullets of the enemy. They determined therefore to take their station immediately behind my standard-bearer when the lines became formed for attack, to follow him during the action, and thus be able to watch our movements, and if we were successful over our foes to aid us; if the battle should go against us, then they, being in a safe position, could take advantage of circumstances and save themselves as best they might.

Turning from our Osage friends, who were, unknown to us, entertaining such doubtful opinions as to our fidelity to them, I joined another group near by, consisting of most of the white scouts. Here were California Joe and several of his companions. One of the latter deserves a passing notice. He was a low, heavy-set Mexican, with features resembling somewhat those of the Ethiopian—thick lips, depressed nose, and low forehead. He was quite a young man, probably not more than twenty-five years of age, but had passed the greater portion of his life with the Indians, had adopted their habits of life and modes of dress, and had married among them. Familiar with the language of the Cheyennes and other neighboring tribes, he was invaluable both as a scout and interpreter. His real name was Romero, but some of the officers of the command, with whom he was a sort of favorite, had dubbed him Romeo, and by this name he was always known, a sobriquet to which he responded as readily as if he had been christened under it; never protesting, like the original Romeo,

Tut, I have lost myself; I am not here;
This is not Romeo, he's some other where.

The scouts, like nearly all the other members of the command, had been interchanging opinions as to the result of the movements of the following day. Not sharing the mistrust and suspicion of the Osage guides, yet the present experience was in many respects new to them, and to some the issue seemed at least shrouded in uncertainty. Addressing the group, I began the conversation with the question as to what they thought of the prospect of our having a fight. "Fight!" responded California Joe; "I havn't nary doubt concernin' that part uv the business; what I've been tryin' to get through my topknot all night is whether we'll run aginst more than we bargain fur." "Then you do not think the Indians will run away, Joe?" "Run away! How in creation can Injuns or anybody else run away when we'll have 'em clean surrounded afore daylight?" "Well, suppose then that we succeed in surrounding the village, do you think we can hold our own against the Indians?" "That's the very pint that's been botherin' me ever since we planted ourselves down here, and the only conclusion I kin come at is that it's purty apt to be one thing or t'other; if we pump these Injuns at daylight, we're either goin' to make a spoon or spile a horn, an' that's my candid judgment, sure. One thing's certain, ef them Injuns doesn't har anything uv us till we open on 'em at daylight, they'll be the most powerful 'stonished redskins that's been in these parts lately—they will, sure. An' ef we git the bulge on 'em, and keep puttin' it to 'em sort a lively like, we'll sweep the platter—thar won't be nary trick left for 'em. As the deal stands now, we hold the keerds and are holdin' over 'em; they've got to straddle our blind or throw up their hands. Howsomever, thar's a mighty sight in the draw."

California Joe continued in this strain, and, by a prolific use of terms connected with other transactions besides fighting Indians, did not fail to impress

his hearers that his opinion in substance was that our attack in the morning was to result in overwhelming success to us, or that we would be utterly routed and dispersed—that there would be no drawn battle.

The night passed in quiet. I anxiously watched the opening signs of dawn in order to put the column in motion. We were only a few hundred yards from the point from which we were to attack. The moon disappeared about two hours before dawn, and left us enshrouded in thick and utter darkness, making the time seem to drag even slower than before.

At last faint signs of approaching day were visible, and I proceeded to collect the officers, awakening those who slept. We were standing in a group near the head of the column, when suddenly our attention was attracted by a remarkable sight, and for a time we felt that the Indians had discovered our presence. Directly beyond the crest of the hill which separated us from the village, and in a line with the supposed location of the latter, we saw rising slowly but perceptibly, as we thought, up from the village, and appearing in bold relief against the dark sky as a background, something which we could only compare to a signal rocket, except that its motion was slow and regular. All eyes were turned to it in blank astonishment, and but one idea seemed to be entertained, and that was that one or both of the two attacking columns under Elliot or Thompson had encountered a portion of the village, and this that we saw was the signal to other portions of the band near at hand. Slowly and majestically it continued to rise above the crest of the hill, first appearing as a small brilliant flaming globe of bright golden hue. As it ascended still higher it seemed to increase in size, to move more slowly, while its colors rapidly changed from one to the other, exhibiting in turn the most beautiful combinations of prismatic tints. There seemed to be not the shadow of a doubt that we were discovered. The strange apparition in the heavens maintained its steady course upward. One anxious spectator, observing it apparently at a standstill, exclaimed, "How long it hangs fire! why don't it explode?" still keeping the idea of a signal rocket in mind. It had risen perhaps to the height of half a degree above the horizon as observed from our position, when, lo! the mystery was dispelled. Rising above the mystifying influences of the atmosphere, that which had appeared so suddenly before us, and excited our greatest apprehensions, developed into the brightest and most beautiful of morning stars. Often since that memorable morning have I heard officers remind each other of the strange appearance which had so excited our anxiety and alarm. In less perilous moments we probably would have regarded it as a beautiful phenomenon of nature, of which so many are to be witnessed through the pure atmosphere of the plains.

All were ordered to get ready to advance; not a word to officer or men was spoken above undertone. It began growing lighter in the east, and we moved forward toward the crest of the hill. Up to this time two of the officers and one of the Osages had remained on the hill overlooking the valley beyond, so as to detect any attempt at a movement on the part of the occupants of the village below. These now rejoined the troops. Colonel West's squadron was formed in line on the right, Captain Hamilton's squadron in line on the left, while Colonel Cook with his forty sharpshooters was formed in advance of the left, dismounted. Although the early morning air was freezing cold, the men were directed to remove their overcoats and haversacks, so as to render them free in their movements. Before advancing beyond the crest of the hill, strict orders were issued prohibiting the firing of a single shot

until the signal to attack should be made. The other three detachments had been informed before setting out that the main column would attack promptly at daylight, without waiting to ascertain whether they were in position or not. In fact it would be impracticable to communicate with either of the first two until the attack began. The plan was for each party to approach as closely to the village as possible without being discovered, and there await the approach of daylight. The regimental band was to move with my detachment, and it was understood that the band should strike up the instant the attack opened. Colonel Myers, commanding the third party, was also directed to move one-half his detachment dismounted. In this order we began to descend the slope leading down to the village. The distance to the timber in the valley proved greater than it had appeared to the eye in the darkness of the night. We soon reached the outskirts of the herd of ponies. The latter seemed to recognize us as hostile parties and moved quickly away. The light of day was each minute growing stronger, and we feared discovery before we could approach near enough to charge the village. The movement of our horses over the crusted snow produced considerable noise, and would doubtless have led to our detection but for the fact that the Indians, if they heard it at all, presumed it was occasioned by their herd of ponies. I would have given much at that moment to know the whereabouts of the first two columns sent out. Had they reached their assigned positions, or had unseen and unknown obstacles delayed or misled them? These were questions which could not then be answered. We had now reached the level of the valley, and began advancing in line toward the heavy timber in which and close at hand we knew the village was situated.

Immediately in rear of my horse came the band, all mounted, and each with his instrument in readiness to begin playing the moment their leader, who rode at their head, and who kept his cornet to his lips, should receive the signal. I had previously told him to play "Garry Owen" as the opening piece. We had approached near enough to the village now to plainly catch a view here and there of the tall white lodges as they stood in irregular order among the trees. From the openings at the top of some of them we could perceive faint columns of smoke ascending, the occupants no doubt having kept up their feeble fires during the entire night. We had approached so near the village that from the dead silence which reigned I feared the lodges were deserted, the Indians having fled before we advanced. I was about to turn in my saddle and direct the signal for attack to be given—still anxious as to where the other detachments were—when a single rifle shot rang sharp and clear on the far side of the village from where we were. Quickly turning to the band leader, I directed him to give us "Garry Owen." At once the rollicking notes of that familiar marching and fighting air sounded forth through the valley, and in a moment were reëchoed back from the opposite sides by the loud and continued cheers of the men of the other detachments, who, true to their orders, were there and in readiness to pounce upon the Indians the moment the attack began. In this manner the battle of the Washita commenced. The bugles sounded the charge, and the entire command dashed rapidly into the village. The Indians were caught napping; but realizing at once the dangers of their situation, they quickly overcame their first surprise and in an instant seized their rifles, bows, and arrows, and sprang behind the nearest trees, while some leaped into the stream, nearly waist deep, and using the bank as a rifle-pit, began a vigorous and determined defence. Mingled with the exul-

tant cheers of my men could be heard the defiant war-whoop of the warriors, who from the first fought with a desperation and courage which no race of men could surpass. Actual possession of the village and its lodges was ours within a few moments after the charge was made, but this was an empty victory unless we could vanquish the late occupants, who were then pouring in a rapid and well-directed fire from their stations behind trees and banks. At the first onset a considerable number of the Indians rushed from the village in the direction from which Elliot's party had attacked. Some broke through the lines, while others came in contact with the mounted troopers, and were killed or captured.

Before engaging in the fight, orders had been given to prevent the killing of any but the fighting strength of the village; but in a struggle of this character it is impossible at all times to discriminate, particularly when, in a hand-to-hand conflict, such as the one the troops were then engaged in, the squaws are as dangerous adversaries as the warriors, while Indian boys between ten and fifteen years of age were found as expert and determined in the use of the pistol and bow and arrow as the older warriors. Of these facts we had numerous illustrations. Major Benteen, in leading the attack of his squadron through the timber below the village, encountered an Indian boy, scarcely fourteen years of age; he was well mounted, and was endeavoring to make his way through the lines. The object these Indians had in attempting this movement we were then ignorant of, but soon learned to our sorrow. This boy rode boldly toward the Major, seeming to invite a contest. His youthful bearing, and not being looked upon as a combatant, induced Major Benteen to endeavor to save him by making "peace signs" to him and obtaining his surrender, when he could be placed in a position of safety until the battle was terminated; but the young savage desired and would accept no such friendly concessions. He regarded himself as a warrior, and the son of a warrior, and as such he purposed to do a warrior's part. With revolver in hand he dashed at the Major, who still could not regard him as anything but a harmless lad. Levelling his weapon as he rode, he fired, but either from excitement or the changing positions of both parties, his aim was defective and the shot whistled harmlessly by Major Benteen's head. Another followed in quick succession, but with no better effect. All this time the dusky little chieftain boldly advanced, to lessen the distance between himself and his adversary. A third bullet was sped on its errand, and this time to some purpose, as it passed through the neck of the Major's horse, close to the shoulder. Making a final but ineffectual appeal to him to surrender, and seeing him still preparing to fire again, the Major was forced in self-defence to level his revolver and despatch him, although as he did so it was with admiration for the plucky spirit exhibited by the lad, and regret often expressed that no other course under the circumstances was left him. Attached to the saddle bow of the young Indian hung a beautifully wrought pair of small moccasins, elaborately ornamented with beads. One of the Major's troopers afterward secured these and presented them to him. These furnished the link of evidence by which we subsequently ascertained who the young chieftain was—a title which was justly his, both by blood and bearing.

We had gained the centre of the village, and were in the midst of the lodges, while on all sides could be heard the sharp crack of the Indian rifles and the heavy responses from the carbines of the troopers. After disposing of the smaller and scattering parties of warriors, who had attempted a move-

ment down the valley, and in which some were successful, there was but little opportunity left for the successful employment of mounted troops. As the Indians by this time had taken cover behind logs and trees, and under the banks of the stream which flowed through the centre of the village, from which stronghold it was impracticable to dislodge them by the use of mounted men, a large portion of the command was at once ordered to fight on foot, and the men were instructed to take advantage of the trees and other natural means of cover, and fight the Indians in their own style. Cook's sharpshooters had adopted this method from the first, and with telling effect. Slowly but steadily the Indians were driven from behind the trees, and those who escaped the carbine bullets posted themselves with their companions who were already firing from the banks. One party of troopers came upon a squaw endeavoring to make her escape, leading by the hand a little white boy, a prisoner in the hands of the Indians, and who doubtless had been captured by some of their war parties during a raid upon the settlements. Who or where his parents were, or whether still alive or murdered by the Indians, will never be known, as the squaw, finding herself and prisoner about to be surrounded by the troops, and her escape cut off, determined, with savage malignity, that the triumph of the latter should not embrace the rescue of the white boy. Casting her eyes quickly in all directions, to convince herself that escape was impossible, she drew from beneath her blanket a huge knife and plunged it into the almost naked body of her captive. The next moment retributive justice reached her in the shape of a well-directed bullet from one of the troopers' carbines. Before the men could reach them life was extinct in the bodies of both the squaw and her unknown captive.

The desperation with which the Indians fought may be inferred from the following: Seventeen warriors had posted themselves in a depression in the ground, which enabled them to protect their bodies completely from the fire of our men, and it was only when the Indians raised their heads to fire that the troopers could aim with any prospect of success. All efforts to drive the warriors from this point proved abortive, and resulted in severe loss to our side. They were only vanquished at last by our men securing positions under cover and picking them off by sharpshooting as they exposed themselves to get a shot at the troopers. Finally the last one was despatched in this manner. In a deep ravine near the suburbs of the village the dead bodies of thirty-eight warriors were reported after the fight terminated. Many of the squaws and children had very prudently not attempted to leave the village when we attacked it, but remained concealed inside their lodges. All these escaped injury, although when surrounded by the din and wild excitement of the fight, and in close proximity to the contending parties, their fears overcame some of them, and they gave vent to their despair by singing the death song, a combination of weird-like sounds which were suggestive of anything but musical tones. As soon as we had driven the warriors from the village, and the fighting was pushed to the country outside, I directed "Romeo," the interpreter, to go around to all the lodges and assure the squaws and children remaining in them that they would be unharmed and kindly cared for; at the same time he was to assemble them in the large lodges designated for that purpose, which were standing near the centre of the village. This was quite a delicate mission, as it was difficult to convince the squaws and children that they had anything but death to expect at our hands.

It was perhaps ten o'clock in the forenoon, and the fight was still raging,

when to our surprise we saw a small party of Indians collected on a knoll a little over a mile below the village, and in the direction taken by those Indians who had effected an escape through our lines at the commencement of the attack. My surprise was not so great at first, as I imagined that the Indians we saw were those who had contrived to escape, and having procured their ponies from the herd had mounted them and were then anxious spectators of the fight, which they felt themselves too weak in numbers to participate in. In the mean time the herds of ponies belonging to the village, on being alarmed by the firing and shouts of the contestants, had, from a sense of imagined security or custom, rushed into the village, where details of troopers were made to receive them. California Joe, who had been moving about in a promiscuous and independent manner, came galloping into the village, and reported that a large herd of ponies was to be seen near by, and requested authority and some men to bring them in. The men were otherwise employed just then, but he was authorized to collect and drive in the herd if practicable. He departed on his errand, and I had forgotten all about him and the ponies, when in the course of half an hour I saw a herd of nearly three hundred ponies coming on the gallop toward the village, driven by a couple of squaws, who were mounted, and had been concealed near by, no doubt; while bringing up the rear was California Joe, riding his favorite mule, and whirling about his head a long lariat, using it as a whip in urging the herd forward. He had captured the squaws while endeavoring to secure the ponies, and very wisely had employed his captives to assist in driving the herd. By this time the group of Indians already discovered outside our lines had increased until it numbered upwards of a hundred. Examining them through my field glass, I could plainly perceive that they were all mounted warriors; not only that, but they were armed and caparisoned in full war costume, nearly all wearing the bright-colored war-bonnets and floating their lance pennants. Constant accessions to their numbers were to be seen arriving from beyond the hill on which they stood. All this seemed inexplicable. A few Indians might have escaped through our lines when the attack on the village began, but only a few, and even these must have gone with little or nothing in their possession save their rifles and perhaps a blanket. Who could these new parties be, and from whence came they? To solve these troublesome questions I sent for "Romeo," and taking him with me to one of the lodges occupied by the squaws, I interrogated one of the latter as to who were the Indians to be seen assembling on the hill below the village. She informed me, to a surprise on my part almost equal to that of the Indians at our sudden appearance at daylight, that just below the village we then occupied, and which was a part of the Cheyenne tribe, were located in succession the winter villages of all the hostile tribes of the southern plains with which we were at war, including the Arrapahoes, Kiowas, the remaining band of Cheyennes, the Comanches, and a portion of the Apaches; that the nearest village was about two miles distant, and the others stretched along through the timbered valley to the one furthest off, which was not over ten miles.

What was to be done?—for I needed no one to tell me that we were certain to be attacked, and that, too, by greatly superior numbers, just as soon as the Indians below could make their arrangements to do so; and they had probably been busily employed at these arrangements ever since the sound of firing had reached them in the early morning, and been reported from village to village. Fortunately, affairs took a favorable turn in the combat in which we

were then engaged, and the firing had almost died away. Only here and there where some warrior still maintained his position was the fight continued. Leaving as few men as possible to look out for these, I hastily collected and reformed my command, and posted them in readiness for the attack which we all felt was soon to be made; for already at different points and in more than one direction we could see more than enough warriors to outnumber us, and we knew they were only waiting the arrival of the chiefs and warriors from the lower villages before making any move against us. In the meanwhile our temporary hospital had been established in the centre of the village, where the wounded were receiving such surgical care as circumstances would permit. Our losses had been severe; indeed we were not then aware how great they had been. Hamilton, who rode at my side as we entered the village, and whose soldierly tones I heard for the last time as he calmly cautioned his squadron, "Now, men, keep cool, fire low, and not too rapidly," was among the first victims of the opening charge, having been shot from his saddle by a bullet from an Indian rifle. He died instantly. His lifeless remains were tenderly carried by some of his troopers to the vicinity of the hospital. Soon afterwards I saw four troopers coming from the front bearing between them, in a blanket, a wounded soldier; galloping to them, I discovered Colonel Barnitz, another troop commander, who was almost in a dying condition, having been shot by a rifle bullet directly through the body in the vicinity of the heart. Of Major Elliot, the officer second in rank, nothing had been seen since the attack at daylight, when he rode with his detachment into the village. He, too, had evidently been killed, but as yet we knew not where or how he had fallen. Two other officers had received wounds, while the casualties among the enlisted men were also large. The sergeant-major of the regiment, who was with me when the first shot was heard, had not been seen since that moment. We were not in as effective condition by far as when the attack was made, yet we were soon to be called upon to contend against a force immensely superior to the one with which we had been engaged during the early hours of the day. The captured herds of ponies were carefully collected inside our lines, and so guarded as to prevent their stampede or recapture by the Indians. Our wounded, and the immense amount of captured property in the way of ponies, lodges, etc., as well as our prisoners, were obstacles in the way of our attempting an offensive movement against the lower villages. To have done this would have compelled us to divide our forces, when it was far from certain that we could muster strength enough united to repel the attacks of the combined tribes. On all sides of us the Indians could now be seen in considerable numbers, so that from being the surrounding party, as we had been in the morning, we now found ourselves surrounded and occupying the position of defenders of the village. Fortunately for us, as the men had been expending a great many rounds, Major Bell, the quartermaster, who with a small escort was endeavoring to reach us with a fresh supply of ammunition, had by constant exertion and hard marching succeeded in doing so, and now appeared on the ground with several thousand rounds of carbine ammunition, a reinforcement greatly needed. He had no sooner arrived safely than the Indians attacked from the direction from which he came. How he had managed to elude their watchful eyes I never could comprehend, unless their attention had been so completely absorbed in absorbing our movements inside as to prevent them from keeping an eye out to discover what might be transpiring elsewhere.

Issuing a fresh supply of ammunition to those most in want of it, the fight

soon began generally at all points of the circle. For such in reality had our line of battle become—a continuous and unbroken circle of which the village was about the centre. Notwithstanding the great superiority in numbers of the Indians, they fought with excessive prudence and a lack of that confident manner which they usually manifest when encountering greatly inferior numbers—a result due, no doubt, to the fate which had overwhelmed our first opponents. Besides, the timber and the configuration of the ground enabled us to keep our men concealed until their services were actually required. It seemed to be the design and wish of our antagonists to draw us away from the village; but in this they were foiled. Seeing that they did not intend to press the attack just then, about two hundred of my men were ordered to pull down the lodges in the village and collect the captured property in huge piles preparatory to burning. This was done in the most effectual manner. When everything had been collected the torch was applied, and all that was left of the village were a few heaps of blackened ashes. Whether enraged at the sight of this destruction or from other cause, the attack soon became general along our entire line, and pressed with so much vigor and audacity that every available trooper was required to aid in meeting these assaults. The Indians would push a party of well-mounted warriors close up to our lines in the endeavor to find a weak point through which they might venture, but in every attempt were driven back. I now concluded, as the village was off our hands and our wounded had been collected, that offensive measures might be adopted. To this end several of the squadrons were mounted and ordered to advance and attack the enemy wherever force sufficient was exposed to be a proper object of attack, but at the same time to be cautious as to ambushes. Colonel Weir, who had succeeded to the command of Hamilton's squadron, Colonels Benteen and Myers with their respective squadrons, all mounted, advanced and engaged the enemy. The Indians resisted every step taken by the troops, while every charge made by the latter was met or followed by a charge from the Indians, who continued to appear in large numbers at unexpected times and places. The squadrons acting in support of each other, and the men in each being kept well in hand, were soon able to force the line held by the Indians to yield at any point assailed. This being followed up promptly, the Indians were driven at every point and forced to abandon the field to us. Yet they would go no further than they were actually driven. It was now about three o'clock in the afternoon. I knew that the officer left in charge of the train and eighty men would push after us, follow our trail, and endeavor to reach us at the earliest practicable moment. From the tops of some of the highest peaks or round hills in the vicinity of the village I knew the Indians could reconnoitre the country for miles in all directions. I feared if we remained as we were then until the following day, the Indians might in this manner discover the approach of our train and detach a sufficient body of warriors to attack and capture it; and its loss to us, aside from that of its guard, would have proven most serious, leaving us in the heart of the enemy's country, in midwinter, totally out of supplies for both men and horses.

By actual count we had in our possession eight hundred and seventy-five captured ponies, so wild and unused to white men that it was difficult to herd them. What we were to do with them was puzzling, as they could not have been led had we been possessed of the means of doing this; neither could we drive them as the Indians were accustomed to do. And even if we could take them with us, either the one way or the other, it was anything but wise

or desirable on our part to do so, as such a large herd of ponies, constituting so much wealth in the eyes of the Indians, would have been too tempting a prize to the warriors who had been fighting us all the afternoon, and to effect their recapture they would have followed and waylaid us day and night, with every prospect of success, until we should have arrived at a place of safety. Besides, we had upwards of sixty prisoners in our hands, to say nothing of our wounded, to embarrass our movements. We had achieved a great and important success over the hostile tribes; the problem now was how to retain our advantage and steer safely through the difficulties which seemed to surround our position. The Indians had suffered a telling defeat, involving great losses in life and valuable property. Could they succeed, however, in depriving us of the train and supplies, and in doing this accomplish the killing or capture of the escort, it would go far to offset the damage we had been able to inflict upon them and render our victory an empty one.

As I deliberated on these points in the endeavor to conclude upon that which would be our wisest course, I could look in nearly all directions and see the warriors at a distance collected in groups on the tops of the highest hills, apparently waiting and watching our next move that they might act accordingly. To guide my command safely out of the difficulties which seemed just then to beset them, I again had recourse to that maxim in war which teaches a commander to do that which his enemy neither expects nor desires him to do.

G. A. CUSTER.

ON THE WATER.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GEIBEL.

THE valley and the hill are sweet with May,
The soft spring air is softer still to-day;
The woodland echoes float in evening red,
The earth is joyful, but my heart is dead.

The silver moon hangs in the crimson West;
Gay songs are singing from each happy breast;
In the full wine-cup glows the wine, deep red;—
Can I be joyful when my heart is dead?

The little boat goes swiftly on her way;
The first stars glimmer in the twilight gray,
Soft music sounds, and softer words are said;—
I would be joyful, but my heart is dead.

Yet if my lost love from the grave could rise,
To thrill me with those unforgetten eyes,
And offer me once more the joys long fled!—
In vain! for lost is lost, and dead is dead.

CASUAL COGITATIONS.

AMATEURS AND TRANSLATIONS.

THE unfavorable feeling which professional men are apt to entertain toward amateurs is compounded of two very different, and at first sight contradictory elements—contempt and jealousy. But there is really no incompatibility in the two sentiments, because the one refers rather to the theoretical, the other entirely to the practical bearing of the case.

A professional man regards an amateur or *dilettante* with contempt, or a feeling which approaches to contempt, because he knows by experience how much time and trouble it requires to obtain even a tolerable mastery over his profession. As a general rule this appreciation is justly founded, and so long as it is not offensively expressed no exception can be taken to it; but it sometimes happens that an amateur, by sheer force of natural ability, will beat second and third-rate professionals at their own work. Unfortunate circumstances may have thrust a man into a profession for which he is not best fitted, so that he can only apply himself to his real vocation as an outsider and amateur. Such a one will assuredly get the better of inferior professionals.

The professional jealousy of amateurs, on the other hand, is chiefly a matter of dollars and cents. The amateur threatens the professional's purse, because the former may underbid the latter by working either gratuitously or for a smaller compensation. This professional jealousy is sometimes manifested in queer places, and receives odd illustrations. At a well-known European watering-place I once saw a person of fortune and good family who led a very scandalous life. There were several professional *lorettes* in the place, and I was told that they were extremely angry with her because she spoiled their business by her amateur intriguing.

To take a more serious and important matter, it is well known that the remuneration of regular seamstresses is diminished by the occasional work of women who have other means of support, and only take up sewing now and then at spare moments, to procure some extra comfort or luxury.

For we must recollect that the term amateur has a pretty wide signification. It does not mean merely a man of fortune and leisure, who has a certain professional taste in which he indulges, either simply to amuse himself or with the hope of contributing to the profit and happiness of the community. Any person who, having one regular profession which he practises, makes occasional excursions into another profession, is an amateur in all this *parergon*, as the old Greeks called it—this by-work, or side work, or outside work.

It is to literary amateurs that we shall confine ourselves for the present, in their relations to professional literary men. They may interfere with the recognized tariff in the same two ways as other amateurs, by working gratuitously or by working for under-pay. This interference takes place chiefly in fugitive literature, such as contributions to periodicals, which are regularly paid for at fixed rates. In books the competition of amateurs can hardly be taken into account, at least in this country. (There is, however, a very important exception, which will come up by-and-by.) In England more serious book-making is done by amateurs than here, because the English, being on the

average of physical and intellectual together better educated and trained than we, can carry literature to an almost professional point in conjunction with another regular profession.

Some persons may be surprised that I do not mention a third way in which amateurs interfere with professionals, namely, by paying to secure the publication of contributions. I have not mentioned it because I do not believe in its existence. And I do not believe in its existence because I have known it to be spoken of in connection with men who laughed at the preposterous idea, who would as soon have lied or stolen or belonged to an aquarian society, as done such a thing. I believe it to be a myth, a fancy, on a par with the once current Anglo-Saxon delusion that Frenchmen are in the habit of eating frogs.

That an article should be given away does not seem to me to imply anything derogatory either to the giver, the receiver, or the gift, though many persons would be apt to think otherwise. In former days much of Irving's and Halleck's and Longfellow's was given away,* and that after Irving had long been a literary man *pur sang*, without even the pretence of another nominal profession. True, times have changed since; yet not so much so as to exclude the contingency of good work being furnished gratuitously. A writer may wish to publish his views on some special and not very popular topic, but be unwilling or unable to run the risk of putting them into a book; perhaps, too, they may not be enough in quantity to make a book of respectable size. If he can only get them published in a magazine of large circulation, he, in the first place, secures more readers than he could otherwise safely count on; and secondly, avoids all possibility of loss, so that, as a man saves what he does not lose, he may be said in a certain sense to receive payment indirectly. The editor, on his side, finds the article meritorious in execution but not popular in subject; he splits the difference by taking it without payment.

The old English system was to pay for everything, no matter what the wealth or importance of the writer. This, although calculated to enhance the dignity of the periodical, was perhaps carrying a punctilio too far.

Cases of the second class, where the amateur underbids the professional and writes for a lower remuneration, may arise in more ways than one. Sometimes from ignorance on the amateur's part: he does not know what the usual tariff is, or how far there is a usual tariff, and there are several reasons against his inquiring too closely. If his *amour propre* merely insisted on payment, that is satisfied by any sum; if he wishes to make a little money outside of his regular business, it is probable that a little will content him; he will take what is given him. Even if he knows that some professionals have been paid at a higher rate, his modesty will make him acquiesce in the distinction.

Once on a time the publisher of an illustrated paper offered me fifty dollars for the use of my name—that was what it amounted to. As the paper was respectable, and my circumstances just then made it convenient enough to receive that sum for a few hours' work of my own choosing, I accepted. Soon after I met Bayard Taylor, who was also in that omnibus, and asked him, out of curiosity, "How much did C—— give you for the use of your name?" "A hundred and fifty." "Well," said I, "now we know our respective values by the mercantile test: C. Benson = $\frac{B. Taylor}{3}$." But Bayard didn't take it as a joke at all; he seriously maintained that I was wrong to work for so little; it inter-

* So far, that is, as regarded its first publication. The authors, of course, reserved their liter-

ferred with the professional tariff and tended to lower it. But then, again, supposing we had each received a check for one hundred and fifty dollars, might not Taylor have come to the conclusion that C — was a person wanting in discrimination—and might not his conclusion have been just?

Even the English periodicals who insisted on paying for everything, did not pay for everything at the same rate. They would (naturally enough) give more to secure a Macaulay, for instance, than they gave to their ordinary contributors.

Sometimes a writer submits an article eligible in other respects, but rather too long for a magazine paper; nevertheless he thinks that the subject cannot be properly handled in less space, and insists on its being taken entire. The editor may reasonably say that he will do so, on condition of diminishing the rate of payment and giving for the long contribution about as much as he would have given for a shorter. This may happen to a professional author also, but is less likely (for obvious reasons) in his case than in the amateur's.

Even if we were to allow that, as a matter of courtesy or higher equity, or both, amateur writers should endeavor to stand out of the way of professionals, the rule could only be admitted subject to some important exceptions, which concern books as well as monographs.

There are certain branches in which good work is desirable, but from a combination of unfortunate circumstances, easier to understand than to remedy, it cannot be, or at any rate is not paid for. The best attainable remuneration will not attract a first-rate man or tempt a second-rate man to do his best. Here is a chance for the amateur, working partly "for the love of the thing." Translations come into this category, and especially translations from the French, and most especially translations of French novels.

Half-educated and half-literary people are often possessed with a perilous delusion that translating French prose into English prose is rather easy work. In fact it is extremely difficult, and the most common example of it, the novel, is also the most difficult; and the more of a real novel, a *roman de société*, it is, the harder is it to translate even respectably.

The ordinary versions are heaped up and running over with blunders. Not so much in vocabulary (though a school dictionary goes a very little way towards elucidating the semi-slang of modern conversation) as in the idioms and still more in the phrases of both languages. Of such errors you may find four or five on a page, opening almost anywhere at random. Translations of a much higher order than these still leave much to desire. As a specimen of such work, prepared with unusual care and at a very unusual expense, we may take Appleton's version of Hugo's "*L'Homme qui Rit*." It was paid for at a much higher rate than the usual publisher's tariff; it was executed (though only bearing the name of the principal translator) by three men, who all had a fair reputation as French scholars, an acquaintance of years with French as spoken and written in Paris, and a long practice in writing English. Yet there are slips in it which might be called crude, they show such weakness in the delicacies of both English and French. Thus, in the very dramatic* altercation between Clancharlie and Dinymoire in Lady Josiane's room, there occurs this bit of sparring:

"Gwynplaine, je ne m'appelle pas Tom Jimjack."

"Tom Jimjack, je ne m'appelle pas Gwynplaine."

* If the mechanical difficulties could be surmounted, "*L'Homme qui Rit*" would make one of the grandest melodramas ever put upon the stage.

Which, correctly rendered, means:

"Gwynplaine, my name is not Tom Jimjack "

[The other had just called him so.]

"Tom Jimjack, my name is not Gwynplaine."

Instead of which the Appleton translation has:

"Gwynplaine, I am not called Tom Jimjack."

"Tom Jimjack, I am not called Gwynplaine."

Now some persons would say that these two translations mean the same thing. They do not; they mean two very different things. A man's name is his real name. He is called some other name not his real one. Clemens is the name of the author who is called Mark Twain. Nathaniel Bumpo was the name of Cooper's great hero; he was called, at different stages of his career, Pathfinder, Deerslayer, Hawkeye, Leatherstocking, etc. Indeed, the Appleton translation makes the characters talk nonsense, and contradict the plain facts of the story. Lord Dynmoir, disguised as a sailor, *was* called Tom Jimjack. Lord Clancharlie, as the clown of unknown parentage, *was* called Gwynplaine. Again *mais, si*, is rendered "but yes," which is not English. It should have been "but I tell you it is," the retorted and reiterated assertion *si* having no one English word corresponding to it.

Leaving particulars and ascending to generalities, we ask, Why is French difficult to translate into good English? The natural answer is, Because the genius of the languages is very different. But this is somewhat vague; let us redescend. In the first place, the French language is pitched in a higher key than the English. It uses stronger words to express the same thing. An Anglo-Saxon's incident is a Frenchman's adventure. This is well illustrated in ejaculations. *Mon Dieu!* (in most cases) is simply "Oh Dear!" *Parbleu!* is "I should think so!" (And yet, such are the caprices of languages, *Nom de Dieu!* is a great deal stronger than "In God's name"—in fact, is a very stiff oath.) Unless, therefore, our English version is very much toned down, it will be strained and stilted English, not moving naturally. Then there are French words perfectly dignified, the English equivalents of which are too familiar to be used in serious or tragic writing. Thus "Le Talion," the title of one of Erckmann-Chatrian's tales, is literally "Tit for Tat." But this is an almost comic term, and will not answer for the heading of a tragic story. We must either use "Retaliation" or some such approximate but incorrect rendering, or we must cut the significant title altogether, and call the tale after one of its characters, which is what an English translator did. Cherbuliez's novel, "*La Revanche de Joseph Noirel*," was presented to the American public as "*The Revenge of Joseph Noirel*." This translation was objected to; yet it is hard to see what other title the translator could have found. "Joseph Noirel's Hand" or "Joseph Noirel's Turn" would have been ambiguous, "Joseph Noirel's Innings" too familiar for a tragical narration. (It might be pleaded as a cumulative reason, that when we speak of "having our revenge" at cards, or any game, the corresponding French word is clearly *revanche*.) It will be observed that words of this sort have an unfortunate habit of appearing in titles and other conspicuous places where they give the most trouble.

Next, we find a great difference in the phraseology or phrase-turnings of the two tongues. There is difference enough in the idioms, but these when clearly marked, and especially when metaphorical, may be got up from a good dictionary, while turns of expression are only learned by much reading and a habit of thinking as well as speaking both languages. For instance,

On dirait un papier (scrutinizing a doubtful object); if you translate this "One would say it is a paper," your meaning is clear, but your English is not good idiomatic English. You should render it by "That looks like a paper." Although I have just used the word idiomatic, still we have something more subtle than an idiom here, something which you would hardly find in dictionary or grammar.

There is also a great deal of slang, or what is very like slang, in even the best modern French conversation, part of which is constant and part variable, changing from year to year. It is impossible to be sure of the latter, without keeping up an acquaintance with current light literature, especially newspapers of the "Figaro" kind. Finally, among the constant quantities (to borrow a mathematical term) of this semi-slang, there are many which involve historical allusions, not always obvious to the foreigner, and still more difficult to translate afterwards than to understand at first. Take this example: *Je le portais sur le pavois* (used metaphorically). How are you going to render this? Probably "I proclaimed him king;" or "I carried him round in triumph," or perhaps you will put the two together and say, "I proclaimed him king and carried him round in triumph;" but this periphrasis still fails to convey fully the historical allusion contained in the word *pavois*. Or take the proverbial saying, *O le bon billet qui'a La Chartre!* You render it perhaps "Good for La Chartre!" or "What a chance for La Chartre!" How many American readers know who La Chartre was? Must you append a note half a page long from some *chronique scandaleuse* about Ninon de l'Enclos and La Chartre and the famous note she gave him? To avoid this, you must find some analogous English cant saying to express the worthlessness of a document. You cannot use American slang, nor any very local English, for the speakers are Frenchmen. Suppose you borrow from the English stock-jobber and say, "What a kite to fly on Change!" Would Americans generally understand that? An ordinary translator cuts the Gordian knot and saves his time by leaving it out altogether; a conscientious workman feels bound to make some kind of sly at it.

Other difficulties might be pointed out, but enough has been said to show that a good translation of a French novel requires more time and labor than a great deal of marketable original writing. And it ought to be paid as well. But it isn't—not one-half as well, not one-fifth as well, I suspect, on the average; and therefore you have small chance of getting the real article. Here then is an opportunity for qualified amateurs who will do conscientious work for a compensation hardly more than nominal, because they take a pleasure in seeing the work well done. By pointing out which field to them, I do not mean to imply that there are not others embracing subjects of more importance to literature and humanity than French novels ever will be. But the consideration of this one is sufficient for the present. CARL BENSON.

"UNTIL DEATH."

I GAVE thee in the dawn of manhood's hour
 My jewels all,
 Pouring them round thee in luxuriant showers,
 As spring rains fall.

I cherished with love's tears and kisses warm
Thy life's young tree,
Believing beauty's color and her form
Were born of thee!

I saw thee fair outside, and so believed
Thee rich within;
I knew not by a fraud I was deceived
Of nature's sin—

Not thine, believe me, for I love thee still
With fostering care,
Though learning by slow days, against my will,
The sparse life there!

My choicest jewel not a thought receives,
Laid at thy root;
No subtle essence greets me 'mong thy leaves
Of answering fruit.

In vain, to match my ruby with a bud
Of crimson heart,
I wait; some sympathetic radiance would
Such joy impart!

My emeralds to thee are very fair,
But nothing more;
Thou knowest no secret in their color rare
Of sea or shore.

My sapphire shines for thee, a pretty toy
For ring or pin;
Yet seest thou not a ray of heaven's joy
Its blue within!

My diamond is a diamond, value such!
Dew-drops as true,
Winning the flowers to bloom by loving touch
To thee but dew!

And yet my tree's so fair, the neighbors say
That I am blest.
Yes—if in shade that scorns the growing day
Is healthful rest;

If, as on that famed statue where each line
With beauty glowed,
Some touch triumphant of a power divine
Had life bestowed!

Not even the passion of Pygmalion's heart
Had conquered time,
But that a soul was granted to impart
Soul's answering rhyme.

Unblest, I seek my growing grain, to find
The food I need;
It may be in it, and the years unbind
Full sheaves indeed!

But while I'm waiting for this corn and wine
Of riper days,
I famish for the generous draught divine
Earth's toil repays.

I see it in a flower-cup at my hand,
And stoop to drink:
Are souls to perish in a plenteous land
Because they shrink

From taking that which nature freely yields,
Yet law denies—
Turning to starve in waste and barren fields
From rich supplies?

Nay, let me thirsting, hungry, lonely die,
True to the truth!
Sweet flower, I dare not drain thy chalice dry,
And buy my youth

Back at a price may damning be, forsooth,
To many a soul.
Law is the land's ideal, stands for truth,
If not truth's whole;

And till some fuller truth shall lead the way
By light elect,
We'll at law's regal feet our burden lay,
And walk erect,

Apart, until all law is lost in love.
Then shall we meet,
Blending among the choristers above
In union sweet;

And she who trusted to my keeping here
Will ne'er have known,
Blest in her narrower joys of either sphere,
My life so lone.

The jewels given once are no more mine
For largess still;
In treasury of God they pale or shine,
And wait His will.

MARY B. DODGE.

A SELF-ACCUSATION.

I HAVE frittered away the happiness of my life.

Why did I marry her? I have often made this mental query; I did so in the very days which directly followed our honeymoon. Still I loved her, as I love her still. The fact is, I should never have married at all.

She is a most peculiar character. I did not understand her in her girlhood, and, I fear, I do not understand her yet. Ideas are fermenting within her, of which I can form no conception; and now and then her eyes reflect strange, incomprehensible emotions, which soon again disappear to her inner self, just like prisoners who at times peep forth from their bars into the outer world and then retire again to the concealment of their cells. She is my wife, and I hold her as few other men would. She bears my name, sits by my side when I drive out, or takes my arm when I promenade; but I know perfectly that the loved one no longer belongs to me, that she is but the shadow of the blithe Pauline whom I won in the bloom of her rosy youth.

She had been an unloved child. Hence, from her infancy, she had striven for independence, and at nineteen her object was gained. At that age she was already earning a livelihood by writing for different publications. That was for her a period of struggling and suffering, which taught her lessons that are seldom learned until the hair is already silvered, which imposed burdens upon her that should by right be borne only by age and manhood. But she knew how to preserve her youthful freshness of mind and body, she conquered all hardships, and was when I first met her an admired and courted authoress. But now, existing in happy independence and easy circumstances, she failed to profit by the lessons taught her by bitter experience. She remained a woman—whose reason is impulse, whose principle is inclination, whose whole being is one breath of love.

She was not beautiful, hardly even pretty, but there was a something—I don't know what—in her enchanting face, in

the unaffected effervescence of her ways, that bewitched everybody. For her sake, old men as well as young ones became guilty of the most egregious follies. She did not trust them, her experience protected her from that; but perhaps she amused herself with them till she tired of them, or until new whims engaged her fancy.

It was in the country that I learned to know her. Although distantly related, we had never met. So fate brought me during a summer vacation to my aunt, who was living in a small, picturesque village on the Patapsco. Had I been cognizant of Pauline's presence, I should not have gone thither. I entertained a sort of aversion for the woman. What I had heard of her in the city was not calculated to raise her very high in the estimation of a staid, dignified limb of the law, like myself.

My aunt received me warmly, but her first words after the greeting, the announcement that Pauline had come a week before, and would in all likelihood stay some time longer, threw a chill upon me. I could not altogether conceal my displeasure. My aunt observed it.

"Come, come, George," she said, "do not condemn her before you know her; this you will have ample opportunity to do in the time you remain here."

Pauline was not in the cottage. After examining my room, disposing of my luggage, and arranging my dress I strolled into the woods to seek my favorite haunts. Nearing a lovely, secluded spot, close by the bank of the stream which I was wont to frequent on former visits to my aunt, I was suddenly arrested in my progress by the menacing growls of a dog. Peering through the bushes, I saw a girl sitting upon a mossy knoll beneath a shady holly; at her feet lay a large Newfoundlander, who had raised his head and was showing me his teeth in a threatening manner.

The girl turned and beheld me, still half hidden by the shrubbery, staring in astonishment at her and the dog. She burst into a merry laugh.

Conscious that I presented a rather ludicrous picture, I advanced and said coldly :

"Are you Pauline —— ?"

"So I am called."

"Then, perhaps, I may be so bold as to call you cousin, for I am George ——."

"Ah! Cousin George. We have been expecting you. When did you arrive?"

"Just now."

She made room for me by her side. We conversed about our relatives. When she spoke I was all ear. At times I gazed curiously upon her, and wondered whether this was the Pauline of whom I had heard so many odd things. She was scarcely twenty-one. Her dress, made of some pearl-gray material, hung in soft, graceful folds about her limbs. A bow of blue silk confined the neat linen collar, and a gypsy hat, lying at her side, was trimmed in the same color. A pair of small ear-rings with sapphire sets, a watch-chain that looked like a thread of gold, and a tiny diamond ring, constituted the jewelry she wore. She was of medium height, her figure neither plump nor slender, but symmetrical and pliant, lending an ineffable grace to all her movements. Her silky brown hair was carelessly fastened behind, leaving the brow free and unshadowed. Her complexion was fair and pure, her mouth rather large, but sweetly expressive, and her smile frank and indescribably fascinating. Her eyes were a soft, dark gray, that compelled one to look into them, and become confused within their depths. In truth, her eyes were her only decided personal attraction; there was an irresistible potency in them, and, unconsciously I think, she was making constant use of it. Had she been a Carmelite, she would nevertheless have spoken with them; she could not have helped herself. When these eyes sparkled with smiles, every one was bewitched, reason was overthrown; and they were nearly always smiling.

When I had known her but five minutes, I already felt this—in the moment when my glance met hers, which was riveted so peculiarly upon me. She had ceased to speak, and was sitting with half open lips and glowing cheeks, studying my face intently, when our eyes electrically met. I saw her color deepen and spread to the roots of her hair, while a strange shiver vibrated through me. It

was dangerous to watch this flushing, but I did it, and was seized by an intense desire to know its cause.

"Fido! fetch my hat," she suddenly said to the dog. "It is time to get our supper. Are you hungry, Cousin George?"

"Yes—no!" I answered confusedly; for my thoughts were still lingering about that reddening of her face.

She laughed good-naturedly, and took the hat from the dog.

"How good you are to that huge animal!" I said, as we rose.

"Good! he is my idol; he is the only one who has at all times proven true to me, and the only one——"

She suddenly checked herself. Stoop-ing, perhaps to hide her embarrassment, she kissed the white spot on Fido's forehead. But I completed the sentence with:

"To whom you have been true."

"So they say," she returned, laughing. "But look into his beautiful eyes, and tell me whether you could help being good to him. Oh, if I did not possess you, my good Fido!" She stroked his head, while he wagged his tail and gazed at her with his large, faithful eyes.

"You will hardly be able to keep pace with us. When I go through the woods with the dog, I generally grant him the felicity of a race with me!" And, without waiting for a reply, she bounded over the sod, the dog in pursuit barking jubilantly.

I met her again at tea. Some time afterwards she told me that she retired that evening two hours later than was her custom.

I had already reached those years in which gray hairs begin to appear here and there with dark-haired people. I, too, had once dreamed fondly of love and friendship, but never known in reality what it was to love truly, or be truly loved by a woman. As often as I essayed to give my visions an embodiment and a name, I was never able to find, among the many girls of my acquaintance, one who fairly resembled my ideal. The woman whom my imagination had formed was a mild, lovely, madonna-like being, with form and features of classical outline, a refined pallor in her cheeks, sweet coral lips, tender blue eyes, golden blond hair, and a voice like soft, low music.

Pauline was by no means the duplicate of this image. But when she darted, singing, through the house, letting doors and windows remain open, I frequently laid down my book or pen, gazed after her, and felt as if the bright sunlight had fallen into my heart. In all her actions, unrestricted as they were by conventional sobriety, there lay a grace and charm that pleased, nay, enchanted me.

We soon became good friends—something like brother and sister, I thought. How this sentiment developed into love, I cannot satisfactorily explain. One day, as I was taking a ramble, I came upon her unexpectedly; she was walking slowly along, with eyes cast down, and looking more grave than I had ever seen her before. When she saw me, her face suddenly became transfigured with radiance, but she quickly tripped by. This glowing of her face and the respondent throbs of my heart revealed to me what we were to each other.

It was late when I reached the cottage. It was one of those serene, warm, moonlight evenings which exercise such a soft, magical influence over us. Pauline was sitting in the garden arbor, the dog at her side. I seated myself so as to obtain a full view of her countenance, which was illumined by the moonbeams. Its expression made me ask, anxiously:

"Pauline, are you ill?"

"No." A pause. "I am going away to-morrow."

"Whither?"

"Home—to the city! But what ails you, cousin? You——"

"But why must you go?" I interrupted her hurriedly.

"Why? for a number of reasons. In the first place, I had intended remaining only three weeks, and lo! I have been here nearly six. Secondly, I have business matters on hand, which I must not postpone. Finally, my friends demand my return, and should I not come, they would say—that *you* were the magnet that fetters me here. Is it not nice that my friends miss me? Oh, the consciousness of being missed is truly a delicious sensation!"

"Then—then you wish to return to your old mode of life, and in the course of time, perhaps—to marry?"

I would advise no man, all the same whether old or young—in case he con-

siders it wise and prudent *not* to marry—to permit himself to be alone with the woman he loves, in a secluded spot, on a mellow, moonlight night. The fingers *will* touch each other, even though with the best of purposes and mental reservations. Pauline's hand rested in mine, and the touch of her warm, velvety little fingers quickly scattered my wisdom and self-possession. I, who had firmly resolved never to enter the matrimonial noose—I said to her, in a voice so soft and tender that both of us trembled at its tone:

"We have been so happy together here!"

"Very happy!" she whispered, quivering.

I held both of her hands tightly; she avoided looking at me, but did not turn away her darling little face. I continued:

"Betwixt you and me there is a considerable disparity in age, and I am by nature much more seriously constituted than you. Excepting you, I have never loved a woman, while you have conquered—Heaven knows how many hearts. You are not what the world says of you; you have a heart that can love and be true. Therefore I pray you, tell me frankly and faithfully whether you can love me—or do love me. I am not accustomed to addressing such questions, and do not know, perhaps, how to express myself conformably to the requirements of an occasion like this; but believe me when I say that you have won my heart, and that I do not think I could be happy without you."

"I believe you."

"But will you trust me, too, and love me?"

"I love you and trust you," she answered frankly. "Are you not surprised that I tell you this so quietly? That is because I shall never marry you. I am capricious and presuming, and would soon make you weary of life with my constant demand for attention. I was born to be treated like a spoiled lap-dog; you are, although capable of loving, nevertheless not an affectionate man. We should not have passed two months in wedlock before you'd wished me in Cayenne, or some other torrid locality. But as that would not be practicable, therefore you would break my heart—not rudely and harshly, oh no!—undemonstra-

tively and calmly. That is just as clear to me as if I had it all before my eyes at this moment!"

She looked at me, and her whole soul was in the glance: it spoke love, passion, and yearning tenderness. Oh, what strange feelings, never hitherto experienced, this glance awakened within me! The next moment I held her in my arms, and exclaimed:

"Pauline, if ever man loved woman with all his heart and soul, unreasonably, madly, and yet so truly and honestly, it is I."

"But will that last, George?"

I bent down, and our kisses breathed all the delirious fervor of a first, true love.

"You *must* be my wife, Pauline!" I cried. Her head drooped upon my shoulder, and her hand sought and clasped mine.

"Is this your answer? May I call this hand mine?"

"If you wish, Georgie!"

Oh! this "Georgie," which fell for the first time from her lips, how infinitely blessed it made me! From that time she always called me so. But when she ceased to love me this sound also died, and since then she again calls me George.

Shortly afterwards we were married. Our honeymoon continued for six months, and, I believe, would have lasted forever had I not been so foolishly overwise. Now I sigh in vain for a return of that time.

Pauline had been called fickle, flighty. How fallacious was this idea! A truer heart could not have existed.

"I only needed a master, Georgie," she used to say to me, when I talked and laughed over this matter. "During my maidenhood I was constantly on the lookout for him—could not find him, however, and came to the conclusion finally that I should never meet him. But when I heard you for the first time, and gazed into your eyes, then I knew that I had found this master at last. And how gladly I carry the chains of my master!"

She said this in full seriousness. Best of all, she was pleased when I coaxed and played with her as with a child. She was not an angel; she was a passionate, high-souled woman. She rebelled a hundred times during the day, and yet

she loved my dominion. She became alluringly attractive whenever, with fire-flashing eyes, she rushed to the door, threatening to leave the room, yet instantly stood still, with head lowered, when I called to her: "Stop! shut the door; I have something to say to you. But this was dangerous, for it made apparent the power I had over her. I, who had never been loved before, could hardly help becoming a tyrant when I saw such a noble being bend to me.

She loved me. Every chord of her delicately-strung heart vibrated at my merest touch; nevertheless I was not satisfied. I undertook to modify the tones; her doting homage itself was the instrument. True—now I see all clearly—this instrument was a sword, with which I cruelly wounded her. A very sage idea entered my head, and whispered to me that I was making a child of Pauline with my indulgence, and that with so much warm sunlight her full womanly power would never be developed. I acted according to this idea, altogether overlooking the fact that her mental and moral force had already been entirely unfolded and matured, and that, too, at a time when others just begin to be aware that there are rocks and storms, shoals and quicksands, in the ocean of life. I also forgot that, in spite of her youthful gayety and exuberance of spirits, the lessons of a long, bitter, gloomy past would never be lost upon her; their impress was merely hidden from my eyes beneath a blithe exterior.

She had for a while completely exorcised my legal solemnity; now I determined to return to my whilom state, and not to be cozened away again so easily. I delved in my papers for hours, without speaking a word. She did not complain. So long as she was assured of my love, she was content and likewise worked on more diligently. Her writing-desk stood just opposite mine. At times I paused, to observe her indefatigably dancing pen; but then she was sure to look up, while a happy smile played around her lips. One day, as she raised her eyes to mine, I happened to be in a very unreasonable frame of mind; her rallying love-look almost irritated me, and I said shortly:

"You annoy me when you look at me in that manner."

Glad to get an opportunity to chat with me, she dropped her pen, came to my side, and bent over me.

"Why, my dear? The glance was for him I love."

That was a poor beginning for the precepts I wanted to enforce. I collected myself and began to study my papers profoundly.

"Am I irksome to you?" she asked, the least bit sensitively.

"Not exactly."

Her soft hand toyed with my locks and her warm breath caressed my cheek. I felt that my wisdom was rapidly expiring. Again I collected myself and assumed an air of coldness.

"One kiss, only one, and I will go!" she begged.

"Nonsense, Pauline! I have no time for kissing."

She gazed into my face and asked:

"Do I vex you?"

"Exceedingly."

A sigh scarcely audible escaped her lips, and she left the room.

For this morning at least I had destroyed her cheerfulness. It was the first cloud in our matrimonial sky.

Years have passed, and I become constantly less capable of comprehending how I could have so persistently undermined the foundation of my peace and happiness, instead of building thereon a life's contentment. The next six months were a period of misery to me, and without doubt also for Pauline; for she became pale and thin and lost all her spirits. My plan had succeeded excellently well; she had learned to doubt my affection for her. That was revealed to me occasionally by her stealthy, wistful glances, and the manner in which she began to occupy herself with Fido—as if she now relied alone upon his love and faithfulness. But I was too proud to admit my wrong, even to myself, and daily widened the breach.

Then the dog began to grow sickly; he had grown old and feeble. She abandoned her work and devoted the time taken from her labors to the dumb brute. When life was extinct, she bent over him, burst into tears, kissed the white spot on his forehead, and then closed eyes which, even in death, seemed to regard her with affection.

Great as was her grief, she sought no

condolence from me. She provided for the burial of Fido, who was interred by the gardener close under the window of our study. She would frequently tarry by the little mound, at which times gloomy reflections seemed to agitate her soul. Now still, while sitting at her desk, she often gazes pensively toward the quiet spot. She is true to him beyond the grave, because—he had remained true to her.

The year so auspiciously begun was approaching its end, when one morning I was amazed to hear Pauline singing merrily; it was the first time since Fido's death. Soon thereafter I heard her coming toward my room, and I at once affected profound preoccupation.

It was a warm, beautiful morning, and her entrance seemed to usher in a happy sunlight. Her face, too, beamed with that serenity which it had in her girlhood.

"What is it?" I asked, looking up from my work.

She placed a lovely little nosegay of violets, tied with a blue ribbon, before me, and said: "See, Georgie, these are the first violets of our garden. I have something else *in petto*, but of that hereafter."

And now she stooped over me, placed her hand lightly upon my shoulder, and kissed me. It was the first exhibition of fondness she had voluntarily tendered me these many days. I contemplated her in surprise and said:

"You appear to be in an unusually happy humor to-day, Pauline."

"It is somebody's birthday to-day," she rejoined, as she sat upon my knee and gazed into my eyes. "May Heaven grant this some one many happy returns of the day, and—and—" she paused for a moment, then continued in a voice whose quivering was not easily concealed—"if, during the past six months all has not been between us as it should have been, then let us forget it all from this day forth."

Silently she encircled me with her arms and sunk her head upon my bosom. How would it have been possible to remain insensible thereto? Kissing her silken hair, I said that I would gladly forget all (as if I had anything to forget but my own culpability!), whereupon she raised her eyes, smiling blissfully, and thought, in sober

truth, that I was very magnanimous to her.

"Now, Georgie, we will begin anew to-day?"

"As you wish, my child." And at once she proceeded, in her old way, to dally with me.

Shall I meet with credence when I say that hardly had my wife been gone five minutes, before I began to fancy that I had let her see too freely the influence she possessed over me? For months I had practised the art of appearing tranquil and indifferent, yet the first smile or kiss had proved sufficient to overpower me. She had harassed me insufferably the last six months—as I put it to myself; therefore to grant her at once a full pardon seemed to me at least a matter for consideration. So, when she returned, she found me absorbed in my documents.

"One moment, if you please!" she cried, taking the pen from my hand and holding it above my head. "I have a present for you—will you have it?"

"Why, certainly, if you will give it to me."

"Then beg for it."

I said nothing, and seized another pen. That disconcerted her.

"Don't you—want it?" she asked timidly.

"There was once a saint, named Francis de Sales," I began to sermonize, "who was wont to say that one should never ask for nor refuse anything."

"You are no saint, and it was *I* that spoke to you. Will you not accept my little gift? Say yes—if it be only to please me—to make me still happier on this day than I already am."

"Don't be so childish, Pauline!"

"It is childish, I know it; but do me this favor, Georgie. It is so little that I ask, and yet it would make me so very happy!"

"I shall never decline what you offer me. But be good enough not to disturb me any longer."

Scarcely had these words escaped my lips when the present—an exquisitely ornamented bronze inkstand, in the shape of a Cupid—lay at my feet. Pauline turned away, exasperated and hurt. I picked up the pieces.

"How, you stoop to get him?" she asked sarcastically.

"Upon my word, you are the most un-

reasonable creature in the world!" I exclaimed. "Fortunately the little love-god may be mended."

"Yes, but wounds will leave scars. O Georgie!" she continued reproachfully, casting herself down before my chair "why do you tempt me thus? Do you really, truly love me?"

"Pauline!" I said impatiently, "do stand up; this is getting tiresome."

She did so, but a deathly pallor mantled in her face.

"I will go; yet one question before. Do you love me, Georgie?"

I was a little fretful and very headstrong, that was all. Did she mean to threaten me?

"Did you love me when we first exchanged vows of affection?" she demanded anew.

"Of course. But——"

"But you love me no longer?"

"Well, since you *will* have it so——"

"Speak! only speak!"

"I don't love you—exactly—in the way you mean."

An ominous silence followed. She became so white, gazed at me with so strange, rigid a look, that I forgot my impatience and self-will, and said anxiously:

"I don't mean it so seriously. Goodness, how pale you are! Why, I was only jesting."

"I can bear it, George. Oh, what cannot a woman bear—this way or that!"

She went, looking mournful it is true, but apparently tranquil. I dreamed not that I had killed her love for me.

From that time Pauline ceased to be a child. But the sunlight, too, had departed from her. Silent and sedate, but rarely mild and smiling, she carefully superintended her affairs; she disturbed me no more. But she grew paler and weaker, so that the doctor earnestly counselled a trip to the salubrious South. My business affairs did not allow of my travelling, but near acquaintances were just about making a journey to Florida and Cuba. My wife joined the party.

Instead of five, she remained away eight months. The letters she wrote to me lacked not in interest; but oh! not a word breathing affection—everything cold and icy. Vainly I sought for a syllable that indicated love, or even her former sprightliness. Now I suffered the tortures which

I had prepared for her, and how agonizing they were!

At last she came back. One evening I received a telegram from Hampton Roads, where the steamer had made a stop, in which Pauline informed me that she would arrive at home the following day. How feverishly I was excited by the tidings! Our estrangement had lacerated my heart so terribly, and I saw now how deeply I had wronged her, that I fervently longed to win back her love at any price.

I went to receive her. I approached her and embraced her. She returned it all, but there was no life, no love, in the greeting. It was all mere form.

Holding her at some distance from me, I scrutinized her closely and inquired: "Pauline, are you not well?" Her eye met mine openly, but I missed the old, tender sparkle.

"Perfectly well, George," she replied, rather indifferently. "It is so long since I have seen you that you appear to me somewhat altered."

As she had gone so she came again, so she remained. The frolicsome fairy of my household had fled, leaving me only the dull, expressionless *lares et penates*, and the mournful consciousness that I should never gaze into her sweet young face again. This was another Pauline. Mine I had tortured to death, and naught would avail to resuscitate her.

On the way home I felt as if in a dream, and even there I did not awake. Shortly after our arrival I led her through the house and pointed out the improvements. The furniture, tapestries, and ornaments all met with her approbation, and she appeared almost delighted with her handsome new *escritoire*. She thanked me. But eighteen months before she would have bounded and danced through the house, and given vent to a thousand different ejaculations of surprise and pleasure.

For weeks I endured this wretched, dead existence. One morning, as I vainly strove to become interested in the newspaper, I felt more bitterly than ever the full extent of my wrong, my joylessness, and my isolation. I rose resolved, and went to her.

"Are you busy?" I inquired, as she ceased writing and turned her head.

"Not too busy to speak with you," she returned.

"Pauline, how long shall we continue this mode of life?"

"What mode of life, George?" she asked, changing color.

"The life we are living. It is not the unshadowed, happy life of yore. You do not belong to me as you once belonged to me."

"I know that." She sighed and looked at me so sadly.

"Why should the old days not return again? If I have made a terrible blunder, is it then impossible for you to forget it? I thought it was foolish to love one another so—at least to show it; but I have discovered now that love is the only true wisdom on earth."

She smiled in a melancholy way.

"Give me back that love which once I repelled. Give me back the sunlight to my world."

I arose and advanced toward her; she, however, pushed back her chair and shook her head.

"George, do not demand that of me."

"I will know how to value your love now, Pauline."

"That may be; but, my poor George, I have none to give."

I clasped her in my arms. The passion glowing in my heart seemed to me great enough to inspire response even in a corpse. But she remained untouched. She lay like a cold statue in my arms, and looked at me and said sighing:

"Too late, George, too late."

"Shall you then never forgive me?"

"Forgive you? You do not believe that I entertain the least unfriendly thought toward you? By no means; but I have grown cold through and through. My love is dead and buried. The best we can do now is to resign ourselves to our fate and bear with this life as well as we can."

I hid my face in my hands and—I am not ashamed to confess it—wept. My tears seemed to arouse in her suddenly a kind of frenzy.

"What!" she burst forth, almost shrieking, "you can weep—you who sowed the seed which is now bearing its bitter fruit? Ah! yes, yes, it is you who are weeping now!" She seemed suddenly exhausted, and growing calmer, after a while continued: "Do not weep, George; take what I can give you—my friendship—and, so God wills, we will remain united here and beyond."

"Will you then love me in the life to come?"

"Que ferait une âme isolée dans le ciel même? What would a lone soul do in heaven itself? Plainly, George, love alone is life in heaven and on earth!"

"God knows, dearest Pauline, that I loved you truly on the day we plighted our troth, and loved you as truly on that ill-starred day when your heart became chilled, and that I love you now with the same devotion, but more wisely."

"It gives me a real pleasure to hear this!" she cried with animation. "Heaven alone knows, George, how I suffered at first, day and night. I thought then actually that I would have to yield up my life. I believe every one thinks the same when struck by some fearful blow. But the strength to endure my existence came with time, and afterward also came calm and peace. George, believe me that even though I may not be able to give you love, I shall nevertheless feel a felicity in being about you and to live with you until death doth us part."

I opened my arms, and now of her free will she fell upon my heart and placed her arms about my neck. Our lips met—not as they did once, yet tenderly.

"We are older, more sensible than we were, George, though sadder too," she

said smiling. "But, who knows! It is yet possible that the old love may not be altogether extinct." This kindled a momentary spark of hope within my breast; but alas! no fuel has been offered since to keep it living.

Thus endeth this chapter of our lives.

Since that day we have never touched upon this subject. Years have passed and I have waited patiently for the return of Pauline's love, but I can never see aught shining in her eye but the same clear calm. My heart yet thrills as of yore when I hear her speak or sing. An angel could hardly be gentler or kinder than she, who once was so impulsive and fiery. She was unreasoning, passionate, and exacting in those days, and my phlegmatic nature was sorely exercised to keep pace with her. I know that all well—but oh! what a winsome, fond, bewitching creature she was!

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Whosoever thou mayst be that redest this, remember in time that a kind word and a tender glance cost but little, yet can accomplish much, and that no wrong is greater than that which is committed against a loving heart.

P. H. MARCELLUS.

TONE-TINTS.

OUT pour the organ-tones. Like floods of light
Of purest color, rich and full and deep,
The surging sound-waves seem to swell and sweep
My soul up with them to their cresting height.
Then far into the dark, translucent deep
Of full majestic purple, clearest green,
And coolest blue, my soul sinks with a keen
Delight adown the tone-flood's shudd'ring steep.
Whence gazing up into the quiv'ring maze
Of color—azure, scarlet, purple, gold,
Deep violet, green—my rapt soul grows more bold
And, floating upward thro' the shimmering haze,
Attains undazzled to the perfect White,
The shadeless Glory of the Infinite.

LAFAYETTE'S LAST VISIT TO AMERICA.

[From the Albany Daily Advertiser, September, 1824.]

A CARD.

THE undersigned take great pleasure in tendering to Com. S. Wiswall, Master of the steamboat James Kent, and Charles Rhind, Esq., Agent of the North River Steamboat Company, their public acknowledgments for the active and unremitting attentions paid to General Lafayette, during his passage from New York to Albany. Com. Wiswall and Mr. Rhind were constant and indefatigable in facilitating the arrangements of the committees from the different villages and in gratifying the citizens generally upon the banks of the river. The manner in which the duties of these gentlemen were discharged during this most interesting passage, entitles them to this tribute; and for their polite attentions to the undersigned individually we beg them to accept our cordial thanks.

Morgan Lewis, Nicholas Fish, Philip Van Cortlandt, Simeon De Witt, Matthew Gregory, Jedidiah Rogers, Francis K. Huger, Henry A. Livingston, A. M. Muir, J. Taylor Cooper, Wm. L. Stone, James Stevenson, Thurlow Weed, S. Jones Mumford, Philip Hamilton.

Steamboat James Kent, September 18, 1824.

THE above card, brought accidentally to my notice, recalls an event that awakened more general and genuine joy and gratitude than any other in the history of our country. General the Marquis de Lafayette, after an absence of thirty-nine years, revisited our country on the invitation of Congress as the nation's guest in 1824. He reached New York on the 15th of August, in the packet ship Cadmus, Captain Allyn, with his son and secretary. The Government had tendered him a United States frigate, but, always simple and unostentatious, he preferred to come as an ordinary passenger in a packet ship.

There were no wires fifty years ago over which intelligence could pass with lightning speed; but the visit of Lafayette was expected, and the pulses and hearts of the people were quickened and warmed simultaneously, through some mysterious medium, throughout the whole Union. Citizens rushed from neighboring cities and villages to welcome the French nobleman who, before he was twenty-one years old, had devoted himself and his fortune to the American colonies in their unequal conflict with the mother country for independence; and who, after fighting gallantly by the side of Washington through the Revolutionary war, returned to France with the only reward he desired or valued—the gratitude of a free people.

General Lafayette was now sixty-seven years of age, with some physical infirmities, but intellectually strong, and in

manners and feeling cheerful, elastic, and accomplished.

The General's landing on the Battery, his reception by the military under General Morton, his triumphal progress through Broadway, his first visit to the City Hall, awakened emotions which cannot be described. I have witnessed the celebration of the completion of the Erie canal, and the mingling of the waters of Lake Erie with the Atlantic ocean, the completion of the Croton water works celebration, the reception of the Prince of Wales, and other brilliant and beautiful pageants, but they all lacked the heart and soul which marked and signalized the welcome of Lafayette. The joy of our citizens was expressed more by tears than in any other way. It is impossible to imagine scenes of deeper, higher, or purer emotion than the first meeting between General Lafayette and Colonel Marinus Willett, Colonel Ebenezer Stevens, Colonel Nicholas Fish, Colonel Varick, Major Platt, General Anthony Lamb, Major Popham, Major Fairlee, and other officers of the Revolution, whom he had not seen in nearly forty years, and whom, without a moment's hesitation, he recognized and named. But the crowning glory of that series of honors and festivities was the *fête* at Castle Garden on the evening of the General's departure for Albany. The Castle was expensively, elaborately, and gorgeously fitted up and adorned for the occasion. I remember that, even without the aid of gas, the illumination was exceedingly brilliant. There was a ball

and supper. The occasion was graced by the intelligence, refinement, and beauty of the metropolis. How many—or rather how few—of that then youthful, joyous throng, remain to recall, with memories subdued and chastened by time and change, the raptures of that enchanted scene?

The steamboat *James Kent*, Commodore Wiswall, chartered by the city for the occasion, dropped down the river opposite Castle Garden, brilliantly illuminated, at 12 M., where she lay until half past 2 A.M., when the General with his friends embarked. The party consisted of General Lafayette, George Washington Lafayette, M. La Vasseur, his secretary; Generals Morgan Lewis, Simeon De Witt, Anthony Lamb, and Philip Van Cortlandt, Colonels Marinus Willett, Richard Varick, Nicholas Fish, Robert Troup, and E. S. Duncombe, Majors Charles L. Platt, Popham, Fairlie, and Cooper, Captains Rogers and Halsey, and Lieutenant Matthew Gregory, of the Society of Cincinnati; Major-General Morton, Recorder Riker, Alderman Hone, Colonels A. M. Muir, and William L. Stone, of New York; Governor Johnson and Edward Livingston, of Louisiana; Colonel Francis E. Huger, of South Carolina; General Tallmadge, Mr. Emmet, and Mr. Oakley, of Poughkeepsie; Mrs. Lewis, granddaughter of General Washington; Mrs. Hamilton, widow of Alexander Hamilton and daughter of General Philip Schuyler; Miss Frances Wright of England, authoress of "Manners and Society in America"; John Taylor Cooper, of Albany, and Thurlow Weed, of Rochester.

About three o'clock General Lafayette retired, and his friends were soon afterwards in their berths. I rose at five o'clock. General Lafayette came on deck before six for the purpose of showing his son and secretary where Major André was arrested; but the view was shut off by a fog, in attempting to grope through which, the steamer grounded on Oyster Bank, where she lay until nearly ten o'clock; so that instead of reaching West Point at half past six, it was nearly twelve when the multitude assembled there announced our approach by a discharge of cannon. As soon as the fog lifted, General Lafayette in the most enthusiastic language and manner pointed out Stony Point, and described the manner in which the British garrison was sur-

prised and captured by "Mad Anthony Wayne." As we approached the West Point wharf, cheers of citizens lining the banks echoed and reëchoed from hill to hill. Well-burnished muskets dazzled the eye, tall plumes nodded their greetings, the ear-piercing fife, the spirit-stirring drum, and the loud bugle sent forth their loftiest notes, while the reverberating cheers filled the air with welcomes. The General was received by Colonel Thayer, and ascended the hill in a landau, escorted by the officers of the post, followed by the Revolutionary officers and a long procession of citizens. He was received by the cadets upon their parade-ground and escorted to his marquee, where they paid him the marching salute. From the marquee he proceeded to the quarters of Generals Brown and Scott, where he was presented to the ladies and partook of refreshments. From thence he was conducted to the library and introduced to the cadets. Dinner was served in the mess-room of the cadets, which had been splendidly decorated for the occasion. Colonel Thayer and Major Worth presided at either end of the table. General Lafayette and General Scott were seated at the right and General Brown and Colonel Varick on the left of the President. George Washington Lafayette was seated on the right and Colonel Huger on the left of the Vice-President. Over the head of General Lafayette was a large eagle with the words "September 6, 1777," on a streamer suspended from his beak, and "Yorktown" grasped by his talons.

After the removal of the cloth, the customary thirteen standing toasts were drunk, the fourth one of which follows:

"Our Guest—May the homage of a free people prove a consoling recompense for the frowns of directors, consuls, emperors, and kings."

Among the volunteer toasts were the following:

By General Lafayette: "The Military Academy of West Point—A school of liberty and equality, inseparable sisters; the scientific bulwark of national defence, a happy and most precious bond of national union. An old friend of their grandfathers tenders to the Cadet Corps his admiration, his thanks, and his blessing."

By Cadet Clay (son of Henry Clay): "The swords which we wear—May we never draw them without being inspired

by the exalted feelings which distinguish our guest, the donor."*

By Cadet Chase, "The noble Frenchman who placed the Army of the Revolution on a new and better footing."†

At the review of the cadets Generals Brown and Scott, in full uniform, with tall plumes in their chapeaux, stood by General Lafayette. The three, each towering up more than six feet in height, made a magnificent tableau.

The day was in all respects a truly happy one. It is the greenest in my memory. General Lafayette's happiness took every conceivable form of expression. He made an early visit to the ruins of old Fort Putnam, where he had been stationed. Almost every scene and object served to recall incidents of the Revolution, of which he spoke with the greatest enthusiasm. He pointed out the Robinson house, where General Washington, himself and General Knox were dining with Mrs. Arnold when the Commander-in-Chief received the first news of Arnold's treason. Early in the day a committee of citizens arrived from Newburgh, where General Lafayette was expected to dine, and where the citizens of Orange county *en masse* anxiously awaited his arrival. But he was too much delighted with West Point to be hurried away. An early dinner had been ordered, so that the impatient thousands at Newburgh might be gratified with a sight of the General before evening. The dinner, however, with the associations and remembrances it suggested, proved irresistible. Hour after hour passed, but the interest increased rather than diminished; and it was not until seven o'clock that the General could be prevailed upon to rise from the table. It was dark therefore when we reached Newburgh. Upon landing, a scene of indescribable confusion ensued. Troops were in line, but powerless to preserve order. The desire to see the nation's guest was uncontrollable. The huzzas of men mingled with the shrieks of women and the cries of children. All were eager to see, but everywhere good-humor and kindness prevailed. The village was illuminated, and the occasion was honored by a ball and

supper. The festivities of the evening, however, were saddened by the sudden death of Hector Seward, a cousin of the late Governor Seward, who received a fatal kick from an excited horse. Notwithstanding the excitement and fatigues of the day and of the preceding night, General Lafayette was as cheerful and buoyant in the ballroom and at the supper table as the youngest and gayest of the revellers. And here again I might ask, who of all that happy group survive? William Ross, Hector Craig, General Smith, Judge Betts, Captain Belknap, William Walsh, Gilbert O. Fowler, James Burt, General Wickham, John Duer, Ogden Hoffman, Isaac R. Van Duzer, Samuel J. Wilkin, Robert Denniston, Ward M. Gazeley, etc., then busied with the enjoyment or the aspirations of earth's honors and ambitions, now rest beneath its sod.

The General reëmbarked at one o'clock A. M. At half past two our approach was announced by a discharge of cannon from the bluff just below the landing at Poughkeepsie. Large piles of seasoned wood, saturated with tar and turpentine, were kindled upon that bluff, fed by hundreds of boys who had been intrusted with the duty, and which were kept blazing high, filling the atmosphere with lurid flame and smoke until daylight. Soon after sunrise, a large concourse of the citizens of Poughkeepsie, with a military escort, arrived at the wharf. The General, upon disembarking, was shown to a splendid barouche, when the procession moved to and through the village of Poughkeepsie, where, after congratulatory speeches were made and reciprocated, a large party sat down to a bountiful breakfast. And here, too, death has silenced tongues that were then eloquent. Prominent among those who rendered homage to General Lafayette on that occasion, were James Tallmadge, Thomas J. Oakley, James Emott, Henry A. Livingston, Smith Thompson, Matthew Vassar, General Brush, Paraclete Potter, Nathaniel P. Tallmadge, Alexander S. Coffin, John Armstrong, Jr., Dr. Thomas, and that "nature's nobleman" Walter Cunningham, who acted as marshal of the day.

The party reëmbarked at ten o'clock, when the steamer proceeded up the river to the then beautiful residence of Governor Morgan Lewis, where the party landed, proceeded to his fine old mansion,

* These swords were presented to a cavalry corps by General Lafayette.

† When the Revolutionary soldiers were barefooted at Valley Forge, General Lafayette furnished them with shoes.

and partook of a sumptuous collation. About two o'clock the steamer glided through the placid waters until between four and five o'clock, when she reached Clermont, the manor house of Chancellor Livingston of Revolutionary memory. On landing, the General was received by a large body of Free Masons, and was escorted by a military company from Hudson to the beautiful lawn in front of the manor house, where the General was warmly welcomed by the master of the lodge in an appropriate speech. The afternoon was uncommonly beautiful. The scene and its associations were exceedingly impressive. Dinner was served in a greenhouse or orangery, which formed a sort of balcony to the southern exposure of the manor house. When the cloth was removed and the evening came on, variegated lamps suspended from the orange trees were lighted, producing a wonderfully brilliant and beautiful effect. Distinguished men from Esopus, Saugerties, Upper and Lower Redhook, Catskill, Hudson, etc., had been invited by our host, Robert L. Livingston, to dinner. Among these I remember Robert and John Tillotson, Walter Patterson, Peter R., Edward P., and "Oakhill John" Livingston, Jacob Haight, Thomas B. Cook, James Powers, John Saydam, Judge William W. Van Ness, Elisha Williams, Jacob Rutsen Van Rensselaer, Ambrose L. Jordan, and Justus McKinstry, none of whom survive. But the grand event of the occasion was the ball, which was opened by General Lafayette, who gracefully led out the venerable and blind widow of General Montgomery—who fell in the assault of Quebec in 1775—amidst the wildest enthusiasm of all present. While the festivities were progressing within, the assembled tenantry who were to the "manor born" were feasted upon the lawn, where there was music and dancing. The party broke up and returned to the boat about three A. M. The steamer hauled out into the river, but did not get under way until sunrise.

We reached Catskill at seven o'clock. A large procession, civic and military, awaited the General's arrival at the landing. General Lafayette and the Revolutionary officers were seated in open barouches, and the procession moved through the main street for more than a mile, affording the dense mass of men, women, and children the great happiness

of seeing the compatriot and friend of Washington. Several beautiful arches, profusely dressed with flags, flowers, and evergreens, each one bearing the inscription, "Welcome, Lafayette!" were thrown across the street. In the centre of the village a brief address was made, to which the General responded. After this he was escorted in the same order to the boat; and at eleven o'clock we reached Hudson, where a hearty welcome awaited the General. Not only the citizens of Columbia, but many of the inhabitants of Berkshire county, Massachusetts, were present, whose acclamations as General Lafayette was seen upon the main deck of the steamer made the welkin ring. The ceremonies and festivities at Hudson consumed between four and five hours. A committee, consisting of the most distinguished citizens of Albany, awaited the General's arrival at Hudson, anxious that the steamer should reach Albany before dark, preparations having been made for a magnificent reception. But in this the Albanians were disappointed, for, on account of the low water above Coeymans, the steamer's progress was so slow that it was quite dark when she reached Albany. What was lost, however, in one respect was gained in another; for between illuminations and torches, the procession from Lydius street landing to the Capitol was alike brilliant and impressive.

The excursion from New York to Albany occupied three days, and afforded to all who enjoyed it an interest and a happiness more complete and more touching than tongue or pen can describe. Nothing occurred to lessen or mar either that interest or that happiness. The weather was delightful; the arrangements were admirable; General Lafayette's welcome was alike hearty and joyous by all classes and all descriptions, all colors and all ages. The enthusiasm was universal and pervading. In whatever else the education of our people may have been neglected, all had been taught to honor and love Lafayette. None were too high to pay him voluntary homage, and none were so humble as to feel that they had no right to participate in the general joy which his visit occasioned.

Many delightful incidents occurred during the voyage, two or three of which I will venture to recall. As we approached Newburgh General Lafayette was on the

lookout for their headquarters during the winter the army lay there. When the boat was opposite that point, the General exclaimed, "Nick" (the familiar abbreviation for Colonel Nicholas Fish in their Revolutionary days), "Nick, do you remember when we used to ride down that hill with the Newburgh girls on an ox sled?" Colonel Fish and Major Platt *did* remember the incident, and informed the General that some of those "Newburgh girls" had married distinguished men and were then venerable matrons.

As the steamer was approaching Esopus, on the second day, I observed a small boat pulling out from the west shore with a signal, and called the attention of Commodore Wiswall to the circumstance. The Commodore immediately directed the pilot to steer in that direction. It proved to be a skiff, with an old gentleman seated in the stern, with his bandana handkerchief fastened to his cane as a signal. As we approached the skiff Commodore Wiswall remarked, "I know him," and then directed the steamer to be stopped and the steps lowered. The Commodore received the old gentleman and walked with him to the promenade deck, where General Lafayette, surrounded by his old comrades, was seated. No word was spoken. As we approached, Commodore Wiswall leading the old gentleman by the hand, General Lafayette rose, as did the other officers, but still no word was spoken. The stranger offered both his hands, which the General received, and each looked the other steadily in the face. It was evident that General Lafayette was taxing his memory severely, and after a profound silence of more than a minute, the General exclaimed, "My old friend, Colonel Harry Livingston!" and then, after a few words of mutual congratulation, he added, "Do you remember when I reviewed your regiment of infantry in Rhode Island?"

Soon after this incident, while we were all seated around Lafayette, under an awning upon the main deck, Colonel Livingston asked the General a question about his imprisonment at Olmütz; to which the General replied, "My friend and benefactor, Colonel Huger, who rescued me from that prison, will answer your question." Until this moment, so modest and quiet had been the bearing of Colonel Huger, that but two or three persons present knew how honorably his name was associated with that of Gene-

ral Lafayette. All then listened with a charmed interest to the brief narrative of Colonel Huger, to which General Lafayette added an account of what occurred after his recapture. I subjoin, as well as I can remember them, the substance of these narratives.

General Lafayette on his first visit to this country landed at Charleston, South Carolina. His first night in America was passed under the roof of the father of Colonel Huger. In 1792 young Huger, while travelling in Europe, heard of the imprisonment of Lafayette. He determined to visit Olmütz, first to endeavor to be of some service to the General while in prison, and next, if possible, to effect his rescue. While occupied with this determination, he made the acquaintance of Dr. Bollmann, a resident of Vienna, who had conceived the same design. Influenced by kindred sympathies, they soon became warm friends. Their plans were so well laid that after a few weeks' sojourn at Olmütz the officer in command of the citadel permitted General Lafayette to take exercise in the open air, guarded by two sentinels. It was arranged that they were to meet the General, and after disarming the sentinels the General was to mount a horse ready for the occasion, and reach the Prussian frontier. But in the *mêlée* General Lafayette received a severe wound in the hand, and in the hurry to depart mistook the direction and lost his way. After riding several miles he asked a peasant to guide him. But his prison clothes and bleeding hand excited the suspicion of the peasant, who betrayed the fugitive to the police, and he was remanded the next day to his cell at Olmütz. His imprisonment now became more rigorous, and his privations and sufferings more aggravated. He was informed that henceforth he would only be known by a number.

Dr. Bollmann and young Huger were also arrested and consigned to eight months' imprisonment in a lonesome dungeon. Their release was effected by Count Metrowsky, an influential nobleman residing near Olmütz. Meantime Lafayette's wife, who had been in prison at Paris during the reign of terror, was released after the downfall of Robespierre. Mme. Lafayette proceeded immediately to Vienna, and obtained leave from the Emperor to visit the Marquis, whose imprisonment she shared until his final release.

The General's protracted imprisonment and great suffering awakened attention in England and America. General Fitzpatrick brought the subject on resolution into the House of Commons. Colonel Tarleton, who fought against Lafayette in America, Mr. Wilberforce, and Mr. Fox spoke in favor of the resolution. President Washington wrote a letter to the Emperor asking the release of his old friend and companion. But the Austrian despot sternly resisted every appeal, until Bonaparte, at the head of his victorious army, peremptorily demanded the release of Lafayette. The Austrians endeavored to induce the General to accept a conditional release, but while greatly weakened in body his spirit was unbroken, and he refused to compromise his principles or his rights as a Frenchman and an American. His prison doors were finally thrown open on the 25th of August, 1797, after an imprisonment of five years—one year and ten months of which had been shared by his wife. After residing two years in Holstein he returned to his château at La Grange, forty miles from Paris. Bonaparte, while First Consul, made several attempts to beguile Lafayette into his service, but they were all declined. Lafayette's vote against making Napoleon consul for life separated them forever.

In 1803, when Louisiana was purchased, President Jefferson invited Lafayette to become its territorial governor; but, unwilling to leave France while there was a hope for constitutional freedom in Europe, the offer was declined.

But delightful as it is to dwell upon the incidents connected with that memorable occasion, I will hasten to the conclusion of this article.

General Lafayette visited every State and almost every city in the Union. His reception everywhere was distinguished by universal manifestations of mingled joy, affection, and gratitude. His journeys displayed an unbroken series of pageants. No amount of fatigue wearied him. His health and spirits proved equal to every demand upon them. He was always fresh, cheerful, and happy, with the magnetic power of imparting cheerfulness and happiness to others. To the general joy, however, there was one exception. When the bill making provision for the payment of General Lafayette for the services he rendered our country in its struggle for independence was

under consideration in the House of Representatives, one discordant voice was heard—a voice which sounded alike harshly and fell alike painfully upon the ears and hearts of the people and their representatives. But that voice was heard no more in Congress, for, although a capable and growing man, he subsided into a retirement from which he never emerged. Assuming that the representative referred to lived to deplore the error which cost him so dearly, I forbear to mention either his name or the name of the city he represented.

The triumphal tour of the nation's guest terminated at Washington, where the enthusiasm which awaited him was as fresh as that which gushed from the hearts of the people when he first landed upon our shore. Congress voted two hundred thousand dollars and a township of land in part payment, as was said, of his eminent services as a general in the Army of the United States. The United States frigate *Brandywine*, handsomely fitted up, and supplied with every luxury, was ordered to Washington and placed at his service. On the 7th of September, 1825, General Lafayette, with his son and secretary, went on board, and the *Brandywine*, spreading her canvas to a favorable wind, departed for Havre.

General Lafayette was wholly unprepared for the reception which awaited him in America. He knew little of our estimate of his character and services, and came to revisit interesting scenes of his youth, and to enjoy a reunion with the few surviving old friends and compatriots. His once large fortune had been so diminished by confiscations that he was compelled to study economy. Making the acquaintance on board the *Cadmus* of a gentleman from Boston, the General inquired the expense of living at the best hotels, and the expenses of travelling by stages and steamboats; of all of which his secretary made memoranda. From these data the General, aided by the Bostonian, made an estimate of what it would probably cost him to reside and travel a year in America. It is scarcely necessary to add that there was no occasion to refer to these memoranda, for his every wish was anticipated and gratified, nor was he permitted while he remained among us, unless by stealth, to expend one dollar or one dime of his own money.

THURLOW WEED.

PERIODICAL BELLES-LETTRES AND CRITICISM.

AS the sky changes with the season and the weather; as the noon and the night differ; as the dawn is unlike the sunset, and midday is unlike either; so there are various phases of production and criticism in the luminous sky of literature. These phases reflect the light of the hour and the moment; and since it has become possible to photograph the moon's face, it may be also possible to catch these Cynthias of the minute—namely, the fleeting, evanescent belles-lettres, the verse, the travel, the criticism, which have filled the pages of our magazines for the current year—and to exhibit some of their main features, so that other eyes besides our own may observe the clouds and stars.

We say the magazines and newspapers, rather than the published books of the year, since the contents of these books have often graced the pages of the magazines in years past, and thus may already have been discussed; and the fresh talent of the year is very apt to first find expression in journalism, before it is crystallized in book form.

As the subject must have some limits, we shall confine ourselves very nearly to six or seven of the representative publications, whose editors, as a rule, bring thought, perception, and conscience to their editorial duties, and who therefore offer the public representative literature of the dainty kind which we try to scrutinize with intelligence. And we shall give only a few marked specimens to prove or illustrate our assertions, since to quote largely would fearfully lengthen this article; but we shall always strive to call attention to the tendencies which the quotations enforce, and if possible find the philosophy of the facts.

To begin with the verse. The first tendency we shall find to praise, is the effort after pure metrical form. This is very obvious from the metre studies which are found everywhere, and the interest that verse-makers take in the revival of old forms. But on the other hand this attention to form, this praiseworthy effort after smooth sound, has seemed to debili-

tate the creative faculty and empty the verse of sense and soul; often only compassing by this sacrifice melodious and musical form, but not pure metrical perfection.

We hear sometimes the doctrine advanced, "Never mind what it means, if it's a pretty poem," thus making the sound or suggestion everything, and using words to perform the office of musical tones. Music is entirely suggestive, but words should have meaning. "Music and meaning" was the old definition of poetry, to which we should add inspiration. It is the easiest thing in the world for one who has a metrical ear to write rhythmical groups of words, and well-balanced lines without sense; and the verse-makers often do in earnest what the author of "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland" does for drollery. They forget that to compact the sense and keep the metre melodious and regular is the problem given to be solved. What are we to think when the second stanza of eight lines, in a poem in one of our best magazines (Lippincott's), was so entirely without a definite subject, that out of a company of nine intelligent people, two, referring the nominative back to the first verse, said the author was talking about a bee; two more said it could not be a bee, but might be a human heart; two more said it was a butterfly, or a man—some lover or other; and the other three, the brightest of the party, said that they had nothing to say, for there was nothing meant or said. We quote these verses that others may try their ingenuity upon them:

WAITING.

Yesterday's cup was brimming,
To its curving rim, with hope;
As flowers to the bee awaken,
So did the glad hours ope
With songs of the heart's soft humming,
Full of a deep delight
As it crooned over happiness coming,
The joy that should come with night;
But it blossoms not with the night.

And mute is the morn with waiting,
Faint fall the bee's light wings,
And lower is now the humming
Of the murmuring song she sings.

The passionate prince of the garden
 In the pride of his purple may woo,
 But the queen knows where is the nectar;
 And she turns, sweet flower, to you—
 She waits for Ambrosia and you !—

Waits for the honeyed blooming
 Of the sweetest blossom of all.
 Will it open its fragrant petals,
 And answer her earnest call ?
 Will he come as the shadows lengthen,
 Till they fade in the far-away light,
 And fill the cup of to-morrow
 With the dew of a glad to-night ?
 Will he come, waiting heart, to-night ?

Or what can we think of the sense and
 form of this, from " Old and New " ?

VINTAGE.

Before the time of grapes
 While they altered in the sun,
 And out of the time of grapes
 When vintage songs were done,—
 From secret, southern spot,
 Whose warmth not a mortal knew ;
 From shades which the sun forgot,
 Or could not struggle through,—
 Wine sweeter than first wine
 She gave him drop by drop ;
 Wine stronger than seal could sign,
 She poured and did not stop.
 Soul of my soul, the shapes
 Of the things of earth are one.
 Rememberest thou the grapes
 I brought thee in the sun ?
 And darest thou to drink
 Wine stronger than seal can sign ?
 And smilest thou to think
 Eternal vintage thine ?

The only defence there can be for such
 verse is that it was meant for a sugges-
 tion, as a blot of color suggests a land-
 scape to the artist. George Macdonald is
 the chief apostle of this fluff.

The form of verse is as important for
 revelation of the spirit as the body is to
 the soul, or clothing to the body. But a
 beautiful body without a soul is a beauti-
 ful idiot, or a machine without the motive
 power; and this attempt at lightness and
 elegance of form, this prismatic froth, is
 not an effort in the right direction. The
 thin lamina of colored film which casts
 a radiant shadow from Prof. Tyndall's
 soap-bubble is a valuable experiment to
 show the laws of color and light; but the
 soap-bubble is but a soap-bubble after all.
 We confess dulness a bad quality, and
 we admire that lithe lightness which be-
 longs to strength and grace; but let high
 finish be applied to elevated and noble
 thinking.

Finish alone is like a trimming to a

dress without any dress to put it on; and
 a meaning is as necessary to perfect verse
 as the bass undertone to a perfect orches-
 tra. It is true that this bass by itself,
 whether the depth of the bassoon, the
 baritone of the trombone, or even the
 rhythmic beat of the drum, is overpower-
 ing and disagreeable; but all these dis-
 charge a necessary office of support and
 enrichment for the decorations of the
 light flute and the piercing cornet-à-pis-
 ton. As Mozart said " there was one
 thing in music worse than a flute, *i. e.*,
 two flutes; " so we think the more there is
 of melodic verse which is empty of mean-
 ing, the worse it is. It is like a whole
 orchestra of shrill flutes and tinkling
 guitars. Words are only valuable when
 they express something, and silly poetry
 is even more worthless than silly prose,
 inasmuch as it aims at a higher and more
 regular form of expression, and therefore
 its failure is more of a disappointment;
 and also for the reason that beautiful form
 comes by labor, and it is a pity to see la-
 bor bestowed on what is worthless when
 finished. You expect a drink of rich and
 generous wine, and you are offered some
 tepid sugar and water—not even rose-
 water. These *eau sucrée* verses are often
 graceful, delicate, pretty, and this may
 seem praise enough; but when you re-
 member that the same praise can be just-
 ly bestowed on a mould of blancmange, it
 can hardly seem sufficient. Blancmange
 is a concoction made up by the confec-
 tioner, which a spoon breaks into a shape-
 less mass; and these mixed and stewed
 concoctions, boneless, without the fibre
 of flesh or the pulp or juice of fruit, when
 seasoned and poured in a mould of imita-
 tive fruit or flowers, can never bear the
 critic's knife. There must be structure,
 even in a poem, to have it worth anything;
 not bony, protruding structure, but some-
 thing that holds the parts in coherency.

Another tendency which we notice,
 arising from this study of form, and of
 light and elegant form, is to the Moore
 lyric. Here is clarity and melody and
 sentiment, sometimes falling into sickli-
 ness, but it is better than fluffiness. It is
 curious to see the Moore themes and
 treatment of them reappearing because
 the same effect of graceful pleasure is de-
 sired, and without the least intent on the
 part of the writers of imitation. Miss
 Hillard wrote her pretty " Brook's Mes-

sage" for the "Atlantic," never thinking for the moment that it was the "Flow on, thou shining river" of 1872, probably never having read that, as nobody does read Moore nowadays; nor in her "Hope," published in "Harper's Monthly," did she remember Tom Moore's continual "Bird of Hope" that was or was not always singing to him. In the "Galaxy" there have been two smooth songs of the same sort of sentiment.—"Fiel à la Muerte," and "Such Stuff as Dreams are made of." It seems almost a pity that the Moore type should reappear, even in these modified forms; and yet Moore accomplished two things: he made money, and won favor—both desirable ends, if rightly attained. He had from fifty to five hundred guineas for a song, and awakened also great social enthusiasm for himself, and his facile and fluent melody.

Now, present fame is much pleasanter to the possessor than future fame, and praise and money are not to be despised. It is better to work with one's might in one's day and generation, than to trust to posterity. But it is best of all to do good and noble work, whether for the present, or the future which is embraced in the present. Moore has gone to oblivion, while Cowper and Burns yet live and breathe and speak for the dumb multitude. Moore is entombed, and not in hallowed ground; and he left but a legacy of glittering slatestones, but they the riches of their souls.

Another tendency is to rhetorical verse. It is a fashion to use epithets, and sometimes to pin them on as bows of a different color are pinned on a dress. Rhetoric is a great power, and not to be despised. A right and beautiful statement adds great weight to a principle; and any one can see the difference between Daniel Webster's dying words, "I still live," and the countryman's version of them, "I ain't dead yet." Everybody understands pretty phrases, while imaginative work puzzles ordinary people. The imagination is a mystery to those who do not possess it, and they stand bewildered before it; while pretty phrases, like bows of ribbon, any ordinary person can appreciate. Again, most persons can look at the little better than the large, and admiration of minute finish is much readier than for large and sublime thought. Meissonier and Adelheid Dietrich have many more ad-

mirers than Delaroche or Kaulbach or Schwanthaler. The top of the head is very low in many people, and they cannot alter their organization; so that elevated and imaginative writing is wasted upon them. Little mild fancies, in pretty rhetorical verse, are to their taste: and as there is always a wardrobe attached to the theatre with regular dresses for the king, the queen, and the villain, so the muses have their wardrobe of phrases and rhymes, which are consecrated to them by conventional use and propriety, in which a rhymester may clothe himself and appear quite well dressed. These somewhat frayed and not always well-fitting garments are dear to the average souls, be they those who read or those who write.

As specimens of this conventional, rhetorical verse, we will refer to a poem, "Life's Affluence," in "The Galaxy," and another poem, "A True Life," in "Appletons' Journal." And for a poem which is highly rhetorical, but with the rhetoric growing out of the thought, we will mention "The New Day" in the "Atlantic." If any one will take pains to compare these verses, he will see the difference between true and false rhetoric.

We do not wish to be understood as denouncing the suitable and elegant costumes of noble thought. When a soul has entered a body, it is the greatest good fortune to that soul if the body should prove a fit exponent of it. And if a beautiful soul in a beautiful body be well dressed, it is a gainer by the comely apparel. But whether a Greek body would be improved by a fashionable pannier is a question. Artists tell us that if the counterpart in flesh of the Venus of Milo in marble could be found, she would be disgraced by a fashionable toilet, or be voted entirely without style by the French modistes. The Moore toilet is a matter of fashion. The question before us is this: Shall a scant, rent, or common garment reveal a beautiful limb beneath it, or shall a lean and withered arm be hung with bracelets and covered and decorated with lace, so as to make a fair show because of its adornments? Now rhetoric is the dress to which the intellect that selects and rejects helps the sentiment and the imagination; and shall the intellect be an artist in this office, or only a modiste of fashion, who paints and pads and enamels, instead of choosing such colors and words and metrical forms and phrases as

are beautiful and appropriate, in which the thought is fittingly clothed and adorned, and its strong-minded limbs can move freely? But when the dress has become more important than the body, then rhetoric has become too important. Passion is simple even to homeliness, and it is a bad sign when any one thinks more of how he is to say a thing than the thing said. A little poem, "Love at First Sight," published in "Old and New," has this charm of limpid feeling and expression that fits it. We wish only to say that rhetoric has its peril as well as its privilege, and the shadow that waits on fine writing savors of the green mould of decay.

We wonder if any magazine would now admit, without his name appended, Tennyson's "Charge of the Light Brigade," with its "gates of hell" and "jaws of death," and homely statement, "Some one had blundered?" And yet, in spite of this illustration, we must lay something of this rhetorical tendency in our verse to the fascinations of Tennyson's genius.

Tennyson's form is careful, though often imperfect metrically, never melodiously; and his readers often are blinded by his music to the vigor of his thought. But he has been a leader of a movement, a master of a style, an apostle with followers. We think he has full knowledge of his herd of imitators, and characterizes his ill fortune in his poem of "The Flower," thus:

Once in a golden hour
I cast to earth a seed.
Up there came a flower,
The people said, a weed.

To and fro they went
Thro' my garden bower,
And muttering discontent
Cursed me and my flower.

Then it grew so tall
It wore a crown of light,
But thieves from o'er the wall
Stole the seed by night.

Sow'd it far and wide
By every town and tower,
Till all the people cried,
"Splendid is the flower."

Read my little fable:
He that runs may read.
Most can raise the flowers now,
For all have got the seed.

And some are pretty enough,
And some are poor indeed;
And now again the people
Call it but a weed.

Swinburne, by verse and by theory of verse, leads in the same outside direction. He delights in sound, and also has his imitators, but imitation has no vital germ.

We wish to trace the history of poetry backward a little way.

When Coleridge and Wordsworth first rose as new stars in the English sky of literature, and Coleridge, introduced the study of German literature, and the modes of thought of German philosophy, we heard steadily of subjective and objective verse. At that time the objective verse of Scott was set down much below the subjective verse of Wordsworth and Coleridge. The mind was expected to act as a chemical flux which should form new combinations of old material, and subject all things to the crucible of reflection before presenting them. Simple description, nature unsolved by mental action upon it, was considered far inferior to nature which had been subjected to the analytic and reflective processes of the mental forces. These philosophers placed the thought and purpose of verse far above the form of verse.

Indeed, Coleridge debased the pure classic forms, not merely from indifference and carelessness, but from intention. He disliked all limits and bounds, and soared into unknown, unfathomed regions, where experience had never penetrated, longing to discover some path into the mysterious philosophies of the soul. The roots of phenomena are always embedded in a region beyond the senses, and he constantly yearned to pass from the phenomena to their causes; and thus he glided into twilight regions, and his philosophy was justly called transcendental. Since Wordsworth and Coleridge, there has slowly come a revulsion in favor of outside or objective verse, and also in favor of purity or perfection of form. In William Morris both these are found, and though he is not relished by the multitude, who pronounce him long-winded and clogging, the critics gave him an outburst of welcoming praise, as the representative poet of his time. He evidently writes with no high inspired purpose, but for the relief of expression, as great talkers like to talk. In "Admetus," the nobility of the subject ennobles his verse, and lifts it above the mere record of classic or mediæval gossip, or the mere recording of the senses. But in "Love is Enough," except the lyrical grace of the songs, he is scarcely raised above the sick-

ishness of "Lalla Rookh"; perhaps, like the mamme apple or chimete of the tropics, he is beautiful in color but insipid and mawkish in taste. He may be considered as one type or exponent of this revulsion from philosophic form.

It is impossible not to like Morris as one likes confectionery, a little at a time; and yet, since we have seen his wall-papers, which are often very decorative and pleasing, we cannot help thinking that he is a manufacturer even in his verse, and that we detect the mechanic skill of faithful labor, delicate selection and dexterous and dainty execution of the craftsman, rather than the inspiration of the poet. We never hear the whirr of great wings in the air, or feel the rush of mighty currents above our heads. And it is much worse when Morris's imitators take up his lyre and strike it with weak and uncertain fingers. Poor relations are one of the stocks in trade for comedy, and many poets are but the poor, far-off, humble kin, who in attempting to imitate only caricature.

Another reason for this outside tendency to form is the revulsion from Mr. and Mrs. Browning's carelessness. She was atrocious in her lyric recklessness and scorn of her own genius; and her coarse work is in great contrast to her vivid imagination and deep, womanly heart. Browning himself is involved to distraction, but his thoughts are worth disentangling. They bear the strain and pull of untwisting, and lie long filaments of silk or fine gold chains or heavy cable strands, which are worth all the patience necessary to bring them out. The worst specimens of Browning's verse have bone and fibre of thought and vital growth. To be sure, we must confess the growth is sometimes like that of our American pepperidge tree, whose twists are proverbial, so that an experienced splitter must cleave off his fragments in alternate spirals, as the grain of the wood runs; but what weight and value the well-earned fragments show!

In short, we claim that as the soul must never despise the body, but must adorn it in every noble and proper way, so the ideal in art must prevail and its spirit govern verse. Inspiration is the soul, and for a man to wrap dead lay figures in elegant clothes and introduce them as living, breathing realities, is a piece of art sin.

There is a slight tendency to weave

verse out of human experience, which we must commend.

Guyot, in his "Earth and Man," speaks of the physical differences of the continents of Europe and America. He claims that the European continent is better adapted by nature for the habitation of man, and that therefore upon that continent the race has come and must come to a higher development than it can reach in the western continent. He says that in America vegetable life preponderates over animal life, which grows up tall, weedy, and sappy. Without discussing the matter, we will simply allude to the well-known fact that painters and poets in America are landscape artists rather than students of human life. Bryant is a poet of nature, nor does he balance his descriptive pieces, as Chaucer did, with poems of human experience. Lowell and Longfellow have oftener sung the "still, sad music of humanity"; but the latest noteworthy production of an American author, "The Brook," is a very lovely poem of the same landscape type. But this year there have been four or five attempts, and good ones, at character and incident, such as "Penn Calvin" and "Phebe," and two by Marian Douglass in the "Atlantic," and "A Study" and "The Accolade" in "The Galaxy." We are very glad to see the attention of our poets turned in this direction, which is almost an unwrought mine in our literature.

We notice, also, a tendency to short poems, which is often carried so far as to make them scrappy. It is true that an epigram can be put into one verse better than in five; but sequence and a certain iteration even of refrain, a repetition of melodious effects on the ear as well as a variety and elaboration of thought, make a thing more worthy because it has some length. Poe, who made his poetry an art as well as a relief of expression, says "that a certain degree of duration is absolutely requisite for the production of any effect." It is dangerous to humor too much impatience in a reader, for flightiness grows. The poetic mood is in one sense a thrill of joy, whether in writer or reader; but the joy, to be intense and reviving and revealing, must not be like lightning, but more like the steady shining of the sun.

Leaving verse, let us look at travels a little. They are, as a rule, of only ephemeral interest, but they show the mood

of the public and their authors. These numerous volumes are now mostly accounts of personal experiences. No one seems to expect any information of value, but an empirical account of how somebody saw, ate, drank, or was merry, exactly as he might have been at home. Those personal details which it once would have been impertinent to offer the public, are now eagerly seized and called "spicy" and lively. It is the personality that gives value to the book. This is not wholly wrong, as character stands behind any literary production; and yet there should be an instinct of selection in the author, and only such incident allowed to record itself as illustrates foreign customs, and not the mere personal habits of life of the author, which remain unchanged in Rome from what they were in New York. But we do not find a shadow of the gentlest rebuke to this intrusive personality, or an admonition to the effect that we see a great deal of the author and very little of what he saw.

The present type of American wit of the moment has been alluded to in the magazine papers of the last year, though there has been no exhaustive discussion or analysis of it. It shows the effect and power of an understatement of a fact rather than an overstatement. The earlier wit was all exaggeration of the positive sort. This is exaggeration of the negative sort, if the words do not contradict each other, and shows the intellect has something to do with it, instead of the exuberance of frolic. It has the power of repressed force, of condensed steam; and however poor it may be, it is of a finer type than the earlier boast and spread-eagleism which at once satirized and characterized American humor. There is a spirit of youth in the overstatement which is always hearty and even fascinating, if diffuse and imitative; but the understatement is fuller of feeling and power, and shows a ripper understanding.

These are a few of the tendencies that seem to mark this year's belles-lettres. How can they be classified and explained? We think, by the growing democracy of literature, a source not wholly bad by any means. There is a common desire in author and editor to make all inviting, attractive, and popular. There is an attempt to give the suffrage to all; to share the voting power and electing power in the world of letters with the populace; to

give the ballot to the multitude; and this produces a democracy of letters, which for the time depresses the standard of excellence. It is only too true that what pleases the average mind is wearisome to higher orders of intellect; and the lament is sometimes sounded that there cannot be in America, as in France, a chosen circle of critics whose dictum shall be law.

Let us see some of the difficulties of this democracy of literature. Editors and authors must live, and they must consult the public taste for livelihood. And the mass of readers are not cultured, and what is worse, do not know it.

Every mother who has carefully watched and trained her children at home, has noticed that when they are first placed in school there is a certain levelling process commenced. Their neatness, their order, their manners, in short, their refined home expression changes, and a certain roughness seems to take its place. The child drops down to nearly the average of his mates, and yet perhaps unconsciously pulls them up a little. But what the child loses in elegance, he may gain in force, naturalness, and directness.

Now this levelling of the public taste, this democracy of intellect, may have its compensations. If magazine writers please the public, even with sentimental mush, they will be read; and if they do not please they will not be read. Leaving the bread and butter question, by which we all live, out of sight, they may really do a good work by catering to the public taste, and raising it gradually; when, if they remained entirely in a plane of thought and feeling above it, they would have little attention and no fostering influence. For sentimental commonplace at one extreme, and sensational writing at the other, that is, either weakness or coarseness, soon wears out the taste it creates; and who has not seen wild stuff or tawdry ornament lose its popularity even in a year's time, and substantial quality take its place? More people read now than ever before, and this true and fortunate state of things, though levelling, has also its good side, in promoting interest and discussion. It is a great thing to sow broadcast in some fields, and to make a subject popular is to prepare the way for something better by and by.

For example, we think Handel would have torn his full-bottomed wig off and stamped on it in one of his fits of rage, if

he could have heard his great air in "Rinaldo" travestied and debilitated to "Juanita," and sung everywhere as a soft, Spanish love-song. But "Juanita" prepared the way for the welcome of "Lascia ch'io pianga," and made it at once beloved, when we all heard Miss Adelaide Phillips's rendition of it. So the hand-organ has its office of introducing the airs from the opera to the populace, who when they see and hear the opera will like it better because of the hand-organ. Miss Sterling has sung the new and rare songs of the modern German schools, Liszt, Rubinstein, and the elder ones of Schumann and Schubert, for four years; and at the last Philharmonic of the last season, even dared to offer her audience Bach's "Cradle Song." And now comes Osgood, the new tenor, and enters into her labors and helps to perpetuate them. He awakens enthusiasm where she but elicited surprise, and in a few years everybody who knows and loves music will know all these songs, and rightly measure them. No, there must be democratic width, breadth, and fullbloodedness; there must be broad sympathies to create life, vigor, and health; and democracy is necessary to a wide and hearty literature. Not to strive for this is too much like the languid, shallow woman who talks about "our set" and prides herself on a "genteel acquaintance."

Let us now look at the criticism which most prevails. The unmitigated praise or blame which used to blotch or patch our pages has passed, though the bulk of our criticism is still literary rather than philosophic.

There are certain books which are always fairly treated. The books which scholars can only judge, books like Professor Whitney's, or Johnson's "Oriental Religions," receive fair judgment and measurement. Books of science are also well noticed, for all these are tried by their peers. There are but few men in the country qualified to judge of these, and to them they are consigned for judgment. A Greek book or a Sanscrit book or an Anglo-Saxon finds its interpreter, but every hack writer is supposed to be qualified to judge belles-lettres.

Now, often the very traits of punctual and persistent work, which make a man a most excellent man of business, are not packed into the same nature with delicate perception and sensibility to

beauty; and the good patient fellow who does his three columns a day of ordinary work, with promptness, precision, and excellence, when he comes to works of fancy and imagination is like a blind mole set to examine the stars. We remember last winter reading some criticisms in the "Christian Union" on Mr. Winter's admirable poems, which are so noble in feeling and so fine in form, where the critic put us in mind of a bull in a china shop. He seemed to be utterly ignorant of the nature and use of porcelain, and went at it to smash it.

This necessity of the daily work of the press interferes somewhat with nice and true criticism, and gives the burdened public some indifferent and valueless writing. But there is no positive harm done, only negative, if there can be such a thing, for the spirit of evil is always an active one even when it seems to be passive; and when the daily press gathers it self up to the careful criticism of a noble work like George Eliot's "Middlemarch," the articles are really better than those of most of the magazines.

But we must notice some faulty and unprincipled criticism afloat, which drifts carelessly out from respectable quarters, and, driven here and there by currents, finds lodgment on various hospitable shores, where it is really only an enemy in disguise. This acute and depreciating spirit of caustic wit is employed incessantly in underrating and vilifying what it does not stop to judge. These unimpassioned unbelievers, like Mephistopheles, sneer and enjoy the masses of faults, or shortcomings, or worse, of evil, which they are sure to find in almost all the productions they survey. There is something not merely disenchanting or ignoble in this mood, but positively corrupting. As their keen sword-thrusts or pugilistic fists draw blood, the critics learn to look for its sight and enjoy its smell; and the attack and the bruising become also an enjoyment to the reader. The position of prize-fighter or public executioner is not chosen in life by the large, sweet souls, nor do they like to attend executions or wait upon the ring; but there is always rabble enough to give *éclat* to these cruelties.

Indeed the office of headsman is thought a disgrace and degradation, and in the old continental world it was the hereditary birthright and misfortune of two or three doomed families. Whoever has read

Scott's novel of "The Headsman" will understand that fact. But these modern critics rejoice in their office, and indeed make it their pastime, as the Parisian mob made the guillotine. The question to them is not whether the book under consideration is living and healthful? is it idiotic and worthless? is it wicked and does it deserve death? but "Can't we cut its head off neatly? It's great fun!" This is not the mere thoughtlessness of youth, but savagery. It is a comfort sometimes to us, like Alice in her adventures in Wonderland, to find, though the order goes forth, "Off with his head," that the head stays on.

Once in a while a vague feeling of remorse seems to seize these headsman, and as the cruel and treacherous Louis XI., in one of his fits of superstition, made the Virgin Mary first a countess, and then a colonel of his guards, so these headsman suddenly bestow in this same wild fashion some senseless and useless praise.

We remember once seeing a lad of seventeen, who had just been beaten in a battle with his pony, stroll up from the stable, where he had left his victor, slashing the clover and daisies along the path with his whip, and soothing his vexed spirit by their decapitation. When he stepped into the garden borders, where the great tall white lilies stood, breathing purity and fragrance from their snowy chalice, the irrepressible snapper of his whip wreathed itself about the tallest stalk of the lily odorata, and it fell. We ran down from the piazza (we could not help it) and picked up the fine-flowered stalk that would have bloomed and gladdened our eyes for days, and we said, "I would not punish the lily because the pony was bad." That decapitation of a flower was but the thoughtless ill-temper of a boy, the evil that is wrought more by want of thought than want of heart; but these critics are both thoughtless and heartless in these quibbles they call criticism, and as wild of justice as the lad who punished the lily because the pony was bad.

There are a few thrusts at a book of verse which seem always in rule. The first one is to say that classic subjects are out of date, and classic allusion old-fashioned and dull, and unsuited and unrelated to modern habits of thought. These critics say that "a writer should seize the present and treat of that only."

The present! as if the great prerogative of man was not to "look before and after." Besides, the present is only the reproduction of the past, as the future will be but the copy of the present. Human nature is the same in all ages, and virtue and beauty and courage were one and the same in Queen Esther's time as now. The same game of life is played over and over again in different centuries by different players. The actors in love and ambition have different names and act on different stages, but the play is the same. The soul of man, the aspects of nature, the relations of government and society, are verities which never change their essential nature, but only their shape and expression. Shakespeare's "Julius Cæsar" is as true and real to-day as when it was written, and as if it had been played to a Roman audience wherein sat Pompey and Cato and Brutus. The love tale of the world still belongs in Verona, in Italy, in the year 1535; and whose eyes are not wet when they read the letters of Héloïse? The episode of the friendship of Nisus and Euryalus is as pathetic in Cranch's recent translation of Virgil, as in Dryden's old one. The idyl of "Herman and Dorothea" can never lose its freshness. As birth and death renew the world, so the old, old story of love and ambition, sorrow and despair, is told and acted in the nineteenth century as in Herod's and Mariamne's time, or in Jacob's and Rachel's. When Seneca and his pupil Caligula sat in the Roman theatre, watching the gladiatorial shows of the slaves, and heard the sarcasms of Publius Lyrius, they heard the same thoughts that Charles Sumner utters in the Senate and Frederick Douglass on the platform. "God hath made of one blood all men." Browning's "Bishop Blogram's Apology," "Hughes of Saxe-Gotha," and "The Granmanan's Funeral," are true portraits of feeling in any time. But the past has this advantage. The mufflings of accidental circumstance are torn off and we see the motive force of life. To deal with present events is like picking up a stone in the street, rough and crusted with mud. The old stories have been knocked about in the river of time which has washed off the crust of circumstance, and what is more, has polished and brought out their beauties. No; as classic life is also human life, this criticism is absurd.

What has been said on the choice of classic subjects applies almost as well to romanticism. Knighthood and troubadours and fairies and dwarfs are sneered at most unjustly, and we must think this sneer indicates narrow and imperfect culture on the part of those who make it. Still the fancy plays among the old myths, and they have such hold on human affection, and such place in literature, that they can never be wholly displaced. Indeed, the modern musical composers are working wholly in this region of romance. Weber in "Der Freischütz" and "Oberon," Wagner in his "Tannhäuser" and "Lohengrin," and Wallace with "Lurline" in our own country, haste to explore these regions of the fancy; and though Welland's "Oberon" would hardly be written now, yet Mrs. Greenough's excellent stories certainly deal with the supernatural element. "La Motte Fouqué" will always be read, while the publication of such books as the "Minnesingers of Germany" and "Folk Songs of England" proves the true and lively interest in past times.

A second conventional attack is to say that the book is too long, and that there are too many verses. This is a wise criticism if the work is poor, monotonous, and repetitious, either in thought or form; why, away with the "damnable iteration." But if the variety is sustained, and the subjects well contrasted, if the metres also of the verse are various and appropriate, the book is wealthier for its number. The minor poets have written little—the great poets much. Witness the seventy dramas of Æschylus, the more than ninety of Euripides, the hundred and thirty of Sophocles. Notice the fifteen hundred dramas of Lope de Vega; remember Calderon's two hundred, and the fertility of the Elizabethan dramatists. Think of the short time Shakespeare wrote and his fruitfulness, and the stream that Goethe and Schiller poured out. At present the best writers in England, Browning, Tennyson, Morris, and Swinburne, write the most. No, the question is not of quantity but of quality. Our feeling is so exactly the opposite that we never look at a small volume until we know something about it, but by instinct and prejudging habit take possession of the sizable ones. It is said that a small man has to overcome his size, and a small book starts at disadvantage in our eyes.

There is another stupid thrust at a book of verse, that it is too moral, or rather that it holds moral ideas or scientific allusions. What are the models of the world, the dramas of the ancients, but moralities? We believe no one denies the name of poet to Burns. Let us take his name as a shield and buckler upon which this lance may be broken. If his grand lyric, "A man's a man for a' that," is not a sermon in a song, and his "Twa Dogs," his "Cotter's Saturday Night," "To a Field Mouse," and "The Mountain Daisy" are not full of moral purpose, we are purblind in our intellectual perception. These critics limit the province of verse terribly.

Their heavens are narrow, but full wide and deep

Have they made all their hells.

Verse will break out of these narrow limits and build her own banks and make her own bounds, as surely as a river running to the sea will in its springtime floods sweep away the best built dams of the manufacturers.

Among other false criticisms which we have seen several times in this year's periodicals are the sneers at flower poems and flower painting. It is curious that these critics do not see that in the little is contained all the large. There is no specialty which does not hold the universe. This is as true in science as in art. Titian said, "He who can paint the leaf, can paint the world," and as a study for flesh painting advises strongly the painting of flowers; but these critics are wiser than Titian, and do not feel the wonderful beauty and perfection of flowers in form, color, texture, grace, and variety. We might go back through the ages for authority; to the tender love poems of the Greeks, or the prose of the unknown Philostratus from whom Ben Jonson borrowed his "Drink to me only," or to the worship of the flower dances of the games, and Apollo, and the god Baya in Hindostan, from whom comes "Bayadere," to prove the sacredness and the inspiration of flowers; and so on through Chaucer, Bacon, Shakespeare, Ronsard, Walter von der Vogelweide, and Tennyson, to prove the common, natural delight that all tender gifted souls have taken in flowers. Where the elder poets spoke in the general, the modern poets speak in the special. We are afraid these critics feel a little toward the singers and the

painters who love flowers, and praise them in song and on canvas, as the spinner Miss Miggs felt toward Sim Tappertit when he adored Dolly Varden—the original Dolly Varden—when she “pitied his ignorance and despised him.” But perhaps he might return that pity, as we believe they have never really seen a flower. “A primrose by the river’s brim” is just a name to these modern Peter Bells.

Perhaps we ought to say, as a sort of explanation of their want of sensibility, that many people are blind that do not know it. It takes either an inborn sensibility to these delicacies of nature or the education of an artist or naturalist to appreciate them, neither of which is common among our critics. When Emerson wrote his lines to an “Humble Bee,” it was called by the critics “a foolish affectation of the familiar,” but now it is more current coin than Anacreon’s “Ode to the Grasshopper.” Perhaps these contempters of the loveliest expressions of joy and love on the earth “may yet climb to a soul in grass and flowers” and “learn the secret of a weed’s plain heart,” before they “shut the clasps and find life’s summer past.”

As Swedish Boehme never cared for plants
Until it happened, a-walking in the fields,
He noticed all at once that plants could speak,
Nay, turned with loosened tongue to talk with him.

The effect of such criticism on modest, thoughtful minds, who have that strong desire after excellence which belongs to a conscientious nature, is depressing. Whoever has read any of Charlotte Brontë’s letters, will see how she suffered from bewilderment at the blatant and wild criticism of her English critics. She says, “My best help, because most appreciative, came from France.” And to this day, although she has been before the public for thirty years, we have never seen one word of appreciation given to her powerful and dramatic poem called “Pilate’s Wife’s Dream.”

The era of philosophic criticism has not yet dawned on America, for the best notices are still literary and not philosophic. To seize the soul of a book and make the public aware of it, is a very uncommon power, but in belles-lettres especially the soul of a book is its essence. Then comes the body, and there are some writers who

can point out symmetry, proportion, and structure, and can write as anatomists of muscles and fibres, or as painters of color and expression. Then should come the dress of the book: we do not mean its printing and binding, though that has a right to notice, but the dress of the thought. Is it robed in hoddens gray or silk of the loom? Has it feet or wings? Does it wear glass or gems? Are its ornaments jewels or spangles? Is the color bloom or enamel? Besides such questions as these, the critics should answer those which take hold of the roots of things, such as, Are the subjects well chosen? Are they well handled? Is the thought fresh and strong? Is the feeling sweet and pure? Is the style clear and elegant? Is it simple or rhetorical? Is the book enriched by classic allusion or European culture? Is the quality of thought equal? Is the interest unflagging? Is the expression equal to the thought? Is one or are both elaborated? Does intellect, observation, or sensibility predominate? These are a few of the questions we like to have answered in a good book notice.

Now comes one inherent difficulty to getting answers to these questions. The strong, insphered individuality of the Anglo-Saxon mind, or English mind perhaps we should call it, in which after all the Teutonic element, strong, savage, and sincere, has resisted the Celtic modifications of race, is one great hindrance toward our writing good criticism. The dramatic power of the French is not a natural gift to us, and as yet we have hardly blended our nationalities together in our literature, and acquired the power of putting ourselves in another’s place. This is one of the greatest gifts to a critic of belles-lettres, which must be judged almost as much with the emotions and personal experience as with the judicial intellect. Appreciation and sympathy go much further in developing talent than brutal blows, and to attack butterflies and humming-birds with pick-axe and hammer is great waste of time and strength. After all, slavery to theory is in many cases the real difficulty. Because the critics worship Jupiter Tonans, they think themselves God-fearing; but they should remember that the ancients say, “When *Jupiter* reduces us to slavery, he takes from us half our soul.”

E. E. F.

THE WORST MATCH OF THE SEASON.

I.
IN HIS VOICE.

IT is certainly very nice of Mrs. Heath. And by the way, I was prepared for the flat reverse of benevolence from her hands. I believed (when I took the trouble to believe at all on this subject) that she mildly loathed me. I thought she had never forgotten a certain event or two connected with the past—the dear irrevocable days when I hadn't lost my money and stood forth the crown and flower of marriageable New York bachelorhood; when, also, she was poor little Fanny Chichester, and no coming millionaire, like Archibald Heath, Esq., had as yet cast his shadow before. Doubtless I behaved with more or less villany then; it certainly is mean-spirited for a fellow to trifle away a girl's time under such circumstances—time that is money to the sweet industrious creature. It is just like putting one's hand in one's pocket while a pathetic-looking mendicant stands by, and then withdrawing the hand empty, to the mendicant's painful amazement.

But most surely all satire is ill-timed which I may presume to level against Mrs. Archibald Heath. We have changed places, she and I, since those departed days. Her end of the seesaw has gone majestically up, mine dishearteningly down. Doubtless I ought to feel grateful enough for being asked here to this lovely Laurelwood by a lady whose invitations are often grovelled for and then not gotten; and perhaps if I belonged among the scramblers and the elbowers, my exquisite triumph would be like receiving a new sense.

Well, as it is, I am grateful exceedingly. A nature that can forget an injury, or rather remember it well enough to return it with a kindness, comes nearer to that human state which merits canonization than in any other instance I can hit upon. This seems to be precisely the case with Mrs. Heath. I am asked to Laurelwood, and among the three other people who are asked contemporaneously

there is a certain Miss Lilian Martel, a relative of Mrs. Heath's husband.

This evening, after I have been having a rather endurable talk with the girl, and have been languidly making up my mind to like her as long as I am here (a lapse of time whose duration yet remains among the future's mysteries), what should occur but a sort of little private interview with my hostess?

"How do you like her?" Mrs. Heath wants to know, fingering a spray of moonlit honeysuckle as we stand together on the spacious piazza, this peerless placid-colored July night.

I am in a sort of absent mood, and don't answer at all precipitately. A little insidious moonlight has pushed itself through the dense honeysuckles, and is tinging my companion's large full-moulded arm till the firm clear flesh looks like sculptured pearl. I am thinking how once, in an impassioned youthful moment, my lips—well, well; the arm is a finer physical specimen now than it was then. Why does nature refuse to let so many women fulfil their corporeal promises till marriage has furnished its gracious permission for such development? "How do I like her?" I repeat lazily. "Her? You mean Miss Martel?"

"Of course" (with a dash of impatience).

"Oh, certainly" (while I am waking myself up). "Very much; that is, she talks rather nicely, I think. We discussed croquet mostly."

"You must have exhausted the topic," states Mrs. Heath with a light laugh, "considering how long you were together. Don't you think her pretty?"

"She has nice hair; so bright and wavy. I mean in front, of course. I make a point always to ignore whatever dimly resembles the back of a woman's head; it is usually such a stronghold of deceit, not to say extravagance."

"What a sweetly amiable idea! Do you know you're getting to be a terrific cynic now that" (dividing her sentence with a saucy laugh) "you've lost your property? If I buy you a nice tub, will

you promise me occasionally to sit in it? But about Lily Martel. Do you think her clever? Archie says she is, and Archie knows, you know."

"Does he? I suppose that if John Stuart Mill talked croquet with Carlyle, there wouldn't be much resultant brilliancy in a conversational way."

"Which means that Miss Martel didn't interest you. I am sorry to hear it. She has been out so little, and I wanted her to have a success next year, if possible. A real success, I mean; not a mere stupid belleship founded on the fact of her money."

I perpetrate an effete cough. People are apt to use a cough as an ambushade for some sudden amazement. "Her money?" I presently repeat, enough on my guard again to attempt a little hypocritical unconcern. "I didn't know about it."

Mrs. Heath raises astonished eyebrows. "You haven't heard? You don't tell me! I thought nearly everybody knew." (More dainty communication with the honeysuckle.) "Oh, yes; very rich indeed. Got it from her grandmother. By the way" (sweeping my face for a second with keen eyes), "these tidings are not going to dam the current of your future civility, I trust. Some men are so morbidly afraid of being thought fortune-hunters. And if you're not just as pleasant to Lily henceforth as you have previously been, I shall feel that I have done her quite a serious injury by throwing you this little apple of knowledge."

After that our interview is more or less concluded. That woman has grown to be the very sultana of diplomatists. Could anything have been more delicately put? The blow to my dignity and the balsamic salve of healing were offered simultaneously. In those few strong words, too, she forgave me for all the past—she who can so well afford to forgive now! Her benign finger has pointed for me a path to prosperity. So many a finger, similarly circumstanced, would have withered in its socket rather than perform any such piece of digital benevolence. Bless her! she has taken the noblest of all revenges—utter forgiveness.

It will be best for me to gain a little time with Uncle Crawford, I conclude, about that Cleveland business he offers me. Let there not be any out-and-out re-

fusal of the proposition; let there be only a politic demur, a gentle procrastination. After all, I still further deliberate, a few days will decisively settle matters. I am too old a veteran not to understand a final repulse, when it is final. No doubt, indeed, the repulse will come. I am decent-looking enough, have perfect enough manners, am as yet distant enough from the seigniorial domain of forty (although it is true I feel the pangs of premature decrepitude to the extent of at least one averaged gray hair per fortnight, each being a pallid little ghostly avenger, I suppose, of some separate sin, peca-dillo, indiscretion, late supper, brandy-and-soda of the past); and lastly, when I get up my best energy toward the putting together of words, my designs escape respectably enough, I should judge, the effect of complete triviality. Altogether, provided I bring to bear upon this proposed undertaking a good deal of determined force, there are more than even chances, perhaps, of my success in it.

So I reflect; and with such reflections, after consuming a cigarette or two among the shrubberies, I stroll in-doors and go to bed without again seeing Miss Martel.

On the following morning, when we meet at breakfast, I make an attempt to discover what other nice things there are about her besides her nice hair. Quite a number, I decide; to wit, genial gray eyes, a nose that is self-assertant without being self-satisfied, a mouth that you don't specially care to have any smaller because of the regular shapely teeth its frequent smile shows, and a figure that is full of easy curves, though trim and slender.

She presents an exact physical reverse of Mrs. Heath's lazy, lavish-moulded Junonian type. She never lounges on ottomans and other tufted temptations of the flesh, and the weather of Java itself doesn't seem to affect her disregard for fans. My first attempt at being downright entertaining is made a little while after breakfast. Heath, good, accommodating nondescript that he is, has just permitted himself to be dragged out into some dolefully idyllic situation under a tree by that inane little Bartholomew girl, who either can't or won't see the ugly antagonism between fresh green grass and virginal-colored duck trousers. Mrs. Heath has posed herself on one of the hall lounges in an attitude Oriental

enough narrowly to miss being improper, though it is beyond all question becoming; while Louis Burnette, having his curled yellow head probably less than an inch from her cheek, treats what he reads aloud from a blue-and-gold "Lucille" with enough elocutional cruelty to make Mr. Owen Meredith commit justifiable homicide.

Under these circumstances we in the sitting-room begin an exchange of remarks. I grow nervous very soon, and lose lots of confidence. I am trying to do what I have never before tried to do—create a good impression. I find it amazingly hard work. I discover that throughout my mortal career, up to the present moment, I have rigidly avoided the most shadowy sort of effort to make anybody like me. I have systematically adopted a course of coolest indifference as to whether Tom's opinion of me surpassed Dick's in friendly fervor, or whether Harry's was more cordial than either. As for women, they generally have done three good fourths of the talking, made every vestige of anything like an "advance," and shown dispositions to continue gracious as long as I remained near by to render them so.

It is the old story. Set a "lily-handed baronet" to breaking stones, and you will find what sad work is the result. I stumble in my sentences; I serve up an overdone piece of civility one moment and an underdone piece the next; I am the vile antipodes of my customary suave self.

She appears, however, to be quite unconscious of all this. I feel infinitely comforted by the thought. That loathed Cleveland business wears already a faint haze of distance across its hideous prospect. A vague picture begins even now to shape itself in my fancy. I repossess all the old lost luxuries of living; I regain that beatific state which prevents a man from having any special regard about how the few odd thousands of his income happen to take flight. Ah, what threefold joy to have again after once having had!

Yes, she undoubtedly talks to me as though she liked me. Perhaps she detects a certain luring felicity about my moustache, or a powerful fascination in the size of my ear, or an intense attractiveness in the way my hair meets the nape of my neck, or any other feature of

the nonsensical sort by which women are very often charmed into nonsensical attachments.

O moustache, O ear, O hair, O nape of neck, O every personal beauty which I may have the good luck to possess, plead now in my behalf! Perhaps by to-morrow my awkwardness will have worn off a trifle, and something of such pleading may be done with my own lips. Meanwhile I cannot despond. I have indeed every reason to hope.

II.

. IN HER VOICE.

THIS Mr. Rufus Dalgrish, the marriageable millionaire, is making himself quite oddly civil. I thought millionaires generally married millionairesses. No doubt they do; merely flirting with reputable paupers, like Lilian Martel.

I feel as if cousin Fanny is actually emptying upon my head a whole brazierful of fiery coals when she does me the service of mentioning Mr. Dalgrish's eligibility. It is so queer to have her anxious that I shall make a brilliant match. I always believed that she more or less abominated me ever since the days when cousin Archibald filled her shrewd scheming little brain with the idea that I was her potent rival. I certainly did do my energetic best to make her miss the prosperous destiny that in spite of all such effort she has accomplished.

Well, well, it seems that she isn't a grudge-bearing nature, and that having come forth conqueror from our little battle, she can afford to behave herself magnanimously, like those Roman gentlemen who loom so morally enormous to our degraded nineteenth-century eyes, through the mists of history. Perhaps, too, she understands that I was never really her rival in times past; that I couldn't have done anything more than placidly like Archibald, and that all my attempts to disenchant him with herself sprang from a personal prejudice now happily overcome.

Mr. Dalgrish and I are on very friendly terms. He would be delightful company, my sordid soul has fixedly concluded, even if he were as poor as—well, as myself; why search about for a simile when one has it at one's finger-ends? Conversationally, he gives one an idea of having strong powers in reserve; each of his re-

marks is like the opening of a little door which leads into a rich superb chamber; but the door is never more than set momentarily ajar, and then closed again with a disappointing snap after you have caught a glimpse of what luxury lies beyond. Personally he is a gentleman. I never did care much for Apollos.

It is so pleasant to wake up and find that the recent repulsive heat has abdicated in favor of something breezy and breathable. I am rather gratified to receive from Mr. Dalgrish a very cordial request that I shall go and walk with him this afternoon. "A long, exhilarating stroll, you know," he expresses it, "'across the hills and far away.' Everybody else is going to drive, I believe. Won't you consent to be out of the fashion?"

I consent with promptitude. Then I fall to making a mental enumeration of the days we have spent together. I find that they are seven. Seven days are quite a while. The world was made in six. Have we made each other's acquaintance in that time?

I am not sure if this be so. We have talked together and laughed together and possibly enjoyed ourselves together a great deal. We are, in a certain sense, intimate. I have had occasion to snub him rather violently once or twice; he has, within the bounds of decent gallantry, done the same to me. I have been the recipient of a few sweet speeches from him—no coarse peppermint-drops of compliment, if you please, but the rarer, subtler, French bonbon description, made palatable by all skilful devices on the confectioner's part. And he has met gracious enough return, now and then, for such courtesies.

Well, spite of all this, I cannot say that we are intimate; we know so little about each other's personal affairs as yet. Perhaps he, for his part, desires no change in this respect. Or perhaps he is quietly letting matters take their own course. Who shall say but that this afternoon's walk will make us know each other immensely better at its termination? I don't presume to think yes; but of a truth I can't help sincerely hoping yes.

III.

IN THE VOICE OF THE STORY-TELLER.

THE glossy green lawn-slopes at Laurel-

wood are momentarily rippled where the soft winds sweep them. The westerling sun throws slant light from a purplish-blue heaven. It is a rarity of afternoons—the freshness of early May mingled with all midsummer's leafy bounteousness. Mr. Heath has recently cantered down his carriage-drive on an alert, slender-legged, shining bay, and Miss Bartholomew, on similarly handsome horseflesh, has cantered at his side. Into an open carriage at the door a very Beau Brummel of footmen is courteously ushering Mrs. Heath and Mr. Louis Burnette. On the piazza stand Miss Martel and Mr. Dalgrish, ready for their walk.

"You two pedestrians must be sure and not keep dinner waiting," gently commands Mrs. Heath, while her footman closes the carriage-door with banging decision. Then she divides the tenderest of indulgent smiles in amiable halves between her guests on the piazza. "I suppose you're beatified to get rid of Mr. Burnette and me. Don't bring her home quite worn out" (to Mr. Dalgrish). "And pray keep your fascinations mercifully within bounds" (to Miss Martel). After that Mrs. Heath daintily kisses adieu with a little lavender-gloved hand, Mr. Burnette impressively displaces his lustrous hat, and the carriage rolls away in all its important majesty.

"Have you any idea about the direction of our walk?" Miss Martel wants to know, while she and her companion loiteringly leave the piazza.

"Not the dreamiest," he tells her, with a pronounced shoulder-shrug. "Suppose we make it

Across the hills and far away,
Beyond their utmost purple rim?"

"That would be a very pretty thing to do, I've no doubt," she laughs; "but the last line of your quotation carries with it a disdain of the dinner-hour that I can't bring myself to share."

"You don't look at all like a slave to your appetite."

"Perhaps not. But there's nothing ethereal about me, I hope" (with a right anxious intonation). "I do so detest girls who don't look as if they ate their three meals a day and enjoyed them."

"Then be consoled. You somehow show your prosperity, though not prominently, in both face and figure."

"My prosperity?" She has turned

her deep large eyes upon him rather wonderingly. He has just attempted to light a match for his cigar in this brisk wind that is abroad, and with nose plunged into a luminous cavern made by both hands, finds the feat barely possible. When next he speaks he has changed the subject altogether.

"Is it not a perfect day, and is not this a perfect country? As a rule I am not given to noticing landscapes, either real or on canvas, but to-day demands notice. I prefer human nature to common nature, you know."

"That is because you've been brought up among bad worldly surroundings," she reproves preachingly, pursing her mouth a little. "Human nature is all brambles and scraggy dead trees and muddy footpaths, with only here and there a burst of green living beauty. But common nature——"

"Please don't talk like a girl in a book," he interrupts with meek impertinence. "I should like to test your contempt for one kind of nature and your love for another by having you cast on a solitary island a little while."

"It would be charming!" she vociferates. "Say for about six months, with plenty to eat, drink, wear, and read, all saved from the wreck! I have an intense taste for Oceania, out of all the geography. Think how delicious to go cruising in your private vessel amongst those summer isles of Eden, lying in dark-purple spheres of sea,

as the rhapsodical young man of 'Locksley Hall' calls them, and all the while to feel yourself about next-door-but-one to the sweet probability of becoming a Robinson Crusoe."

"Or else food for sharks; I can't say which consequence would be the least disgusting."

"Pshaw! you ought to be fond of roaming round the world, you who are so——" "Rich" is the word that she finds trembling on her tongue's verge, but to pronounce it seems a bold familiarity.

"So what?" he questions, with a fair amount of curiosity in voice and eyes.

"Ah," she cries out, for a kind of answer; "talking of brambles, here is a horrid one that has fastened itself to my skirt! Please help me get rid of the monster, Mr. Dalgrish."

He gives valiant assistance; and while he is giving it she rattles off more than one headlong remark with a view to make him forget his recent question. And she succeeds; for presently they are walking along again, and he is very tractably listening to her opinion on the last popular novel.

"I don't like the girl a bit," she objects, with decision. "The idea of her being in love with What's-his-name for nearly a year and not knowing it! Women always know in such cases, unless they are sheer nonentities."

"Are you sure of that?" he murmurs, with lips so near her cheek that she can feel his breath faintly touch it. The wind has fallen, the sun is lower, the dark-green grassy lands wave all about them in many a graceful undulate line. No living creature is in sight; no house; no sign of life except one or two bronze-brown cattle feeding in a near meadow. It is utterly still, and the lulled air is laden with a keen sweet perfume.

Rufus Dalgrish looks at the woman who walks beside him, stately, composed, beautiful. Her pale summer draperies fall in long soft folds about a nobly-moulded figure. He marks the white gleam of her small delicate hands; he marks the rich knot of roses worn upon her full shapely bust; he marks the pinkish glimmer of tenderest flesh-tint beneath her neck's fair fleecy covering; he marks these and many other charms, and he feels his blood glow as if the warmth of some genial wine were filling its reiny labyrinths.

At first she smiles for answer a slow provocative smile, gradually turning the grayish lustre of her eyes till they dwell steadily on his for a moment, then veil themselves and drop toward the roses on her breast.

"Those are charming roses. Let me see: you have one, two, three, four. Cannot you spare me one—the smallest—for a *boutonnière*? It isn't so much to ask, considering this poor empty button-hole of mine."

Again her eyes meet his own; again the smile dawns into livelier brilliance about her vivid-red lips. On either cheek there is a deepened flush, as she lifts a hand to disengage one of the roses from its resting-place.

Just then her whole face becomes sud-

denly filled with mixed alarm and surprise. Barely a yard from Dalgrish stands a gaunt, ugly, unshorn man, seemingly emergent from the earth itself, though a huge mass of rocks not far off may account for his abrupt appearance. He is painfully dirty from crown to sole; and he carries a bundle in a red handkerchief, painfully dirty likewise. Why do tramps always show such an unvaried preference for bundles in red handkerchiefs over every other color?

The man grumbles something, addressing Dalgrish and extending Dalgrishward about as entirely repulsive-looking a hand as one might well fancy.

Rankest impostor never found a more willing victim than Miss Martel's companion has been all his life. If he lacked, when rich, that finer charitable sense which teases some rich men into the building of hospitals and asylums, he has still always possessed such careless generosity of temperament as will make him fling coppers more or less broadcast without regard to the deserts of the recipient. His hand is in his pocket now, when Miss Martel's whisper has the effect of keeping it there.

"I wouldn't, if I were you. He looks like a perfect wretch."

There are times when it is well to call a spade a spade, as everybody knows; and again there are times when such candor is far from discreet. Whether the man hears Miss Martel's precise words or does not hear them, cannot be stated. Anyhow, the disgusted look that her face wears quickly finds answer in his own irate scowl.

"An' so ye'll keep an honest man from gettin' a few pennies, will ye, my fine miss?" he growls hoarsely. "More's the shame on yer mean spirit!"

Dalgrish has drawn his brows together savagely, long before the last insolent word is spoken.

"Look here, my man," he breaks out, with sharp force of tone, "I'll thank you to be off and have nothing more to say."

The man half turns, his unwashed, unsightly face one glower of sullenness. Then he pauses and faces Dalgrish again; he has remembered, perhaps, that they are on no public road, but out of view and hearing of anything more protectional than those few cows in the near meadow. And it would seem as if the recollection

has emboldened him accordingly; for, a moment later, he has given vent to such a burst of oathful personality as makes Miss Martel raise both hands to her ears with a short, shocked cry.

Her companion's grasp tightens about the slim little walking-stick he is carrying. "You infernal scoundrel!" he shouts furiously, "if you're not off this instant I'll give you the sort of thrashing that you'll not forget for weeks."

The object of this indignation replies with a husky, guffawing laugh, drops his red bundle, and settles a hand on each hip. "Thrash me, will yer, young gent? S'pose yer try."

Dalgrish feels his blood on fire now. He does try, but with ill success at first. In making a bellicose dive at the man's coat-collar he receives a staggering blow beneath one of his eyes. The blow is magnificently returned in a second's time; for Dalgrish, like many another American youth, was a proficient in most athletic exercises long before his college days began. After this the two opponents come to very close quarters; they grapple, and for a little while it looks an even chance which will first throw the other. Bulk at length triumphs over agility and practised sinew; they fall, Dalgrish beneath. But just as the ruffian's "vast and filthy hand" has reached his assailant's throat, an immensity of reserved force on the part of Dalgrish sends him rolling over on his back, pinions him powerfully between wrist and forearm, and so turns the tables with mingled entirety and permanence.

"You needn't struggle, you devil!" presently roars Dalgrish. "It's of no use. I've a good mind to choke the life out of you before I get up. However, I'll give you one other chance of being off. I don't think you'll show much more fight, now that you've found out who is the better of us two."

With this he springs nimbly to his feet, his eye fixed, keenly watchful, on the fallen man. It was a correct prophecy. There is no more fight shown—nothing further, indeed, than the slow erection of that gaunt body, the picking up of a red bundle, and the skulking descent down an adjacent hill-slope.

When fifty good yards lie between himself and his late antagonist, Dalgrish turns to look for Miss Martel. He sees a mass

of whitish drapery glimmering close by at the foot of a little rocky eminence. It will not require severe penetration on the reader's part to infer that this whitish drapery is in some manner connected with the object of his search. He believes at first that she has fainted, but on drawing near he makes the discovery that she has merely resolved herself into the most crouching attitude conceivable by woman, and has buried her drooped head in both hands.

Dalgrish makes rapid work of placing himself in a position very similar to her own. "Miss Martel," he murmurs, excitedly, "Lilian——" Then he stops short, and colors a little at his own boldness, while she shows him an ashen-pale and tear-stained face.

The next moment she has caught both his hands in both hers.

"Oh, you dear, splendid, brave man! Don't think that I've been doing this all the time; I only got down here and began making a fool of myself when I was sure it was over and you were not much hurt. Are you much hurt?" she rattles on, with the nicest kind of feminine logic, a sob now and then breaking her pell-mell sentences. "It was all my fault. If I hadn't said what I did say, that wretch would never have behaved so horribly."

"Don't let us talk about the wretch," Dalgrish answers. His palms are tingling where her warm hands press against them. The tears she has shed because of his danger make her, in her sympathetic woman's weakness, divinely beautiful to him.

"Have you forgiven me?" she questions tremulously.

"Pshaw! what is there to forgive? I didn't think (honestly I didn't!) that you cared enough about me to—to——"

"Well?"

"To mind much what became of me," he finishes, with lips close against her ear, as though unwilling that even the silence and the solitude shall hear him.

She lowers her face, where the color makes rosiest riot; she tries to draw away her hands, but he holds them firmly. "Lilian," he whispers, "Lilian Martel, I have no right to tell you that I love you."

Even with her face aflame as it is, she lifts it then. "How no right?" she falters.

"No right in a worldly sense. For in a worldly sense I am not your equal."

"Not my equal!"

He drops her hands abruptly and starts to his feet. She rises also, an instant later. Silence. One of the distant cows lows melodiously; a light wafture of scented breeze sets a little sisterhood of daisies just between them quivering in every fragile cluster.

"Good heavens!" he apostrophizes; "you must know; everybody knows; it has followed me like my own shadow ever since it happened. Mrs. Heath must have told you."

She shakes her head as though asking herself whether his late gladiatorial actions have had some melancholy mental effect upon him. "I don't understand you a bit, Mr. Dalgrish."

He laughs oddly. "Will you have plain English? I'm as poor as a church mouse. I once had quite a fortune, you know, but it's all gone now."

His words certainly do not seem much of a bombshell to her. "I am very sorry," she presently comments with calmest commiseration.

Whereupon he gets bolder. "Of course, for this reason, I seem wholly without the right, Lilian" (moving to her side through the daisy bunches while he speaks), "of saying that I want you for a wife. You are really beyond my reach. All your friends will say so. Nearly everybody will believe that I covet not you, darling, but your fortune."

"My fortune!" She opens upon him the wildest eyes of amazement. "Who on earth told you that I had more than a few hundreds a year?"

He finds voice enough to answer, and no more than to answer:

"Mrs. Heath."

He sees a strange look cross her face at this. Then she suddenly turns her back upon him and walks away with head bent groundward.

He does not follow her for some little time, but remains with eyes fixed in one straight-ahead stare, both hands tugging industriously at his moustache. After a while he moves toward the spot where she is now standing. He is very close to her before he speaks her name.

"Lilian."

She half turns. He discovers that her face is set and hard.

"Well?" she responds, neither coldly nor cordially.

"I guess, though I am not sure, that you and I have both been thinking very much the same thoughts."

No answer. Presently he continues: "I mean we have both been thinking that Mrs. Heath——"

Here he pauses.

She faces him then, murmuring quickly:

"Well? What about Mrs. Heath?"

"She is a good hater; that is all. Do you agree with me?"

A rapid and bitter laugh leaves the girl's lips. "Yes. She hates me because she believes I tried to make Archie Heath break with her and marry me; which is a false belief, by the way. Why does she hate you?"

He echoes her bitter laugh then.

"For good reasons. I behaved more or less abominably to her when I was rich and eligible Rufus Dalgrish, when she was poor and scheming little Fanny Chichester."

After that there is quite a long pause. She breaks it at last. "We are quite far from home, and we must remember what our estimable hostess said about getting back in time for dinner."

Somehow their eyes meet just here, with a strong, mutual search of each other's faces. No matter what the search precisely tells each of them. It results, as far as Dalgrish is concerned, in some words something after this fashion:

"Lilian Martel, you and I both started with an idea of marrying each other for money. We were the merest blind puppets in the hands of a rather clever and a very revengeful woman. To-day we have both been undecieved. Mrs. Heath's revenge is accomplished, I suppose. She has fooled you; she has fooled me."

Lilian Martel has averted her eyes from his face. She just bows for answer.

"For my own part," he presently recommences, "it seems as if worldly policy could only dictate one course to each of us."

She shrugs her shoulders. "Do you mean go home to dinner?"

"Yes."

"Very well. Suppose we go?"

Their eyes have met again Rufus Dal-

grish thrusts forth his hand for her to take, and now his voice quivers under the stress of strong passion.

"Or suppose, Lilian, that before we go we strike an agreement, you and I?"

"An agreement?" (laying her hand in his.)

"Yes. To make Mrs. Heath's revenge perfect. To marry each other. I love you as I have loved no woman before; as I shall love no woman again. I am willing to take you even if your hundreds a year are fifties—are tens—are nothings. Will you take me with the same brilliant prospects?"

Her reply is not in words. She throws herself upon his breast and sobs there for a good three minutes of time. When she at length lifts her face to his, he sees that it is a very April of smiles and tears. "Don't you think, Rufus, that we deserve to be called the worst match of the season?"

"I haven't a doubt of it, darling. I don't see how we are going to live at all except in Cleveland, where there is some slight chance for me."

She laughs a good clear, hearty laugh. "That will indeed be 'across the hills and far away,' won't it? What are those words?"

Across the hills and far away,
Beyond their utmost purple rim,
And deep into the dying day
The happy princess followed him.

I am the happy princess and you are 'him.' Goodness gracious, Rufus dear!"

"Well, darling; what has happened?"

"Your eye? It's getting awfully black."

"You don't tell me so! I was half afraid that it would."

She winds both arms about his neck. "What a day of misfortunes this has been for you!"

He almost frowns with the earnestness of his answer, while leaving a long, passionate kiss on her uplifted lips. "It is a day of blessings rather. I weigh Mrs. Heath's hatred and my black eye against Lilian Martel and years of hard work in Cleveland. One is a feather; the other is a lump of gold."

After that they begin their stroll homeward arm in arm.

EDGAR FAWCETT.

WOMEN AS IDEALISTS.

EVERY woman who does not clearly escape womanhood is at least half a poet. She sees not alone what is, but what ought to be, the potential not less than the actual. Her outward eye is kindled, strengthened by faith and expectation. She interprets to and for herself the essence of things, and by a spiritual cipher she cannot impart. Acquaintance may oppose her vision, but she trusts it still; for in the missal of her hope are recorded endless miracles. She will believe in the face of contradiction, and all the more firmly, since her confidence is superior to her experience.

Woman is idealistic by nature, and the sternest realism in life hardly weakens her idealizing faculty. She is kindred to the poet through sympathetic, if not creative power. She sees all he sings; but he cannot sing all she sees. Idealization is alike her benison and bane, though this is made innocuous often by its potent antidote. Ideals steadily cherished keep her so exalted that permanent depression or strong reaction seldom supervenes.

To her capacity for idealization woman owes her serenest satisfaction, and most of her happiness. It produces innumerable illusions; but woman's illusions are sweet, even after they have been dispelled. The delight resulting from the contemplation of the false lingers in her memory long beyond the discovery of the real. "If this be a dream," her heart is ever saying, "let me sleep on." And when she is rudely awakened, she shuts her eyes to dream again her pleasant dream. Idealization is to her what egotism is to man. It gives her light when her little planet is in eclipse; sustains her when her feet are blistered on the causeway of the inevitable. It counsels faith in others; excuses to-day with promises for to-morrow; refers to the golden lining of the sable shield. Unlike masculine egotism, which elevates self above society, it is a persuasive and gentle force, softly apologizing because the world does not always appear at its best.

Except for woman's idealization, to what slender advantage man would show!

If she should see him from the first even as he sees himself—and in this he is the tenderest of critics—his sweetest wooing would be slow to win. She beholds him through the projection of her own fancy; paints him with the warm hues of her wishes; covers him with the perfections she has gleaned from romances. While he stands there, small, plain, narrow, she glances beyond and above him, and makes his image very unlike himself. The image is large, ornamental, broad—almost a splendid satire on the poor original. It is the mirage of the partial mind; but he regards it as the mirror of truth. Never suspecting he is the subject of idealization, he considers himself a marvellously proper object of worship. That which is given to him by the imagination of another, he conceives to be his rightful possession. He may be somewhat surprised in the early flush of flattered vanity; but a little of such self-examination as he indulges in indicates that feminine judgment is at times of the soundest. [It is remarkable how profoundly we esteem the opinions of those that entirely agree with our own, especially if they are the inventors of our virtues.]

The idealized man becomes the inflated egotist. He condescends to, patronizes tolerates the rapt woman, who is really his maker, deserving credit for having so far exceeded Nature. He prides himself on the fascination he exercises, when he is indebted for it to her ardent imagining. He is conqueror before he has conquered; he is victor without a battle. And yet the hardest warrior never enjoyed a triumph half so much. No feminine vanity can equal his during his period of sentimental mis-comprehension. He will listen to her who is at once the charmer and the charmed, as midnight listens to the moaning of the sea. Not a thought of her save as the vehicle of exuberant praise will disturb the evenness of his fancied excellence. Though her voice be harsh, it shall sound like Cordelia's while it utters the syllables of his worship. The spell he rests under will, for the time, extend to her. She who pro-

nounces him enchanting and wonderful must be in some measure likewise. The dullest man is not deprived of a certain talent for admiring the admiration of which he is the object.

Women are in the habit of declaring that they do not care for handsome men. He whom they tell so may be sure of his homeliness, understanding the word as a placebo to his vanity. They do care for handsome men, and for homely men as well; but the homely men they care for do not seem so to them. Trust her who is really interested in you to find beauty invisible to others! You may be ugly as *Æsop*; yet shall she discover a line or hue or feature the most powerful microscope would not disclose. If you be misshapen, your variation from the regular renders you distinguished. Afflicted with strabismus, it lends piquancy to your face. Wronged by Nature with a poor apology for a nose, some other fine feature gains by this defect. Your mouth being very large, it is pretty certain to be well formed, or relieved at least by a pleasant smile. Should you be bald, baldness is becoming to you; it heightens your intellectual expression; and then *Æschylus* and *Julius Cæsar* and *Shakespeare* were bald. Be anything but dumb (even then you shall be lauded for the eloquence you might have spoken), and the woman you attract will turn a flaw into a favor. Such is the power of idealization, to which man is indebted for most of the virtues he fails to possess.

We are always wondering why this or that woman could ever have loved or married this or that man (marriage is no proof of love on her part), in the absence of all perceptible provocation. [This sort of questioning we never apply to ourselves, because we hold it superfluous. They who see us could not be curious touching a subject that is self-evident.] The reason is, we see the man as he is; the woman sees, or perhaps has seen him as he is not. She is, or was, the victim of idealization; and the kindest wish for her will be that she may never be undeceived. While he can walk in the glory of her shedding, or stand under the rosy shadows of her created heaven, all will go well, though he be the greatest of muffs, or the most vulgar of vulgarians. To feed upon illusions is grateful, so long as we know not what we eat. Having learn-

ed the exact quality of our food, it loses its savor, and the recollection of our past pabulum causes indigestion.

It is not difficult to perceive why particular individuals have been invested by women with certain attributes not justly their property. They furnish bases to rear the structures of fancy on; they offer suggestions, and indicate possibilities, though these are never fulfilled.

Marcus is not inherently fine, is not chivalrous, nor brilliant, nor self-sacrificing, as his wife, his sisters, and his feminine friends suppose. But he has the artist's mind, and with it a singular felicity of speech. He can cleverly conceal his weaknesses, and convey, as if by accident, impressions in no wise true. To listen to is to believe him; to be in his presence is to catch the contagion of his self-love. Severe analysis is needed to reduce him to his elements, and women are rarely analysts. Hence Marcus passes in his fair circle for his noetic antipode; achieves the dubious distinction among masculine critics of a successful counterfeit.

Carlos is regarded as an exemplar of virtue, almost too good for his longevity. Women talk to him of their sins, and submit their conscience to his scrutiny. He is to them an unordained priest, a natural father confessor. As they grow intimate with him, he changes his complexion, and their complexion changes with his. They would be shocked at his hypocrisy, were he not a consummate master therein. He explains most plausibly why he is not what he usually appears; that what he really is the best men are, and ought to be. Most sins are conventional violations merely: at their base lie humanity and spiritual freedom. His dangerous sophisms are thought to be irrefragable arguments; and Carlos triumphs by showing that wickedness is only a term misunderstood by society; that to obey our inclinations is the inspiration of sterling piety.

Pontino represents to a large number of feminine admirers the noble daring, the knightly devotion of *Saladin* or *Godfrey de Bouillon*. They deem it unfortunate he was not born centuries ago, when sacred causes needed defenders, and great wrongs required righting. How he would have gleamed along the pages of History! How his name would have flashed through heroic verse! Alack, that his late coming

into life has snatched him from immortality! The men who know him laugh at such rhapsodies. They have seen Pontino put to the test, and excessive caution, which some pronounce timidity, was his most remarkable trait. He resembles the knights-errant as they were with their visors up. He is overbearing to the weak, courteous to the strong, selfish to the core. His masculine intimates say as much, and the women who listen think them envious of Pontino's fearlessness and magnanimity—bent on traducing excellence they cannot hope to reach.

Marcus, Carlos, Pontino have been idealized by the women of their set; how, it is hard to say. These may have gotten their opinion from the men, or from each other, and, once having it, they were loath to let it go. Women are so ceaselessly hunting heroes that they follow almost any false scent. They rarely run down the game; if they did, they would discover their mistake. They are content to be a-field, to be part of the cry and excitement and dash, without being in at the death. If they once hear a strong eulogium passed upon a man, they are prone to believe it just. They may have good reason to doubt afterward; their own observation may be contrary to the fair report. But they close their eyes to demonstration, and listen to the inward siren that sings from their heart. Idealization is hot and passionate; it will not wait for, it detests corroboration; it cajoles the reason, and presses the poppy to the sense of judgment.

Averse as women are to unidealization, there are circumstances which drive them to it. Of such circumstances marriage is perhaps the most peremptory. The sternest trial to which sympathy or congeniality can be put, is for persons thinking they have it to live together. Shams and shows cannot last through long cohabitation. Men who have been the firmest friends, while in each other's company periodically and frequently, have clashed and quarrelled in their attempt to dwell beneath the same roof, and, occupying the same apartments, have been moved to commit amicide. Had Alexander and Hephæstion, or Achilles and Patroclus, undertaken community of lodgings, they might have hated each other like Eteocles and Polyneices. Friendship must be perfect to endure constant companionship.

Human nature should not be strained to abnormal tension.

If it be thus with friendship, it is even more so with marriage, in which the relations are presumed to be the closest possible. The married, unless they be wholly and mutually indifferent, must either be the tenderest of companions or the bitterest of antagonists. Usually, peace or war is their unavoidable condition; any medium between the extremes it is unsafe to expect. Ideals, unless dependent on clear perception and mutual sympathy, are liable to suffocate in the close air of domesticity. If ideals be not strengthened by sober facts in daily intercourse, they must give way.

Unquestionably, there is a deal of prose, if not in simple matrimony, assuredly in family associations. It cannot be otherwise. All life is prose; the common lot contains scarcely a strophe of tolerable rhyme. We keep pace with no lyric measures while we think, and wail, and struggle with destiny. Our mildest dithyrambs are confined to dreams and manuscripts. Were existence pervaded with poetry, much of the rhythm and imagery would be left out in the dull and monotonous round of cooking and eating, sleeping and bed-making, only to repeat the process from day to day. The husband must hold to lofty moods who is not bored and annoyed by inevitable accidents of the household, and by the infantine music which proves to him so unpleasantly often that he is a father, and, in some sense, his children's foe. The wife must be twice an angel who is not frequently provoked at the stupidity of her lord in drowsing through the sole time she has to talk, or at his selfishness in complaining of surroundings that do not begin to be as disagreeable as her own.

In spite of all this, idealization may continue when the married are the mated, when the pulse of the blood responds to the throb of the soul. In loving and sympathetic natures their mutual love and sympathy beget poetry enough to swallow up whatever prose their encompassments may engender. Familiarity does not breed contempt, except where contemptibleness is a latent property. Familiarity with fine minds discloses only additional fineness. The nearer the rose, the sweeter the perfume. The deeper the well, the purer the water. The better we know those

that spiritually belong to us, provided we be as we should, the more shall we find to honor and admire. Familiarity, in its vulgar sense, cannot exist between superior souls. With them it is understanding, affinity, correlation, heightening and expanding each in each.

As marriages are ordinarily managed, the wooing as brief as the passion that inspires it, idealization has slender chance to flourish. Women wed deities, and are startled from their divine delirium to find themselves the yoke-fellows of very common mortals. They stretch out their arms to Jove, and shrink from the intimacy of a Satyr. While they fling back the caresses of the sunshine, a chill wind sweeps out of a dark-hiding cloud, and the aspect of things is sadly altered. If the early idealization had been less, or the late idealization were more, wedlock would not result so drearily as it does. The wife would persevere in her illusions, if her partner would, even negatively, aid her. In place of this, however, he seems studious to disenchant her, diligent to dissipate her most modest expectation. Like the hederæ, idealization will thrive without fostering; will cover the defects of the thing it clings to; will render the common beautiful, the ruin attractive. But it must be let alone. The elements will not harm it—not the snow, nor the storm, nor the frost. Human hands, however, may strip its leaves, break its tendrils, drag it to the ground. Such hands, too often, the unwise and uncongenial husband employs to mar the idealization of his spouse. Not wittingly either, in most cases. He simply follows his regular course, which is over the buds of her hope and the blossoms of her belief. Not once, but many times, he tramples on them, until she gazes at them lying dead beneath his feet, with silent lips and swimming eyes. The worst is when he is unconscious of the devastation he has wrought. He sees her emotion, but he inquires not the cause. He reflects that it is woman's luxury to weep; and of such luxury it will not be his fault if she does not have her fill. Woman's tears, he thinks, mean nothing—are the one thing in creation that has no cause. His opinion is very widely shared by his sex, and is naturally enough, therefore, a most melancholy mistake. Her tears have the deepest significance; it is a se-

vere reflection on man's intelligence and sensibility that he fails to understand them. She weeps, not because she likes to, but because she is unhappy—a truism which many men will regard as a contradiction, or at least a paradox.

Flowing waters are beautiful, but not in woman's eyes. Nature has not fixed her fountains there; man has made them there. He who first said her tears are lovelier than her smile was, inferentially, a wretch who sought to relieve himself of the responsibility of abusing or neglecting her by an uttered sentimentalism.

Be wary, O woman, of him who is an ever-ready courtier with tongue or pen! Your steadfast friends do not exhaust their friendship in expression.

Still, it is better that the woman who is unhappy should weep, than sit in sorrow with unmoistened eyes. She is doubly wretched and dangerous then. The muse of the deepest tragedy calmly contemplates the coming fate; her awful vision is not dimmed by the vestige of a single tear.

In many homeless homes, idealization is condemned to early execution. It is the man, almost always, who pronounces doom, and the woman who pleads for mercy for what has been as the nursing of her bosom. He will not allow her ideals to abide by his heartstone. He quenches them ruthlessly, one after the other, and imagines his slaughter to be household discipline. There is no nonsense about him (sense and nonsense being, to his mind, the same thing), and he wearisomely iterates that marriage and sentiment cannot sail in the same ship. Surely they cannot, where he commands the vessel; he would sit up half the night to throw the smallest fragment of sentiment overboard, and spend the other half in searching for more.

The husband often believes that tenderness is weakness (if it were the sole weakness, he would be a modern Milo), and that dignity is sullenness. He is sufficiently cheerful and pleasant, frequently merry and boisterous, while he is out of doors. But when he crosses his own threshold he takes on moodiness and reticence, as becomes the tyrant of a family. His wife's smile evokes a frown; his children look scared, and steal from his sight; even the cat in the corner wakes up and creeps away; for, being female,

she can trust her instincts. He discovers something wrong, something neglected, of course; and he complains with an unction which shows how sweet it is to him to complain without cause. He never can have anything as he wants it, or as other men have it. His poor wife admits she has done wrong, albeit for her soul she cannot tell how, and promises to do better, without knowing what better is. Having drained his ingenuity in fault-finding, after dinner, he takes the evening paper and the lounge, and is soon asleep. The two little children hear his heavy breathing; look up relieved; go over to their mother; lean on her lap; whisper low the fresh, sweet story of their love for her. The breathing grows louder: the canary in the cage lifts his head from beneath his wing, and chirps gleefully, as if he recognized in the snore the sign of approaching apoplexy. Does the thought of the bird pass into the children's minds, and radiate their precociously sad faces with a hopeful smile? They wish to say their evening prayers; their mother takes them to another room lest they disturb the conscientious slumberer on the sofa. They say "Our Father who art in heaven" with such genuine fervor, that it is plain they regard Him as something very different from their father on earth. Heaven help them if He were not!

How absurd any attempt to idealize such a home! Delphine herself could not do it. The most gifted of romancers would not undertake so futile a task. Only a woman would make the effort.

The wife of that supremely hard and selfish man painted, in her early years, in the soft distance of the future, the fairest picture of a happy home, a husband gentle, loving, tender as herself—the source of her sunshine, the centre of her peace. There was no virtue he did not own, no resource he could not command. He was peerless among peers, the prince of possibility; in a word, the ideal man. When he came who was to be her husband, how thoroughly unlike the creature of her dream! His entire character did not contain space, one would suppose, for a single peg to hang a wreath of fancy on; and yet she loved him! She thought she did. [The difference between a woman's thinking she loves, and really loving, is the difference between her weal and

woe; and still she is constantly committing the fatal blunder.] What the suitor lacked she supplied with a spendthrift's prodigality. She created an image; fell down and worshipped it until the petty archetype spurned her from his feet. And yet she saw the image alone; continued to worship it, to yield to the fascination reflected from herself. She gave to the eidolon of her past and present whatever she wished and needed, and it gave not even an echo back; for it was he, and would be nothing else. She was slow to discover this, fortunately for her. Had the revelation been sudden, it might have turned her brain. For the woman who weds a god to live with a churl, there can be no further calamity.

Now the husband has long stood clear. His tyranny and baseness have exorcised the demon of infatuation, and the wife is ten times more wretched than when she was possessed. But for her children, she would not wait for Nature to relieve her of the load of life. For them she bears up; still struggles to be in semblance what she has been; labors to appeal to the gastric region which contains his heart. Miserable, broken-spirited woman, when she strives to smile, it is like the moonlight on a corpse! The good pastor of her church, in asking the prayers of the congregation for the sick and dying, forgets her, who, sick unto death, cannot die; who, worse than dead, walketh as a spectre at noonday, and will not be laid.

The source of not a few women's idealization is in the man idealized. Nature and fortune may have slighted him: he may be an empty swain; but if he can tell his own story, as the ancients told theirs, with no version from the other side, he can have their luck in creating heroes.

Othello was rude in speech, bred in camps, tawny of complexion—nothing in his favor. Nevertheless, with opportunity to brag, he won the gentle Desdemona, who so idealized him that he sent her to her death, deluded still. An excellent moral in the tragedy; but all the sex of Brabantio's daughter are too much interested in the argument to heed the moral.

The man tells his story, and tells it to his advantage, if not truly; leaving the woman to wonder if so rare a being can

have a common destiny. The subjunctive mood is fatal; it slips into the potential, and speedily rises to the indicative, first future tense. Like her sisters, she has no skepticism in her composition; is but too glad to carry intimations to their largest expounding; is anxious to put the best interpretation upon the most questionable appearances. All he says passes through her mind into her heart, unsettling one and inflaming the other. He is not slow to perceive the impression he has made, and to follow it with endless fusillades of egotism. He boasts more and more, having so good and credulous a listener, and begins to believe he has actually had some part in his own (related) experiences. If he has any understanding of feminine idiosyncrasies, he narrates his love affairs—they sound better when drawn from the imagination—intimating he has been adored of the sex, though for some unaccountable reason he has never been able to reciprocate the dozens of passions he has excited. [Women are usually inclined to a man of whom they think other women have been enamored, from that supposition alone; and if he has been indifferent to the affections of those others, their erotic enthusiasm knows no bounds. They have confidence in their own power to bring him to a point of surrender, and it is delightful to their vanity to believe that they alone will enjoy the signal triumph.] At first she may marvel how he should have proved so dangerous; but as soon as he has repeated the old falsehood a score of times, she will be conscious in her own person of his fascinations. Such is the force of imitating Munchausen in matters sentimental! She will keep green in her memory, unless she marry the Gascon, the romantic adventures he has reported, and yield them as much credence as if they had been unfolded to her by actual vision.

Most women rather like the company of masculine egotists, who, by speaking of themselves, do not offend them as they would offend men. They love to be flattered, as our sex do; but they are tenfold as patient as we under impertinent and unpleasant egotism. We want to recount ourselves, and for this reason we pronounce him an insufferable bore who wants to recount himself. "Confound such an ass!" say we; "he is a positive Hoosac; should be suppressed by public enactment." So he ought to be. We are

merciless to those who anticipate our acts, or interfere with our favorite vices. Women, having more curiosity about, and consequently more interest than we in the human family, listen with pleasure to the vamping of their masculine acquaintances. Their tendency to hero-worship inclines them to believe much if not most of what they hear; and contiguity to a man capable of such prodigious monologue is agreeable. There is a sense of protection in his big words; he who uses them so glibly must, to their mind, be equal to some proportion of performance. As she gets better acquainted with the egotist, her faith augments instead of decreasing, as it should do, and she carries off his emphasis to fringe her fancies with.

Three-quarters of the reputation we have with women is of our verbal facture. They can hardly question our accomplishments without questioning our veracity.

The many men who are not braggarts nor self-asserters beget ideals in woman through their reserve. This appears to her evidence of latent power and prolific promise, and she approves them, as she has approved the swashbucklers for an opposite reason. Modesty of demeanor, maintained by strength of will and sensitive pride, holds her, because she knows the corselet is below the silken vest; that the gentle hand may gripe like iron. Modesty must not assume the form of shyness or bashfulness if it would draw her; for these latter qualities invade her prerogative; and, above all, she loves virility. Men of this order, annoyed in the beginning that she overestimates them, labor to correct her judgments. But they make small headway. The more they protest, the more she is assured she is right. The fuller their explanations, the more incomprehensible she regards them, until finally they yield expectation, consenting to be thought of as possessing six times their proper stature. Mystery is dear to the feminine breast. He whom she cannot or will not understand is sure of lodging in her mind, and of embalment among her ideals. She seems to have a notion that what she may fathom is not deep, and that the highest charms are tardy of manifestation. She likes black because it is black, and white because it is not black. She warms to boldness, and welcomes modesty; delights in brunettes, and dotes on blondes. A man

need not be anything to a woman whose preconception is in his favor. Whatever she wishes him to be she will make him, and on a much grander and more generous scale than Nature has willed.

An extraordinary number of ideals are furnished ready to hand by the novelists departed and contemporaneous. Woman turns the highly seasoned pages to familiarize herself with these, lest her private abundant stock should give out. She discovers resemblances that Argus could not, between the heroes of the tales and her masculine friends. The despicable fellows and prosy villains represent her enemies—at least the few persons she imagines to be such. The brilliant scoundrels she has a weakness for, and keeps to distribute in her chosen circle—afraid sometimes there won't be enough to go around.

If her masculine acquaintance be large, she has the fictitious characters mentally stamped and labelled with the names and qualities of her actual familiars. The men she is fond of are baptized Claude Laroche, or Arthur Granville, or Sydney Mortimer, after the gentlemen born of printer's ink, who were never like any human creatures since the world began. Claude and Arthur and Sydney show surprising adaptability: they might be well called universal, since they are made to represent an indiscriminate variety of persons, and one equally with another. They are withdrawn, for example, from Althea's old friends and bestowed upon the new. Claude was once presumed to portray a slender youth of five-and-twenty; afterward a middle-aged merchant of ample dimensions; then a cadaverous lawyer in his sixtieth year; later a prosperous clergyman who could repeat the Lord's Prayer in more syllables than any clerical brother of his time. Arthur changes like a chameleon. In a twelve-month he stood for six of the lady's admirers—two Americans strikingly dissimilar, a Frenchman, a Cuban, a jovial Englishman, and a rollicking Hibernian. Sydney is the most elastic of the literary trio. He impersonates several of Althea's suitors, all during the same week; though not one of them could be mistaken for another, even by a stranger, on the darkest of nights. Sydney is her pet ideal. The wooer who pleases her best is rewarded with Sydney's name; but as she is moody, she is pleased and displeased by turns,

causing the name to shift and reshift until it must be doubtful of its own identity.

The standard poems, dramas, and novels are ceaselessly drawn upon for ideals; each woman seeing in the character that interests her the man she is interested in. There may not be, there usually is not, the faintest parallel between them. What of that? The mirror of a woman's mind reflects that which is within rather than without.

How many thousand miserable milk-sops in this country have been femininely regarded as Hamlets! Being weak and undecided—worthless, in a word—they have been fashioned into melancholy princes, refined misanthropes, scholarly dandies. If careless of their debts, it is because of their lofty souls, which will not permit them to grovel on the earth. If they misquote from the poetical dictionary, their thoughts are among the stars—particularly when asked to pay a bill. If they play the fool, they merely reveal the eccentricities of genius. If they do anything vulgar, malignant, or contemptible, they are to be excused by reason of their peculiar organization—a delicate mode of declaring them rogues or asses of a consummate pattern.

A common codger, blessed with the animal spirits that such unprincipled fellows are wont to possess, is deemed a counterpart of Don Caesar de Bazan; though, had he been in the place of the spendthrift count, he would have sold poor Maritana to the incontinent king for a purse of gold.

Vagabonds that live to tittle, that are the embodiment of selfishness, are mentioned as Sydney Cartons, the magnanimous gentleman who gave his life to preserve that of the husband of the woman he had loved without return.

Mooning youths, without basis of character or capacity for development, are associated with Wilhelm Meister, who at least mooned to some purpose, and got rid of his megrims in the end.

The stripling who affects to be *blasé* and cynical, who openly ridicules all theologies, and yet secretly prays every night before he sleeps, for fear he shall be damned, is certainly another Candide. Blunt folks would style him a craven and a dolt; but the silly girl who is fond of him has read something of Voltaire, and must put her reading to romantic use.

The brute and bully that hectors the

timid and weak, but cringes to the brave and strong, cannot conveniently be aught else than a duplicate of Rochester. Charlotte Brontë's rude, almost repulsive hero has given to every tyrant a new warrant for his tyranny. The woman able to discover attractiveness in the character, can have no difficulty in finding much to admire in the man imitating Rochester in all his worst faults.

Great is the power of idealization, and women are the great idealists!

Noted characters of history, particularly if they have any environments out of which romance may be extracted, are made to glow in the warm hues of feminine imagination. Some of the greatest villains that have ever lived have been adored by women of their own time, and venerated by the women of posterity. No woman likes a villain, believing him to be such. But she frequently loves him under a virtuous disbelief of his vicious endowments. Having some one quality that appeals to her, she refuses or is unable to perceive the defects that should and would repel her, were she not blind to them. Her weak side is her sentimental side. Him who secures that, she rivets to her soul. The hot blood of her heart overflows, drowns her judgment; and on this burning flood many of the unworthiest men walk, by the miracle of love, into the ark of her affections.

How many men known to be vile, wholly undeserving of esteem, have marched triumphantly into the very stronghold of women's tenderness; while other men, pure and noble, have asked in vain that the portcullis might be drawn up for their amiable admission! Wicked audacity often wins when modest merit fails, with women as with the world. Both respect strength and revere success, either careless of what these conceal, or fancying they are the exponents of cardinal deserving. Philibert de Gramont, profligate, gambler, sharper, a nobleman without nobility, a soldier without true courage, was the idol of titled ladies and the husband of a woman he was compelled to wed. His "Memoirs," written by his brother-in-law to flatter the vanity of the aged *roué*, show his facility in duping those who might have been different but for his corrupting communication.

Louis Armand Duplessis, the notorious Marshal de Richelieu, the degenerate suc-

cessor of the great Cardinal, passed his life in shameful debauchery. He infected the air he breathed; and yet sweet and gentle women thought him generous and chivalrous, and exchanged their confidence for their ruin.

Giovanni Casanova, the graceless adventurer, was so cunning and captivating in his own conceit, that he openly vaunted that no prison nor woman in Europe could withstand him. His career was one of conquest from princesses to peasants. Principle and honor were to him but as coins of vantage, to be thrown away where they would most avail, though never to be redeemed. After nearly eighty years of profligacy, the last of which he devoted to the publication of his licentiousness, he died in the bosom of the Church, recanting his skepticism and rejoicing in his incontinence.

Jonathan Swift, so coarse, so brutal, so forbidding in character and manner that he did not deserve a friend, was devotedly loved by three of the finest women in Britain, each of whom he treated like a savage. Protesting to Stella that he cherished her a million times more than his life, he deliberately broke her heart. Vanessa, the gentle spirit who commemorated his all-too-seldom visits by planting a laurel in the garden where they met, he killed by his ruffianism. Varina, whom he had proposed to marry, he insulted so grossly by his conditions, that he drove her into suffering strangeness. He manifested his self-understanding by observing the anniversary of his birth as a day of mourning, and he had reason to be, what one of his biographers styles him, the unhappiest being on earth.

John Churchill, the renowned Duke of Marlborough, the betrayer of his country and his cause, gained unlimited favor in woman's eyes because, with distinguishing sordidness and avarice, he would take from her anything she had to give, whether kiss or kerchief, political influence or purse of gold. Altogether heartless, hearts came at his call, and countesses and duchesses, whom he flattered and filched from, fell at his feet.

The women so strongly attached to those men were attracted by properties which the many could not see, perchance did not exist. Catching at some winning element, they rounded the rest by their power of discovering the invisible.

De Gramont was a courtier and an elegant trifler; studied the sex, and could better detect a weak place in a feminine heart than in an enemy's line. He was a prince of galliards at a most profligate court, and in his day immorality was the fashion.

Duplessis was a poor soldier and a wretched coxcomb; but his prestige for gallantry made new gallantries easy. What we know of him now was not known by his admirers until too late.

Casanova was a confirmed sentimentalist, and glossed his villainies with heroic emotions; breaking his heart for Henriette to-day, and binding it up with Leonora's caresses on the morrow.

Swift was a man of genius, and capable of secret kindness and charity. He was most melancholy, too, and melancholy draws women like the law of gravitation.

Churchill was an illustrious general, and one of the handsomest of his countrymen; and to fame and beauty what can be denied?

Above everything that these and all other soldiers, courtiers, adventurers, and authors have had in power of fascination, is the ideal which infatuated women feel and foster in the teeth of appearance and assertion. Many men are inordinately vain of the interest they excite in the opposite sex. They have little reason to be: they are attractive, not so much for what they have or are, as for what they seem to have or be. Popinjays who plume themselves upon the impression they have made upon some giddy damsel, might be less elated if they knew how unlike them is the image she has set up. They suppose they are thoroughly appreciated; but, in sober sooth, they are either greatly misunderstood, or their few good parts are grossly exaggerated.

The love of women for our sex is less a compliment to us than a credit to their imagination. They love their idea of love, and express their idea through our meagre personality. In the splendid temples of their phantasy we are grandly enshrined; suspecting we are commonplace, but gratified to think we are confounded with the supernal. A delicious vein of irony runs through the worship we receive—delicious because they who offer it are unconscious of its being, and because we alone share the secret of its stinging adulation.

The ability and disposition of women to idealize is the compensation of Nature for the unequal burthens she has thrust upon them. In giving them more to endure with less power of endurance, she must yield them an equivalent, which consists in a mental metamorphosis of the outward and the exaltation of the real. They would be weighed down and worn out long before they had fulfilled their destiny but for this vouchsafement. Their ideals keep them young and fresh, cheerful and hopeful, preserving that later and lovelier childhood which men, skeptical and cynical, enjoy to contemplate through social antithesis. Their idealization is frequently misinterpreted by our sex from lack of sympathy. It is considered gush, hypocrisy, dissimulation, falsehood. Women are charged with untruthfulness because they do not see or hear as we do. Our senses are variable, sometimes contradictory witnesses of the same thing. Women detect and catch suggestions, look beyond the mere fact, translate inferences, while we are deciphering the surface. It is the pinnacle of egotism to aver that any deviation from our perception is unfounded or unveracious; and yet on that pinnacle we pose and preach. We think they overstate: they feel we understate. We laugh at their enthusiasm: they regret our insensibility. We use our eyes: they use their eyes and mind. We censure their inexactness: they deplore our emotional destitution.

Men and women can never see through the same eyes; never have the same standpoint or the same atmosphere, until they are made one by sympathy and two by sex. What an arid waste this ball would show, were our angle of vision the only one! For its full translation the feminine retina is needed; for its perfect appreciation the feminine mind. The gods be thanked for woman's zeal and earnestness, intensity and enthusiasm—the countervail for man's supineness and gelidity, indifference and skepticism. Call it gush if you will. You cannot satirize it out of its flush and flow. It is part of her being and enjoying; the response of animate to external nature; the adagio movement in the symphony of the soul. In a certain way it is the reproduction of the birds and flowers, the streams and sunshine, the light of the sky and the motion of the sea. Her

gush is the utterance of her idealization, and, even if it prove monotonous sometimes, it is always a pure and dulcet note above the din and discord of the work-day world.

The vanity of woman is largely the result of her ideals. She idealizes herself as she does everything else; and she is the better therefor. Habitual elevation of herself above her natural level eventually fixes her status higher, and renders her spiritual nature deeper. The loftier mood begets the loftier mind. To be easy, graceful, and attractive, she must be on good terms with herself. To be lovely, she must feel that she is lovable. Consciousness of her sweetness and charm increases both; expands and strengthens her gentle and refining influence; crowns her with the nimbus of her best possibility.

The woman who does not idealize herself has surrendered her vantage ground; has tacitly consented to her declination. Her spring and incentive gone, she soon sinks into the crushed condition of so many of her overtaxed and unnerved sisterhood, never to rise again. She is sad to see—an antique without grace, a ruin deprived of the picturesque. She may be—she certainly ought to be—interesting to her husband and her numerous progeny; but to all others she is null and void. She droops into the rank whose members are spoken of simply as good women—not that they are particularly good, but because it is the sole adjective which can be safely applied. *Æsthetically*, she has ceased to be the fine creature the word woman conveys to the gallant mind, and socially she is so much a zero that she gives pleasure by her absence.

The enjoyment of woman's company and companionship depends not a little upon her idealization. It gives zest to one, and newness to the other; is a gratifying contrast to the hard lines and sombre habits of man. Through it, old faces are made new, and familiar situations fresh. It preserves her from that chronic and incurable masculine affliction, being bored, and enables her to see the hand of deliverance in the stress of stupidity. Her ideal is ever shining overhead, and with its light upon her, she heeds not

the shadows of annoyance. She seldom grows weary of what has once been agreeable; still more seldom exhausts a sensation. So much of Nature remains in her, by virtue of her ideals, that neither the gratification of her senses nor the indulgence of her thought tires her. The earth waxes green, and the rivulets murmur at each return of spring, without complaining of the monotony of their office. So she moves in her little round; makes the same ventures; smiles the same smiles; speaks the same words without yawning over the trite, or sighing for a change. She is delighted to do a thing for the hundredth time, and with much of the early zest. Conversation to her is always sweet; music ravishing; travel attractive; pleasure seductive; poetry beautiful. The real Hebe of the myth, she pours the nectar at the Olympian feast; regards the gods, and is forever young.

As usually happens, woman is the sole sufferer from her idealization, and man receives its benefit. But the suffering is slight compared to the satisfaction it yields her. If her ideals be illusions, they are productive of unspeakable comfort, and so hard to dissipate that they seem based on eternal fitness. Offer them but a crust of fact, and they will wear the hue of rosy feeding. Let them stand in the vestibule, and their radiant presence will permeate the house.

Woman's ideals, far from injuring man, further his development; bulwark his weaknesses; augment his sense of accountability. He is freer for their fettering, broader from their encirclement. They beget their kind; producing in him idealized ideals of himself, which impel him to his best. The more that is expected of him, the more his nature demands, the higher he will mount.

Woman's ideals may prove the correctness of her instincts, often as they appear contradicted; they may extend beyond time, and foreshadow the infinite. Proclaiming the potential, they predict the future. All our ideals must be some time met; else we should not have them. Woman may be the pythonesse who in her divine frenzy hears the voice of the gods, and translates it to mortal ears in the form of worship.

JUNIUS HENRI BROWNE.

MY PIPE: AND HOW I GOT IT.

WELL! if you insist upon hearing the story, I will tell it to you—only remember it's a miserably melancholy thing. However, it will fill up the time before we can go to Mrs. C.'s. What a bore these parenthetical periods of life are! Why not dine at nine instead of six, so that one would just have time to smoke a pipe and put on one's gloves before making a bow to the unfortunate creature who is "at home" for that night? If ever I become an engaged man, I shall insist upon being married within two weeks from the day I offer myself. Did you intimate that you were waiting for the story? Very soon, old boy. I was wandering. Smoke always puts me out, and this Green Seal (called "green" because it's "blue") blows a superb cloud, heavy and yet delicate, wreathing itself in closest coils and turning round and round your pipe. That pipe! Heavens and earth! what a frightful amount of trouble that pipe cost me. I once made an estimate of the expense. I don't remember now what it was, but I know I ran in debt and wore old gloves to a dozen parties, I was so hard up. What possessed the girl to give it to me I never could see. However, she did, and thereby hangs the tale.

You see I had gone to the "Beach" (I can't tell you, of course, where the Beach is, but Philadelphia people always go there) with Charlie Denvers, and Charlie presented me to his sister, and his sister waltzed with me and walked and talked with me, and we got to be great friends. One night, as we were walking—I remember we had just turned a corner of the piazza, and come into the full moonlight—she suddenly laid her hand—deuced pretty hand it was too, with a pearly glove on it—on mine (the one, you know, that a fellow has to hold up in a beastly uncomfortable position when he has a lady on his arm) and said—(hang me if I can ever forgive that girl her behavior to me!)—"Oh! I do want you to promise me something so much. I know you will think it odd of me to talk so unreservedly to you, but then you know I've heard of you so often from Charlie, and from other people, that

I feel as though you were an old friend. And oh! I *am* so anxious about it, and if I could *only* persuade you to promise!" What could I do? I knew I was going to be sold, but I couldn't well see how to help it. So I said something about "being only too happy to be intrusted with her confidence," and "wouldn't she rely on me just as if I had been her brother or uncle," or any member of that unfortunate class of men over which women think they have a natural right to tyrannize, and in fact made an ass of myself generally. And then she said "Yes, she would trust me, for she knew I was noble and true" (she read it in my face, she said), "and would be kind and oblige her in what she wished;" and then she looked up in my face with such a lovely, earnest look that I vowed I would do anything she desired. O wretched fool that I was!

My dear boy, *never* walk in the moonlight with a young and attractive female unless you know she's engaged or imagines you to be very poor. And even then do it cautiously. Well, she went on to say that she had some friends—an old gentleman, an old lady, and a young lady, niece of the old one—coming to stay with her party that week, and that she wished me to be polite and kind to the young lady and *not* to flirt with her—"because," she added, "she is very young and inexperienced. You are a flirt" (of course I protested)—"yes, a cruel, wicked flirt, and I want to save her if I can; and I know if you will promise me not to flirt with her *one bit* you will keep your word." And then she looked so sweet that I went off in a long speech, in which I avowed myself to be the despiser and contemner of flirts; that I looked upon the man who would seek to win the heart of a woman without having previously surrendered to her his, as a vile wretch, and that while I held myself incapable of flirting under any possible combination of provocative circumstances, yet in the case of a friend of *hers* the mere idea was peculiarly revolting to my sense of honor, and that I felt deeply hurt that she could fancy me so base. In fact I worked myself into such

a state of excitement that I should undoubtedly have offered myself had I not in my violent gesticulations managed to break my pet pipe, which I happened to have in my hand. Now it chanced that I thought a great deal of that pipe. It was a perfect thing in its way—a tiny violet of meerschaum springing from a stem of clouded amber; and I suppose I looked rather ruefully about it, for she laughed a little at the flight of my enthusiasm, and finally said she would give me another, since she had been the cause of my breaking that, if at the close of the season she found I had kept my promise.

And that was the first scene of the romance.

That night I drank four cobbles and smoked half a dozen cigars. I refused to play billiards and took a long and lonely walk.

I felt a presentiment that this very lovely, very young and inexperienced creature was to have a marked effect upon my life. I imagined the way in which I should talk with her. The next day I committed to memory large portions of Mr. Tennyson's poems, and composed several moral and brilliant essays upon divers subjects calculated to improve the juvenile female mind. Charlie thought I had gone crazy; and I am not sure, looking at it in the light of experience, that he was altogether incorrect.

They arrived on Saturday. We saw their names in the list—Mr. and Mrs. Maynard and Miss Maynard. I might say here, *en passant*, that I consider myself one of the best dressed men I ever knew. But this night I dressed with great doubt and perplexity. I determined to sacrifice gloves and a cravat of the most exquisite shade, which I had relied on for some final effect. But I deemed it wise to adopt for the nonce the Napoleonic tactics and venture my uttermost strength. When I got to their cottage I found Charlie out, but Miss Denvers received me and presented me to Mr., Mrs., and Miss Maynard. Mr. Maynard was a portly gentleman, rather young-looking for his wife, whose appearance was quite ancient and rather unpleasant; and I was sorry to observe that he didn't seem as attentive as one likes to see middle-aged gentlemen to their wives, and to my already jealous mind he seemed a little desirous of a flirtation with the young lady. But oh, that

young lady! She was a blonde—not a pale, washed-out, white-hued blonde; but passion and fire incarnate. Her hair was golden (I swear to the heavens it was not red, not in the least), and great masses of sunlight seemed hidden in it, so that when it rippled about her tiny ears the light was almost painful. And her eyes! Ah! Gott, what eyes! Moonlight gleams in quiet, shadowy forests—hot, scorching noons in wildest jungles—all strange contrasts and conceptions were expressed in those eyes. They flashed and throbbed and faded, were brilliant and tender and utterly cold by turns. Then the lashes, long and dark, that hid them so often (for she was so reserved and retiring that she mostly let them droop, only raising them when she spoke earnestly), how lovely they were! She was musical, too, and sang Donizetti's "L'Addio" with me so divinely that I could not help asking her to let me drive her out the next day, adding, by way of keeping up my character of private tutor, "You know I am almost one of the family here, and it is quite impossible for you to treat me as a stranger." For a moment she hesitated in her reply, and then lifted those magnificent eyes to my face as she said, "I shall be very happy; only, Mr. Smith" (with a charming lingering accent on my name, which, thank Heaven, is not Smith), "I am somewhat afraid of you. I—I am so young, and this is my first summer season. Is it quite right for me to accept?" I assured her that it was entirely correct, and referred her to her friend as authority. "And wouldn't she tell me why she was afraid of me?" But no. She only blushed and laughed a little, and said it was quite impossible to tell me now, "though perhaps," gathering up her gloves and fan as she spoke, "she might one of these days." As I offered my arm and we walked through the rooms into the hall and thence to the piazza, I never felt so happy in all my life. We happened to pass a full-length mirror in the hall, and I started to see how lovely she was; and I must say I suited her—not that I have any vanity, you know, but we accorded, as musical people say.

"Do you know," I said as we stood listening to the surf rolling heavily in, "that to me a night like this seems to speak directly and with authority of that first great Cause whose messenger it is!"

[The above was the opening in a slightly inverted form of one of my recently composed essays.]

"Then you do not believe in the theory of Descartes?"

"Certainly not," I fearlessly responded. (By the way, what is Descartes's theory? I meant to have found out, but somehow forgot it.)

"You speak decidedly. And oh! that I could do so too! But that beautiful expression of human faith, 'Our Father,' is to me incomprehensible."

I felt myself going. Ten minutes more and I should be overwhelmed in theology and exhibiting my ignorance in a frightful way. So I answered quite sternly, "You should not think of these things. Life is too beautiful to be wasted in idle pleasure, but it is quite as bad to fret and mar it with useless sophisms or wearisome strivings after a light denied us by infinite wisdom. Ah, Miss Maynard (she started, for I suppose that involuntarily I had spoken her name tenderly), I have seen so many lives, the purest and noblest lives, those which should have been the happiest, darkened and perhaps made miserable in this way! I shall be sad indeed if you suffer yours to be shipwrecked on this rock."

"You are very kind. It is very pleasant to have you talk to me earnestly and frankly. I had not thought that men often spoke so to women."

"I hardly think they do, unless they particularly like the woman. I beg your pardon," I added, as something in her face told me I had said too much, "but you must remember that I have heard so much of you from Miss Denvers, you know, that I find myself talking to you as if I had—and in truth I have—known you for a long time."

"Do you talk so to Miss Denvers?" said she with a shadow of a smile lurking in the corners of her mouth.

"I feel that I might without rudeness, if I could truthfully." The smile wandered about, until it nearly lost itself in her dimples, and then deepened into a merry laugh.

"I cannot handle the foils with you; you are too clever, and I suppose I ought to be angry with you; but then I'm not, so I won't pretend to be."

"You ought not to be angry, and the pretence would do no good. I fancy you are rather honest."

"Yes! I hate dishonest people."

"Do you know I think tricky people, and people who can't 'get mad,' are the most despicable of human creatures!"

"Do you ever 'get mad,' O gentle knight?" laughed she.

"Do I? Yea, it was not very long ago that your faithful knight overstepped the bounds of all politeness and nearly tore down the very roof under which we stand in his wrath."

"What in the world was he doing it for?"

"He was defending his fair name against a cruel slander."

"And who was the wretch, and what the accusation?"

"The name, O Queen, must not be spoken, but the accusation was that I was a flirt."

"A flirt!" she turned on me quickly and indignantly. "So you are a flirt!"

"Before heaven! I deny it, Miss Maynard."

Again she started.

"Do you know," she said after a little pause, "I believe you. I have met very few gentlemen, but I am sure you are honest and good."

"I thank you more truly than you, perhaps, can understand for your trust in me. I shall never, never betray it, Miss Maynard."

"Hush! You mustn't call me Miss—Miss Maynard."

"May I call you——"

"No, sir, call me nothing. It is cold, let us go in. Your arm, sir," with an imperious gesture.

I was a little provoked, so we walked back in silence, and for the remainder of the evening I devoted myself to the old lady, in whose hands my temper grew worn so rapidly that when I rose to go I was furious, and only offered old Maynard my horses because I knew Miss Denvers would never forgive me if I didn't.

But the next day I drove her out, and she was gentleness itself, with the soft grace of her delicate gravity dashed every now and then with a gayety that I did not fancy she possessed, and which bubbled up out of her own soul with no assistance from my poor wit. And after that we met often. On the whole, I incline to think rather too often. She received no visitors and lived in great retirement. Mr. Maynard was absent for some time, so that I naturally was at the cottage

every day, and almost always saw her alone or with Miss Denvers, and of course we were great friends.

One day we had a sailing party, the Denvers, the Maynards, and myself. We—Miss Maynard and I—were sitting apart from the others, silently watching the boat's motion over the swells. Suddenly she said, "You must please not send me any more flowers." I had been sending them for the last week. Oh those bouquets! I grieve to think of them. There was but one florist in the place and he lived as far off as possible, in order to charge extra for the distance. Moreover, the fellow had such execrable taste that I had to ride over every day myself to have them look decently.

"Why not?" I asked in some surprise.

"Why not? Is this a jest, or is it possible you do not know? But you must, and it is neither courteous nor kind in you to ask."

I leaned over and let my hand touch hers. "Lulu"—I got this out with considerable difficulty—"I implore you to tell me what is the mystery in your life. You shudder to hear your own name. You live in a continual state of restlessness, as though you feared some evil was about to fall and crush you. Surely I have a right to ask this, and if you have any regard for me I beseech you tell me what it is that so haunts you."

"Sir"—her face flushed, but her voice was steady—"this is the extremity of rudeness. I had thought that at least you re—re—respected me. Oh! oh! oh!" and to my horror she put her little head down and began to cry bitterly.

"Lulu! Lulu!" I cried. I was utterly unconscious *then* of what I was doing. Now, by Jove, I recollect every little circumstance. "You must not weep, dearest."

"Leave me, sir, instantly!" She stood up and looked me full in the face. "Instantly!" she repeated.

I remember now that I did not notice any of that redness of the eyes which is the usual result of weeping. It escaped my observation at the time. "Not," I answered, "until I know what I have done to deserve your unkindness." Now I thought, or rather I think now, that this remark, accompanied of course by an earnest look in the eyes and a tender and slightly tremulous tone in the voice,

was rather effective. But it failed. In fact it failed out and out. For she quietly rose, and replied, "Then I shall be forced to go to my aunt!" and before I could utter a word she was gone.

The whole thing was a horrid failure. I had held all the cards and played them like a juvenile ploughboy in a hay-loft. I had a checkmate in certain view, and a single false move had lost it.

But what could this "something" be? Was she engaged? Impossible! Besides, that would have made no difference. Perhaps she was awfully in debt! Perhaps it was some family trouble—crazy mother or disreputable father. But what did I care for that! I would marry her whole family, even if they were professional politicians. Yes! I was that far gone. I had got to the stage of thinking about going home at night to a cosy little dinner in a tiny little house, and having a soft little hand slid into mine, and one fair arm slipped round my neck, and rosy lips kissing me, and a beautiful head rested gently on my breast; and when a man gets into that train of thought, with reference to a particular woman, it's a bad lookout for his club—confounded bad. As I sat there thinking over these things and wondering what it could be that troubled her so, suddenly I thought I understood it. I had been very polite during the previous winter to a certain young lady, and I felt sure that Miss Denvers had said that I was engaged to her.

I went over to where she was and asked her to come forward with me. Then, when we got to the bow of the boat, I said in tragedy tones, "Miss Denvers, is it a possible thing that you told Miss Maynard I was engaged to that stupid Miss So-and-So?"

"Why, Mr. Smith, how can you talk so! I dare say I did. I certainly thought you were, and everybody says so."

"It is *not* so. I detest the woman. She can't tell a falsehood from a gallop; besides, she's horridly——"

"Rich," said Miss Denvers quietly.

"And you think I care for her money. That is quite enough, Miss Denvers; and as you are a lady I can't ask you to apologize. But if you care to have my poor regard, you will be good enough to correct the false impression you have created

amongst your acquaintances." Then I took her back.

When I got back to my own quarters, I thought it all over and determined to make the plunge the next night. Let me tell you that this sort of thing, especially the first time, is hard work and not to be laughed at.

I made an estimate and found I should have to give up my horses, but I resolved to do it; and I felt like old Crammer with his red-hot right hand, or one of those famous gentlemen who committed suicide by obstinacy. I played billiards all the next morning, and felt like asking every man I knew whether he was aware of my intentions. I dined alone, smoked alone all the afternoon, and when night came I went to the cottage.

She was very kind. The old gentleman had not returned, the old lady was asleep, and Miss Denvers, who was a trifle frigid after the yesterday's affair, begged me to excuse her as she was forced to pay a call upon a departing friend. I managed to survive the blow, and in fact found it hard to prevent myself from saying, "God bless you!" to the man who came to take her. Luck was with me, I felt, and yet for some reason I did not feel able to take advantage of it and say what I wanted to. I leaned on the mantel and looked at her until I was ashamed of myself. Something was the matter with my voice. It was husky as that of an old and asthmatic raven. At last I proposed we should walk on the beach. She consented, and we strolled down toward the light-house. It's quite astonishing, the effect of the ocean and moonlight on bronchial affections. My throat recovered at once, and I talked as fluently as Ralph Waldo Emerson. What did we talk about? Books, men, poetry, music—everything, in a circle that was ever narrowing down to ourselves. And I think both were conscious of the inevitable ending our talk was to have. At last I began:

"Miss Maynard" (and this time she did not start at the sound of her name), "I have made a resolve so startling that I am sure you would like to hear what it is."

"About yourself?"

"Yes!"

"Then you know I would like to hear it, even were it not startling."

"Thank you! It is this: I am tired of life—this sort of life, I mean. I have determined no longer to be a drone in this world, but to work. Not for money, for that I do not need, but for fame."

"Mr. Smith! I am very tired. Let us rest on this little bench some kind fairy has provided us."

"It occurs to me that your fairy friend might have got up something a trifle more luxurious."

"Ah! there it is! Always luxurious! How can you take up the burdens of life—you, whose heart has never struggled with sorrow or known what bitterness is?"

"Why do you insist on making me so entirely a butterfly? I, too, 'have read my life in tears;' have suffered far more in all likelihood than yourself."

"Alas, no!" she sighed.

"Miss Maynard—my dear Miss Maynard! Whatever may have been my own sorrows—and they have been neither few nor light—I have conquered them. But you, who are so young, so beautiful, what can you know of pain, and why will you not let me comfort you?"

"It is impossible."

"Miss Maynard, to-morrow I leave the Beach. I shall return, not to the old life, but to earnest work. My life, hitherto aimless, has now an object. Surely your woman's heart has told you what that object is."

She was silent. Her head was turned from me, but I thought I saw a tear falling slowly down her cheek.

"Lulu! Dearest! I love you with my whole heart and soul."

As I spoke I drew her to me. For a moment—one blissful moment—she rested in my arms. Then she hastily disengaged herself and stood up. "George," she whispered, "I have gone too far; I will write to you to-morrow. But now please—please take me home." I took her home, without another word. She seemed so wearied and sorrowful that I did not urge her any further. I only tried to comfort her. And I think she appreciated my motive and was grateful, for when I opened the door for her she said gently, "You are very kind to me, and if we do not meet again, farewell, and God bless you."

I lifted her hand reverently to my lips, kissed it, and left her.

Looking back, I saw she was still standing in the doorway, and though it was too dark to see her face, I knew it was turned toward me.

One of the great mistakes of stupid people is the idea that a man in moments of great emotion—particularly in matters of love—raves round, tearing his hair and weeping wildly, or else lies prostrate on the floor tapping the carpet with the toes of his boots and howling dismally. In point of fact, the "Indian at the stake" is a trifle to any well-bred man in affliction. But I felt unpleasantly.

Of course she loved me. That was plain. But what was the obstacle—the barrier between us? However, I comforted myself by thinking of the letter that was to come.

The morning train took me from the Beach, and I had some business matters which occupied my attention all that and the following day. After dinner on Friday—I had left on Wednesday—I received by express a package from the Beach, and recognized the Denvers' crest on one of the seals. Most men would have torn it open hastily and with ungentlemanly eagerness. I lit a cigar, rang for my slippers, put them on, threw myself in my favorite chair, and leisurely opened the packet. First there was a small sandalwood box, and in it this pipe and a letter. I opened the letter, which I knew was from Charlie's sister, and saw a note enclosed. My heart beginning to beat rather rapidly, I laid it down—no! stupid, not my heart, but the note—until I had recovered my calmness. Then I opened it and read, thus:

• "THE BEACH, Thursday.

"I am quite sure that so distinguished a flirt as Mr. Smith must have enjoyed the little affair at the beach immensely. My husband (wasn't it good of him to let us have those moonlight walks together?) desires me to present his compliments to you—for a little party we are making for the White Mountains. We shall start about the 1st of September. Must I add that I shall be delighted if you will join us? Ah, no! I am sure you will feel at once how much pleasure it would give me.

"Do let me hear whether you have begun that *hard work* we talked so much about. Trusting—hoping to see you,

"Sincerely,

"L. M."

I was once knocked down in a street fight, and remember distinctly the feeling I experienced when my head and the pavement met; confused is, I think, the proper phrase. It was in itself not pleasant; but in comparison with the note it was delightful—quite delightful. It was quite clear of course! These things always are clear when you look back at them. I picked up Miss Denvers's letter and read it. This is it:

"THURSDAY.

"MY DEAR MR. SMITH: I am *so* much obliged to you for your kindness, and *particularly* for having kept your promise *so* faithfully. Now I don't often pay my debts, but you have earned the 'pipe' so nobly that I cannot refuse you your reward. And when you smoke, may you think of its giver.

"Your friend,

"ALICE D——."

"P. S. I enclose you a note from Lulu—see how I trust you! She tells me it is to ask you to join our White Mountain party. Of course you'll come?

"By the way, wasn't it funny! Lulu wouldn't believe that you could mistake her for her husband's niece. I won a dear little bet on *that*, so you see I can afford to pay you your pipe.

"Again,

"ALICE D——."

That was the last straw. I swore. Yes I did! And mashed all the cheap things in the room. By Jove! it makes my blood boil even now to think of that girl's treachery.

But I kept the pipe—as a sort of warning, don't you know?

Gracious! that's twelve o'clock. We shan't stand a chance for supper, and Mrs. C. will be raging. And now you know how I got that confounded pipe—let's hurry off.

HERBERT SANTLEY.

WANDERINGS.

IV.—VIENNA.

THE Austrian Empire, in the days of which these "wanderings" are a reminiscence, began at the limits of the Venetian provinces. The white coats of the line and the blue Hussar uniform with Hungarian boots were seen on the piazza of San Marco, and Croats, Dalmatians, Bohemians, etc., mounted guard within the colonnades of the Doge's Palace. So in the enslaved province we had already begun to make acquaintance with the most amiable, harmless, and cordial "oppressors" that ever were. The real hatred and fierce opposition of the Venetian toward his masters was purely theoretical, and personally every one agreed that the Tedeschi were by no means bad fellows. Still, the national feeling was there, an insuperable bar to any public recognition of private tolerance. From Venice we passed to Trieste, another foreign dependency of the Empire, but one much more reconciled to its fate than its sister of ducal memory. But then Trieste had advantages which reconciled its hybrid population to the mild rule of the foreigner. Its commerce is extensive, its port always crowded; there was neither social nor political embargo upon its pleasures; its theatres were always open, and its merchants always feasting. Greeks, Jews, and English represent the greatest wealth; the *bourgeoisie* of the little town is mainly Italian, while the rough and picturesque peasantry of the neighborhood are Slavi of Illyrian origin, and have a dialect totally different from any of Latin or Teutonic parentage. The town, as might be expected, is divided into old and new: the former, inaccessible to carriages, straggling up the steep hill, breaking into rude staircases of rock, or winding into crooked alleys flanked by low, dark houses; the latter, handsome, uninteresting, and uniform, a plagiarism on the Paris of Haussmann. The old cathedral, a curious relic of fifth century architecture, is heavy, Byzantine, gloomy, and suggestive; some of the old mosaics still remain, but tarnished and deadened in effect, and the later frescoes of the fourteenth centu-

ry, celebrating St. Justus's life and miracles, are scarcely better preserved. The quays are thronged with foreign sailors—a cross between a British "tar" and an Algerine corsair—with knotted sashes round dirty "jerseys," Phrygian caps of ominous memory, flashing gold earrings, showing bright against mahogany-colored skins: Italians, Armenians, Jews, Greeks, Slavonians, all talking and gesticulating, their expressive faces in a glow; shrewd glances darting from under their bushy eyebrows, and rapid calculations passing through their minds as they strike bargains with sea captains or land employers, who will pay them well to unload the cargo they have perhaps just piloted in from Sicily or Palestine.

In the streets of the old town you may see a couple of pigs wandering from gutter to gutter unattended and unnoticed. But they are important personages nevertheless, or at least their ancestors were, and the kindly people do not grudge them the continuance of their ancestors' honors. Once "St. Anthony's pigs" were thought worthy of grave municipal attention, and one of the old statutes of the city (now abrogated) provided that "two pigs, *with one ear cut off and the other slit*," should be allowed to pick up a maintenance in the public thoroughfares, and that the head of the confraternity of St. Anthony was to be responsible for their good behavior. Thus, when they did any damage a formal complaint was lodged against them in the appointed court, and the representative of the confraternity summoned either to give compensation or to prove the damage immaterial. No more than two were ever allowed to exist on these privileges, and the remainder of their families were by the city's command sold or sent out of Trieste within one month of their birth. The custom practically remains, and is very likely extended now to many more than two—another instance of the nineteenth century's dislike to a "privileged class," even among pigs.

The English colony of Trieste for many years rejoiced in the cordial hospitality and

genial society of the author of "Charles O'Malley," who filled the post of British Consul; and is now hardly less fortunate in the possession of a successor to Lever, of whom his mother country, and indeed both hemispheres, have none but the most enthusiastic recollections. The environs of Trieste on the Italian side are bleak and dreary—a desert of limestone rocks stretching for miles along the shore of the Adriatic, and suggesting the most melancholy notions of buried cities, petrified armies, or any other weird myth of ancient times. The Karst, as it is called, is a miniature lava bed, and contrasts strangely with the southern brightness that encircles it. But Trieste is the last stage on the road to Vienna over which lingers yet the spell of the Italian sun and the Italian speech. Beyond the town we soon come to villages with German names, to Alpine ravines clothed with dark firs, to scenes where another character than that of the genial, smiling South reigns supreme. The railway that now spans these Styrian Alps is a marvel of engineering, another of those triumphs over natural obstacles of which our century has achieved so many. It is not easy to invest these triumphs with poetry, or to grow enthusiastic over these matter-of-fact victories; yet, to be just, it must be allowed that this particular railway is almost picturesque. Winding slowly up the mountain side over numberless viaducts, it reaches the summit of the chain before you can realize by any jerk or peculiar motion what up-hill work it is, and you look down upon the snake-like rails over which you have come, with an after-feeling of dismay at the possible danger you have run. And yet this line boasts that it has had fewer accidents than any other in all Europe; the first occurred while we were in Venice, and was all but insignificant, no human life having been jeopardized. If the Mont Cenis railway is as successful as its predecessor, its projectors will have reason to congratulate themselves. There is also another Alpine line now, over the Brenner, from Botzen to Innspruck. A very beautiful effect met our sight as we reached the top of the Styrian range, which, low as it is, comparatively speaking, is yet "in the clouds." The sun had just broken the mists of an autumn morning, when the train paused at the little station where additional precautions are taken for the

descent. On the way up there are two engines used, sometimes coupled together at the head, sometimes placed one in front and one behind the cars, the pace being very slow all the time. The woods around us were shining with the heavy dews of the night; above the sky was cloudless, and the sun radiant, but below, the white mists still rolled in broken masses over the road we had just left. On one side was what seemed a lake, but it was in truth only a deep, precipitous valley, still filled with vapor. The little ruined castle on a neighboring point glistened like a miniature Drachenfels, over this milky Rhine; but presently the sun, getting stronger, plunged his radiance into the white waves, rolling them back and displaying a new world below. A valley like a crater, thick foliage of every hue, rivulets trickling down among the unseen roots of the trees, a few huts sheltered on a green sward, over which the forest would encroach, and a silence like that of creation before Adam was. Travelling has its disadvantages; you get covetous and discontented; beautiful realities are there, and you cannot grasp them any more than if they were lifeless canvas; and Tantalus-like, you are swung back from each bewitching scene by the doom which nails you to a smoky town or a suburban villa.

The journey from Trieste to Vienna is fifteen hours long, and hardly comfortable when performed at one stretch, for we benighted Europeans still begrudge the expense of drawing-room cars and such luxuries. Vienna, the pleasure-loving, is a mixture of old and new, the most rigid stronghold of that pride of race without which no country in modern days would have the power or the wit even to upbraid the institutions of old, the most liberal source of broadcast enjoyment for the people, the simplest and the haughtiest, the most progressive and the most exclusive; in a word, the most charming capital in Germany. Why not say in Europe? I think Paris will hardly object to this dictum, for Victor Hugo has lately ruled that Paris is no longer merely Paris, or even France, or yet Europe, but "Paris is humanity." The charm of Vienna lies precisely in this: it is not a uniform city, nor a new city, nor a Cæsarian city; it is individual, national, elastic, represents all its phases in public, acts its history out in its buildings, grafts the new gayly on the old,

and while it renovates never obliterates. No longer purely German, it has a semi-Oriental atmosphere; it is the point of contact between Paris and Constantinople, and now the nucleus of a mighty confederation bound together by the Danube, and promising to exert an influence no less powerful and far more chivalrous than that of the parvenu empire of the North.

Of all months in the year May is the pleasantest in Vienna. It comes between the regular season of formal entertainments and the exodus of the wealthy population into the châteaux and villas of the neighborhood. The parks and gardens are already in summer livery, the horse-chestnuts are in bloom, and the buoyancy of returning spring seems to break out in the joyous musical festivals, crowded by all classes, which take place in the open air. Though the new boulevards that replace the old bastions are lined with dainty villas, and the gardens everywhere are fringed with modern gems of fantastic taste and wealth—though the Exhibition building in the Prater will of course be the magnet of the year to the visitor of to-day—the old town and its normal state do not yield to new attractions in historical interest and picturesque variety.

St. Stephen's Cathedral is the heart of old Vienna, and perhaps few cathedrals have such a power of fascinating the memory. To what this is due is a mystery, for despite its many beauties it has also, especially interiorly, many disfigurements. It is said to be the darkest church in Europe, and very likely it is this that causes that undefinable impression of awe which I remember as its special *genius loci*. Its choir is deep and narrow, filled with carved stalls of great beauty, and lighted by three stained-glass windows, whose perfect hues and harmony, unmarred either by spoliation or restoration, make them the chief boast of the Viennese cathedral. But when you pass beneath the shadow of the Riesen-Thor (or Giant Gate) and turn your eyes from the splendid, sombre windows of mediæval glass, the sight down the nave is hardly in keeping. A tawdry altar with barbaric concomitants of artificial flowers, rickety candlesticks, and Renaissance images, leans against the base of every pillar, and mars the grand simplicity of the effect. If it is still a beautiful, solemn spot, the church owes it not to those crowding al-

tars of "beloved ugliness" (as an American traveller cleverly defines his tender recollections of European tours), but rather to the silence, magnitude, and darkness of the great edifice. The exterior is marvellously rich in detail, and the carved stone pulpit attached to the north side recalls a scene of enthusiasm such as only the middle ages could produce. A crusade against the Turks was preached from this spot by St. John Capistran in 1451, and crowds surged over the Stephan's Platz, shouting, weeping, applauding, as the words of burning zeal fell from the lips of the earnest Franciscan. The cathedral, which, like all others, embodied the national history, and became linked with every great national pageant, whether coronation, funeral, or thanksgiving, is also the lasting record of domestic and humbler destinies. The architect, Anton Pilgram, who completed it, is twice represented in carved wood, once beneath the organ gallery and once on the pulpit, which was his special triumph. The south tower carries with it the memory of Sobieski and Stahremberg, the latter the governor of the town, watching from the parapets the success of Sobieski during the last siege of the Turks in 1688. This tower is the centre fire signal station in Vienna, but the contrivances (unless now remodelled) seem hardly calculated for speedy effect. "The apartment in the tower appropriated to this purpose is furnished with windows overlooking every part of the city, and every window-sill has a provision for fastening a telescope, whose movements are marked by the stand on which it is placed upon graduated circles placed horizontally and vertically. Registers have to be constructed for each window, so that when the telescope has been pointed to any object, and the corresponding number, horizontal and vertical, upon the graduated scale read off, the name of the object, whether building or street, is ascertained by reference to them. Thus the exact spot where a fire may break out is ascertained, and the intelligence is transmitted to those below by a ticket inscribed with the requisite particulars, in a hollow brass ball, which is dropped down a pipe leading to the bottom of the tower. The news is then sent on to the different fire offices." This account, which we borrow from a more experienced pen, gives but a doubtful no-

tion of Austrian efficiency in the fire department, but it is curious as a description of one step in the use of instruments, now superseded by speedier means in this country.

Besides St. Stephen's where the Austrian eagle (figured in colored tiles) spreads his wings over the roof, there is the church of the Augustinians, which is rather prominent among ecclesiastical buildings, not for its architecture, but for the Canova monument to the Princess Christina of Saxe-Taschen, and for the elaborate orchestral music still given there on festival days. The masses there take one back to the courtly eighteenth century, to the imperial decorum which still acknowledged religion as part of social etiquette, to the days of Mozart and Haydn, when the church as well as the theatre was under special imperial protection. The Canova monument—I was going to say it was of a piece with the music—is cold and beautiful, pagan to the core. A pyramid typifies the tomb, weeping genii, beautiful boys like young Grecian athletes, hold reversed torches in their hands, while Charity, a noble figure, leads up a tottering old man and an orphan child to the grave of their benefactress. Surely the Christian sentiment is all but stifled when monuments become flatteries, and instead of the humble expectation of a human soul, embody panegyrics of the virtues of the deceased. A more interesting chapel is that of the knights of the Teutonic order, a sister society to that of the Hospitallers, as rigorous and as monastic in theory, as chivalric and rich in national association. It is but a small chapel in an old obscure street, and flanked on one side by a quadrangle whose unearthly silence calls up to one's spiritual vision long lines of solemn ghosts, once heroes, crusaders, patriots—the bulwarks of Christendom against the infidel, and of honor against the encroaching modern spirit. In this chapel still takes place the old ceremony which initiates a professed knight into the holy order, and on such occasions an open coffin lies before the altar, in which, when he pronounces his vows, the knight is required to lie down. As in a monastic profession, the "De Profundis" is chanted and the pall lowered over the candidate, while his brethren stand mutely around, ready to

welcome one more champion of right against wrong. At the head of this Teutonic order is the Archduke A——, uncle of the present Emperor. But, alas, in what a degenerate age we live! Pledged by his vows not to marry, it is yet easy to contravene in the spirit the law to which he bows in the letter, and the Archduke may be seen any evening at some great entertainment, not the least backward of the gallant throng around the last new beauty. As suggestive and poetical as this chapel of the Teutonic order, is the royal chapel in the palace. Although always open, it is rarely frequented except when the exposition of the Blessed Sacrament takes place there. This is an occasion when all Catholic Europe calls out its various idiosyncrasies to honor the Lord of lords. There is no more regal pageant than that of Corpus Christi, no more lavish display than that of the "Exposition." In Italy lights and drapery, in France processions of white-robed maidens, in Germany gorgeous military escorts—everywhere what is the richest, most national, and most showy tribute is pressed into the divine service; and even in England, where wealth and piety have but recently been joined together, the most overwhelming profusion of floral decoration is the outward expression of worship on these special occasions. The royal chapel at Vienna is narrow and small, but with a very high roof, which always gives dignity to a religious building; and as we entered it, we found it suitably darkened and filled with evergreens. The whole effect was chaste and severe; the contrast between the gloom of the nave and the golden blaze of the altar, shrouded in masses of shrubs but not many flowers, was very peculiar. Before the altar were four elaborate *prie-dieus* or kneeling-chairs, each occupied by an officer of the Imperial Guard in full uniform. They noiselessly relieved each other every half hour, while others also filled the benches in the rear. This ceremonial, mingling the ecclesiastical with the military, was wonderfully impressive, reminding one of the chivalrous days of old, when doughty warriors went forth in quest of the Holy Grail or carried the Sacred Host into battle, as did the Saxon knights at the battle of the Standard. A man fights all the better for being a humble and fervent Christian,

and doubtless many of the gallant men who were honorably vanquished at Sadowa may have often knelt round the altar, and mounted guard before a sovereign greater than pope or emperor.

During the Advent of 1865 the Schotten-Kirche (formerly a Scottish Augustinian convent) was a great centre of religious interest. It was curious to watch the crowds of people of all classes, all nationalities, and all denominations, who almost fought for places in this bare stone-flagged church, in the dead of winter and with draughts as in a vault playing round every corner. Some used to sit patiently for three hours before the service, occupied with books of devotion or perhaps in dozing beneath the shelter of their warm wraps; for in my time not one church in Vienna was heated. Others would pay half a *guilder* (about fifty cents) to some of those marvellous old women who seem a peculiar growth indigenous to continental churches, to keep a place for them; the wealthier and less devout would send a servant in gorgeous livery to retain a seat hours before the service. The standing-room between the nave and aisles and the steps of the three or four altars, the lane up the middle of the church and the outer porches themselves, were crammed; poor and rich equally eager to see and hear, French dowagers with magnificently bound prayer-books, German and Polish women in the richest furs, Anglican clergymen, officers and professional men more earnest and more moved than is the wont of their gay or impassive class—but above all, Jews of every degree, from the delicate-featured, intellectual woman, whose graceful dress proclaims her affluence, from the keen banker and thoughtful literary man, down to the humble shopkeeper of Jewish race, and to the small dealer whose face and expression reveal only the grosser instincts of that gifted people. But now all are equally touched, some thrill of sympathy runs through every one of that race, and all faces are turned to the pulpit. A slender figure in a white surplice makes its way through the crowd, and a man who at eighteen was one of the representative socialists of Vienna, a Jew by birth and by choice an atheist, ascends the pulpit at thirty-six, a Catholic, a priest, a monk. This is why all Vienna flocks to hear him, but

this is not all. His eloquence alone, surpassed by none save that of Lacordaire or Hyacinthe, would draw around him the *élite* of Europe's intellect, even without the wonderful chain of circumstances which have brought him from voluntary exile back to his native city, from the position of an outcast flouted by his coreligionists, to that of idol and arbiter in the very family that spurned him. The Jews monopolize the greater share of the intellect as they do of the wealth of Vienna. Nowhere perhaps is the Jewish colony more flourishing, more courtly, but unhappily less orthodox than here. The assembly gathered before the young Christian priest, who ten years before was a *roué* and a socialist, is therefore representative and peculiar. His appearance is modest, his voice far from strong, but its very first accents command attention; and as it grows in volume the more the preacher grows in enthusiasm, it fairly entrances the ear. The discourse is in French, which to Monseigneur Bauer is as familiar as German or Hungarian. His subject in the six lectures given on successive Sundays was "Christianity proved by Judaism." His arguments were as close, as cogent, as invincible as if he had been a Greek philosopher of old, and even when wrapt in the most enthusiastic—I might almost say inspired—outburst of oratory, nothing could make him lose the calm and logical thread of his discourse. How passionately he loved his race, and with what spiritual yearning he thirsted for its conversion, could be gathered from every word he uttered; for he spoke chiefly to and for his own people, with the touching hope of convincing his own flesh and blood, mother and brethren and nephews. In the fourth sermon, he seemed carried away by this love—at once natural and supernatural, patriotic and apostolic—and glowing sentences poured from his lips as from another Chrysostom* in eulogium of his beloved race. He called Judaism the prophet and witness of Christianity; and the Hebrew people Godlike—a famous, a celebrated race whose origin is lost in the very cradle of creation, in the very dawn of humanity. Again, he glorifies it as a miraculous race, occupying a place in the divine plan which puts it above comparison with any other people—with any

* Chrysostom signifies "golden-mouthed."

historical, social, religious, or political phenomena whatsoever. A chosen people, sacred among all, whom all tongues call Godlike,* to whom with the patriarchs, the prophets, the apostles, and their Lord himself, "I am proud to owe that blood which, since God in his human nature has made it His own, constitutes the highest and the oldest nobility in the universe. Far from being here to upbraid or insult my people, I am come to intone in its honor a psalm of triumph such as these Catholic walls may freely echo, such as will eclipse the praises lavished upon it by any of its own synagogues." At the end of these marvellous sermons there would be a silence deeper than that of fear, broken only by the unrestrained sobs of many among the audience; and when the lights began to gleam on the altar for the concluding rites of the Advent service, the crowd would seem to emerge from a dream, and every countenance, pale with emotion, would remind one of a soul for once unmasked. I never heard in any language, in any place, whether church or parliament, Catholic, Greek, or Anglican, such sustained and perfect eloquence, such irresistible logic joined to such enthusiastic oratory—such self-possession and native dignity tempering an aspect and disposition so gentle.

To pass to worldly interests after even a reminiscence of these unequalled festivals of the soul, seems an effort. The subjects nearest akin and yet of the earth are certainly the concerts of the Vienna Conservatoire. The most exalted standard of music is kept up there, and the performances are—so to speak—painfully beautiful. On one occasion I remember hearing the Männerchor sing two songs of Mendelssohn in parts, with exquisite expression and faultless precision, the effect being wonderfully chaste and soothing. Vienna has the tradition of being the centre of musical art. In the days when emperors were patrons and nobles connoisseurs, and artists had no need to pander to depraved taste in order to secure a living, then indeed we may say that music lived in a paradise, and we are not astonished at the shower of stars—Mozart, Beethoven, Haydn, Schubert—with which Austria was blest. But when one comes to examine the ridiculously slender

pensions on which these court-favorites lived, it strikes one as curious that such august patrons should have translated their approbation into so very intangible a shape. Four hundred dollars is a sum which the paid musician of a beer-garden would disdain nowadays, and yet Beethoven lived on it as the noble gift of his imperial friend Francis I. Certainly the appreciation of talent is less in our times; then why are the salaries greater? It is true that it is below the dignity of art to be gauged merely by the commercial value of its products, but it is also a "stubborn fact" that artists, like other men, must eat and drink and be clothed. Popular appreciation of good music is very general in Vienna, and a love for it seems implanted in the people from their childhood. No pleasure with them is unaccompanied by it, and the Volksgarten and Thiergarten (or zoological garden), which are free on almost every day and night of the week, are crowded by the poorest as well as the middle classes. There is no pleasanter way of spending a summer evening at Vienna than in either of these resorts. The former is an open park not far from the palace, where the Strauss orchestra play nightly in a light pavilion standing like a shrine in the midst of a sea of attentive worshippers. Coffee and ices for the more luxurious, beer and *pretzels* for the homely, circulate in profusion; and cool marble tables, dotted about this *al fresco* restaurant, make a pretty nucleus for the bright groups of airily dressed Viennese. The Vienna ices are quite a specialty, the confectioners' pride being to outrival each other in the most wonderful and really artistic combinations. Sometimes a bouquet of roses and azaleas, sometimes a basket of grapes and peaches is set on the table, and quite deceives the eye at the first glance; or again, a miniature dog with a litter of fluffy puppies, or a cunning little basket of colored osier, apparently tied with tri-color ribbons, but all eatable to the last "straw." From this "People's Garden" to the Zoological is not very far, and here the music is of a different and characteristic kind. It is difficult for any one who has heard the French Garde Républicaine at the Boston festival to conceive any greater perfection in the way of a military band; yet if they visit Vienna this year they will forget all about M

* Stronger still in the original, which reads thus: "*Peuple-Dieu*."

Paulus. Two regiments named after the "Archduke Louis" and the "King of the Bavarians" divide the honors between them. In Venice, among the scowling crowds of patriots who could not be induced to bestow the slightest praise on foreign music, I had already heard some very perfect Austrian bands, but even they faded into insignificance by the side of these two matchless regiments. The Papal chasseurs at Rome are perhaps the next best among all that I have heard. The Thiergarten is more of a promenade than the Volksgarten; it is laid out in beds of bright flowers and trim little walks, and a pretty fair collection of animals just warrants the name it bears. Both these out-of-doors concert-rooms are regular institutions at Vienna, and are certainly far pleasanter than the cavernous, solemn palaces where the conventional pageants, ponderous diplomatic receptions, etc., were usually given. And yet even these have their charm, especially when deserted, for the spirit of the past clings to them and sometimes legends hallow them. The Esterhazy palace, in the old Wallnerstrasse, for instance, is said to be built on the site of St. Leopold's hunting lodge in the Wienerwald. Of this forest one "tree" remains, not far from the Cathedral, a tree bound together by iron girdles, and so studded with nails, which for centuries the apprentices of Vienna have stuck into it for "good luck," that it is now called "Stock-ain-Eisen," or iron log.

The amusements of Vienna, at least those on the surface, have all a peculiar stamp of freshness and primitiveness. The citizens' dinner hour, from one till three, of course undergoes an extension in fashionable circles to four or five—but seldom later than five. Full dress is *de rigueur*, and so the half Arcadian banquet is often held in broad daylight with the curious contrasts of evening costume and the sun's rays slanting on artificial head-dresses! After dinner (this is in May) the ladies and gentlemen, who all over Europe—except among the ungallant Anglo-Saxons—leave the table together, don cloaks and paletots and adjourn to the Prater, where they drive till seven, and then very often finish the evening at the opera. This mixture of ceremony and simplicity, which makes one begin the day in evening dress and end it in cloak

and bonnet, is amusing and peculiarly German. The opera in my time was given in the Kärnthnertheater, a pretty, small building, now superseded by the imposing classic Stadt. Here the ballets were a perfect curiosity, comprising pantomime, drama, transformation scene, and ballet proper, with music written expressly for them. The performance is unique and a specialty of Vienna, lasting often over two hours. It has a plot and *dénouement* complete, and the whole story is rendered perfectly in dumb show. The scenery is as elaborate as any at Niblo's, and the matter invariably "respectable." The one I liked best of the two that were given in May, 1864, was a fairy tale in which the main scene represented the subterranean palace of the King of the Gnomes. The music was exquisite, soft, and light, without being "flashy," the dancing less offensive and far more artistic than we are used to in those senseless exhibitions often thrust without rhyme or reason between two acts of a thrilling tragic opera. The main features were the statues of gold, silver, brass, and bronze, sitting immovable in giddy niches high up in the palace roof, and, at the signal of the Gnome king, falling to with mechanical regularity, beating on drums, anvils, and cymbals, the instruments all seemingly of the same metals as themselves. And this is not reckoned a child's entertainment, but a thing as artistic and as perfect in its way as any other dramatic amusement, and to which ministers, ambassadors, and elderly matrons all flock enthusiastically. The dancing saloons of the city frequented by the middle classes are, in the main, equally decorous and innocent, and have by no means the evil associations which in other places disgrace the name of a dancing-saloon! The heaviest drinking only means innocuous lager or the light wines of Hungary, and Viennese merriment is light and harmless to match. Perhaps the carnival balls at the Redouten Saal are not quite so blameless, as the handsome actresses go there to meet the younger male portion of that exclusive yet easy-going society which some foreigners pretend to find so stiff and "aristocratic." But then these balls are necessarily few, and there is less of unblushing Bohemianism or obtrusive vice in Vienna than in any other capital.

The old houses where throughout the winter a princely hospitality is lavished are not many, but make up in quality what is lost in quantity. Vast ball-rooms, with irreproachable oak floors polished like a skating-pond, afford a fine field for the display of the southern German's peculiarly graceful waltzing, and the *buffets* are something marvellous. A strange custom prevails in Viennese society, of separating not only the young girls from the young men during the intervals between the dancing, but the girls from the young married women, and both from the old ladies. A most monotonous and gossiping result is thus obtained, reminding one of foreign railway stations, where passengers are penned in like wild animals till the last moment, and then released with a rush which is enough to knock down the official charged with the opening of the cage. So the young ladies sit like marketable articles awaiting the choice of a purchaser, and the men lounge about the doorways or stand round the *buffet*, till the first scrape of the violin sounds the signal, upon which they simultaneously make a raid and carry off a partner *pro tem*. Any amount of flirtation is permissible during the dance, but woe to the unwary damsel who should so far forget the proprieties as to wander from room to room with her cavalier after the dance is over! When the music ceases a procession of couples returns to the stronghold, and ceremoniously the dancers separate until the next release-signal. One day at a diplomatic party at the English embassy, Lady X——, having complied with this absurd custom and appropriated one room solely to her young lady guests, went, in the innocence of her heart, to look in upon them during the course of the evening and see if they were enjoying themselves. Looks of offended dignity and an ominous silence alone met her hospitable advances, and she was glad to retreat to the society of her contemporaries. The married men circulate among each other's wives pretty freely, but very few invade the privileges of the unmarried in dancing. Young ladies are seldom asked out to dinner, and perhaps the Hungarian family banquet at which I assisted once fell to my share through the lucky accident of being a foreigner. Unlike anything purely Austrian, it was sprightly as well as stately. The house

was a palace and a museum—a historical pile, full of semi-royal associations and garnished with treasures of more than royal worth. Armor and tapestries in the halls, great silvershields and tankards embossed and chiselled in the dining-room, rare pictures and antique furniture in the *salons*, an army of servants, whose costume and demeanor were so old-world that one would fain call them retainers rather than servants, silver services and crystal chandeliers of long-forgotten fashion—it was all more like an old romance poem than a hard reality. The name of the guests, almost every one a Hungarian, reminded one of many warlike deeds of the old Magyar chivalry, and linked themselves with memories of bygone ages when royalty meant more than a citizen's suit and a dark brougham, and when even great barons never went *incog.* unless under the pilgrim's hood. We have lost the poetry of life; we are compelled to go to books for the beauty which our forefathers acted out in their own persons; for even the richest nowadays do not know how or care to live picturesquely. Hungary, Poland, and Bohemia are perhaps less subjected to this modern blight than the more western, or, as some would say, more "civilized" nations, who have reduced all the arts that once adorned life to that most difficult art of all, the simulation of utter blankness of heart or mind.

It is refreshing to turn from such a picture to the tranquil, natural, childlike abandon of the Viennese. Unquestionably the great national pulse of enjoyment beats in the Prater Park. Broad avenues of old horse-chestnuts afford room and shade for the magnificent and varied equipages of the Danubian city. The display is like a mixture of the Roman Pincio and the English Hyde Park. The toilets are dazzling—a *parterre* in May, in December a nest of furs. The harnesses are of all countries—Hungarian bells and leather trappings, simple English harness with burnished nails, the more showy French, the more homely German, the bedizened Eastern turnout. Glades and vistas of lush grass, dotted by herds of deer and elk, open out at intervals as you drive by; a carriage flashes past, and you recognize the Prince of Montenegro and his suite, a dark, handsome oriental, a despotic sovereign, clad in Greek

jacket and white burnous, the husband of a Hungarian lady of high degree—a vision and representative of semi-barbaric romance. You look at the walk that borders the broad drive and all nationalities are represented there, most conspicuous in his simplicity the Polish Jew, with dark cassock-like coat down to his heels and corkscrew curls beneath his broad-brimmed hat. Beyond the fashionable Prater lies the public and national Prater, the little branches of the Danube cutting it into islands, each surmounted by its “round-about,” its booth, or circus, or summer-house restaurant. This is the Würstl-Prater, by some said to be thus called after Hans Würst, the German clown who, driven from the stage of large theatres, at last set up a stage of his own in the Prater and drew large crowds; by others supposed to be named after the *Würstl*, a species of sausage much liked by the Viennese. Indeed the cookery of Vienna is by no means despicable, and the *Kipfel*, a sort of roll, and *Milch-brod*, not to mention a peculiar recipe for the dressing of fowls, are quite enough to recommend the Austrian cuisine. Anchovy and caviar are favorite condiments, and can be had in perfection at the old-fashioned, comfortable hotels.

Picnics and country expeditions are also common social amusements in the May season—that charming debatable ground between ceremony and *abandon*. Indeed, it is only in England that country life is hedged in by an etiquette which no show of liberty can mask; in all other European countries people go to their châteaux *en famille*, and only invite their intimate friends; and even when the ultra fashionable consider this “recess” as a mere recruiting of strength and economy of means for future dissipation in town next year, still the life in country residences is none the less practically sacred to domesticity. The May season in Austria is a forerunner to this social siesta, and while it partakes of the laxity of summer habits, yet keeps all the more

natural and healthy traits of the great winter gatherings. Music, the indispensable, is never far from Austrian parties, and these little preliminary jaunts into the green fields and budding forests are one of the most enjoyable pleasures of this innocently gay capital. Here and there the Danube and its tributaries appear to diversify the scene, and in the glades of the imperial demesnes round Vienna may be found the additional romantic element of real wild boars.

I have hardly spoken of the industries of Vienna, which are so numerous and so brilliant. Here, too, we see something not quite commonplace, and always rather ornamental than purely utilitarian. The sportive genius of this people runs riot in their shops, and in the Graben, the Kohlmarkt, and the Kärnthnerstrasse, the visitor will stand entranced before the embodied temptations held up before him. The daintiest fans, often of scented wood, and whose fashion changes every two months, painted and carved with the most delicate ingenuity, the most unrivalled masterpieces in the way of stamped leather, bindings, or stationery, the most ethereal, most grotesque, or most elaborate devices in the meerschäum line, the enamel jewelry—better and more original than the designs of the Palais Royal—and above all the exquisite Hungarian ornaments of garnets and turquoise with tiny enamelled links, a style directly transmitted to modern artificers from the mediæval days of which such magnificent memorials are shown in the great museums of Europe—these are some of the art industries of Vienna. But as we linger before these shops, there comes the scent of flowers, linden-blossoms, and violet beds, reminding us of the spring and of the lovely environs which we have not yet visited and which are now in their freshest glory. “Vienna” is flocking out of town, and we cannot do better than follow the crowd of movers to Mödling and Baden, or to the more distant and romantic provinces.

LADY BLANCHE MURPHY.

ROME'S GREATEST ACTOR.

ABOUT three miles to the southeast of Rome, in the midst of the desolate Campagna, and on the mountain ridge which was once the crater of the volcano of Nemisus, lies the little village of Lavigna. On this very spot stood in ancient times the city of Lanuvium, the general plan of which may be gathered from the quadrangular walls and foundation of its huge temple, which remain uninjured to the present day. Antoninus Pius first saw the light in a villa not far from here, and here also in the year 136 B.C., on a small cattle farm belonging to the city district, was born the great tragedian Roscius. His cradle stood in the humble cottage of a slave, for, according to Pliny the Elder, he subsequently purchased his own freedom. His full name, Quintus Roscius Gallus, admits of two different interpretations. Emancipated slaves were generally in the habit of writing their slave names after the family name of their masters, but the name Gallus may have been given to the boy because his father was a Gallic Celt. Besides this, there were not only many of the name of Roscius in Rome, but also in Lanuvium. We know of the latter, that they belonged to that distinguished family which had chosen the goddess Juno Sospita (the Saviour) in Lanuvium as their household deity, and bore her head upon their coins. Certain ruins near Lavigna still mark the spot where the chief worship of this goddess was celebrated, and where her statue once stood, bearing in the left hand a carved shield, poising a lance in her right, clad from head to foot in a goatskin, and wearing antique beaked sandals on her feet. But the reverential awe of the credulous was awakened far more by a dark grotto in the neighboring forest which was inhabited by a huge serpent, than by this stately temple and the state-like figure it enshrined.

Serpents indeed played a much more important part in the religious belief of the Romans than in that of the Greeks, inasmuch as they were regarded by the former as the incarnate geni of the family bond, and were duly honored whenever they ap-

peared in dwellings. For this reason, an innocuous breed of these reptiles was cherished in Roman households, and increased so rapidly that Pliny the Elder declared they would outnumber the Romans themselves unless they were decimated from time to time by conflagration. The sacred serpent of Lanuvium was regarded in fact as the incarnation of its goddess, and for this reason frequently represented Juno on her principal feast, February 1. It was customary on this day to send a virgin blindfolded and bearing an offering into the serpent's den. If the creature tasted the food, it was regarded as the sign of a prosperous year; but if it refused it, grief and trouble were to be expected, and the fair fame of the maiden was irrevocably sullied. This religious jugglery attracted crowds of the curious from far and near, and is described at length by Propertius in one of his poems. From the prevalence of this superstition throughout Lanuvium and the surrounding country, it will readily be imagined that the appearance of serpents would naturally excite the greatest attention, and be regarded as an omen of vast importance.

The discovery, therefore, of one in the cradle of the little Roscius Gallus caused no slight surprise and excitement. Cicero himself alludes to it in his book "Concerning Prophecies." "Do you think," he says, "that your favorite Roscius has lied, or that all Lanuvium has done so in his behalf? It is said that during his infancy his nurse awoke one night, and was aghast at perceiving, by the dim light of the night lamp, that a serpent had crept into the cradle and was coiled round the sleeping infant. She screamed aloud at the sight, but his father related the event to the oracle, who predicted that the child would surpass all others in fame and glory; and the circumstance has since been immortalized by Archias in verse." In another part of the same work, Cicero jests at the tradition from a rationalistic point of view, assuming that the facts of the case had been somewhat embellished. "What Roscius affirms," he says, "may be—and probably is—false, as far as

the fact of the serpent's coiling itself round him is concerned; but it is not at all surprising that a serpent should have been found in his cradle, especially near Lanuvium, for in all that region the serpents made themselves thoroughly at home in every household. But, if it be also true that the oracle explained the circumstance by predicting fame and glory, I can only wonder that the immortal gods should have made the revelation of his future glory to an actor, and have left an Africanus in ignorance."

The master of the little slave (perhaps the father of the Cæsarian Lucius Roscius Fabatus, who fell in the battle of Mutina) discovered in his supple and well-built frame, the natural grace of his movements, and also in his amazing talent for mimicry, to what calling he was particularly adapted; and as most actors were slaves, and were compelled to pay either all or a part of their salaries to their masters, he sent Roscius (as was customary in similar cases) to study under a famous actor.

Cicero has left his testimony to the extraordinary beauty of Roscius embalmed in a famous epigram, which was versified by no less a man than Quintus Lutatius Catulus, in which he compares his appearance on the stage to the rising of the sun, and prays the gods to pardon him in that the mortal was more beautiful in his eyes than the god of day. Cicero, it is true, adds that his beauty was accompanied by a slight cast in the eyes: he does not, however, speak of this as a drawback, but says that what might have been a defect in another, made Roscius even more piquant and interesting.

The customs of the Roman stage in Cicero's time have been likened of late, and not inaptly, to those of the French theatre at the present day. The general public of Cicero's time was swayed by an extraordinary passion for what we might now call the ballet, a form of entertainment adapted by its licentious pranks and jests to the very lowest strata of the Roman population, from which indeed many of its peculiarities were taken. The classic tragedy and comedy still existed, it is true, but was little to the taste of the masses—vitiated as that taste was by triumphal processions and gladiatorial combats—unless rendered attractive by gorgeous scenery and dresses, and magnificent decorations. This is evident enough from

Cicero's letter to his friend Marius in which he alludes to the play of Pompeius, and among other things mentions that his pleasure in it was entirely destroyed by the fact that it was so overloaded with scenic splendor. "No less than six hundred mules," he says, "appeared upon the stage in 'Clytemnestra,' and both cavalry and infantry in the 'Trojan Horse' with the greatest variety of weapons. The public fairly revelled in wonderment." This passion for shows was even more insatiable later, when Horace lamented the degenerate taste of the public. In Roscius's time, cultivated people took an interest in the plays of Plautus and Terence—indeed, most of them knew the dramas by heart. They did not go to the theatre therefore to witness the development of the plot, but sought their pleasure purely in a fine artistic rendering of the different parts. Cicero's letters show not only how great was his own enthusiasm for the performance of great actors, but also the lively interest his correspondents felt in the Roman theatre. Cæsar gave great offence to many people by his habits of inattention in the theatre, and by reading and answering despatches there; and Octavius studiously avoided falling into the same mistake.

Long listening to orators of consummate excellence had cultivated the Roman ear to such a pitch of delicacy and precision, that, like the Athenians, they could detect the slightest fault in enunciation and rhythm. Cicero says in his "Paradoxes": "If an actor lose the measure of a passage in the slightest degree, or make the line he utters a syllable too short or too long by his declamation, he is instantly hissed off the stage." Misconception of the author's meaning was punished quite as severely, however. The principal effect produced by the dramatic artists of that age consisted in their subtle and exquisitely rendered expression of the author's meaning, not by the recitation of the part alone, faultless as that recitation was, but by every gesture and movement. It is almost impossible for us to conceive how much was then expressed in the movement of the hands alone, and even by the extension or curve of a finger. Quintilian says: "It is scarcely possible to say how many movements the hand can make, without which elocution would be crippled, inasmuch as the hand can speak al-

most as distinctly as words. The rest of the body depends greatly upon speech for expression, but the hands have a language of their own. Can they not, indeed, promise, call, dismiss, urge, entreat, abhor, question, fear, and deny? Do we not use them to express joy, sorrow, doubt, confusion, remorse, measure, multitude, number, and time? Do they not take the place of adverbs and prepositions in indicating places and people?" He goes on to give advice about the peculiar functions of each finger, and its proper movement, but adds that especial care should be taken to avoid exaggeration and mannerism. Certainly vivacity and variety of gesticulation was of the highest importance in those days, since the play of feature was usually concealed by masks, a shocking but Grecian innovation, which had been introduced since the time of Terence. "Help me," writes Pliny the Younger to his friend Tranquillus—"do help me out of my difficulty! I am as bad a listener as I am a reader. I think, therefore, that before I next invite my friends to a reading, I will make an experiment upon some of my freedmen. I do not at all know how to conduct myself—whether to sit stiff and dumb, or to accompany the reader (as some people do) with murmuring; grimaces, or gesticulation. Only I believe that I am as little fitted for pantomime as for reading aloud. I repeat, therefore, help me out of my dilemma, and tell me frankly if it be better to read badly or to give it up altogether." Whoever comes upon this passage without being fully aware of the Roman passion for everything dramatic, might, we think, be pardoned for entertaining doubts as to the intelligence of the author. And in Cicero's time some very singular dramatic representations were to be seen, given in a style which to our modern ideas seems fatal to the illusions of the stage. In the delivery of the monologue they then felt themselves compelled, in order properly to give gradations of passion, to separate gesticulation and elocution entirely. To the actor was assigned, as the principal part, the pantomime in the pantomimic dance, while a singer uttered the recitative, and a flute-player discoursed music and measure. Thus music came to have an independent part in the drama, and out of the whole arrangement was developed a taste for pantomime, which subsequently crowded out

that for tragedy, and ruled the public taste all through the reign of the Cæsars.

In order fully to appreciate what manner of performer Roscius was, it is necessary to make some remarks upon the stage customs of his day. Roscius gave especial attention in his early youth to the study, and to a certain degree the imitation of the most famous men of his day. Valerius Maximus informs us that he, as well as his famous contemporary Æsopus, often mingled with the audience in the Forum who listened to Cicero's rival Hortensius, in order to study and afterward to use on the stage, the abundant and artistic variety of gesticulation and expression for which this orator was famous, who, indeed, according to Cicero, used more gesture and expression than was fitting for the rostrum, and was nicknamed the "Actor" by his opponent Torquatus. According to the same writer, Roscius studied in later years before a mirror every gesture he used in public, and arrived speedily at such a degree of perfection in this branch of his art, that he was enabled to reduce the studied elegance of his representation to a fixed method, which he applied likewise to his elocution. Cicero declares that it was mere presumption for a certain colleague of the great artist to appear in his presence; "for how," he says, "can the one move without making his faults evident to the other?" Indeed, the very name of Roscius soon became proverbial for the highest achievement in any branch of art. "Do you not see," says Cicero in "The Orator," "that all that he does is perfect, and invested with the highest charm? All so that it suits him well, and moves and delights every one?" Quite early in his career this consummate perfection was universally acknowledged. Valerius Maximus praises him thus: "The art of acting does not dignify Roscius, it is he who dignifies the art of acting." Horace speaks of him as "profoundly cultivated." To be sure, a century later, when a more realistic school of acting prevailed, Roscius's style of acting was thought old-fashioned and absurd. This is evident from Tacitus's "Dialogue concerning Orators," in which he says: "The mass of cultivated minds at the present day would as little endure the stiff and tasteless manners of the old times as would they endure an attempt to imitate or revive upon the scene the gesticulation of a Roscius or

a *Turpio Ambivius*" (a contemporary of Terence).

Among the ancients Roscius is generally termed "the comedian." Cicero mentions as one of his best rôles that of the boastful, base bawd Ballio in the "*Pseudolus*" of Plautus. Quintilian, too, speaks of him especially as a comedian. "There is most pathos in deliberation (of gesture and elocution); for this reason Roscius was animated and *Æsopus* deliberate in gesture, because the one played comedy and the other tragedy." Notwithstanding this, an assertion has been made, supported by certain passages of Cicero's work, "*The Orator*," to the effect that Roscius played tragic parts also. After Cicero has alluded to the fact that in declamation, passages effective in themselves may be thrown completely in the shade by the following of still more effective passages, he proceeds: "Roscius never spoke this passage with the gesture which could be given it:

For the wise man desires only honor, not booty,
as a reward.

On the contrary, he delivered it evenly, quietly, without any particular emotion, in order to lay the principal emphasis upon the following:

"What do I see! dostthou assail the sanctuary
with a sword?"

Just so it was with another line,

Where do I find protection?

How negligently, with how little passion was it uttered! Simply because followed by

"O father! Thou, O fatherland! O house of
Priam!"

Evidently these quotations cannot belong to a comedy, and from this it seems proved that Roscius did play tragedy. Unhappily, however, we cannot otherwise translate the opening sentence than thus: "Never *would* a Roscius, that is an accomplished elocutionist," etc. And this for the simple reason that in the year 62 B. C., when Cicero wrote this letter to the poet Archias, the great comedian was already in his grave.

Roscius appears to have emancipated himself from the use of the mask. If this were not so, how could Cicero say, in the above-named work, "Everything depends upon the expression of the face and eyes; therefore those men were right who did not applaud Roscius as vehemently as usual when he wore a mask." How eager

and absorbed an attention was paid to Roscius, how vast a public crowded the theatre when he played, we may gather from another passage in "*The Orator*," in which he says: "I would fain have an orator so perfect in his art, that when the rumor that he is going to speak is spread, the nearest places are occupied, the tribunal filled, the circle crowded, the judge surrounded; that then, as soon as the orator appears, that profound silence should ensue which is so significant a sign of awe and admiration; that tears or laughter should break out at his pleasure; in short, that if any one could observe the faces of the assembly, they would be led to believe that Roscius was speaking." In another passage Cicero complains that the public give less fixed attention to an orator than to other servants of the public; and here he again instances Roscius, and observes that sometimes when he had a fit of caprice, or did not play in quite as masterly a manner as usual, the audience simply said "Roscius is not well to-day," or "Roscius is not in the mood for acting to-day."

Once only, while Roscius was acting, did it happen that the audience—excited by some agitating political event—were noisy and tumultuous, a fact which Cicero found so unpardonable that he addressed a censure concerning it to Macrobius. In his old age, when his limbs had lost their suppleness in some degree, Roscius permitted the flute-players to play their airs somewhat more slowly than formerly, in order to make the accompanying gestures more at his ease; and this, too, was forgiven him by the majority. Roscius founded a school for beginners in acting, and himself taught there the members of his troupe. The severity which he used toward himself, he displayed also in the education of his scholars. Of one of these, Panurgus, Cicero says that "Roscius not only took him into his school, so that he might have the advantage of being called his pupil, but actually took great pains with his dramatic education. For in proportion to his own talent and capacity are the intense earnestness, diligence, and anxiety with which he teaches. And when he sees a pupil learning slowly and with difficulty, what he mastered with ease, it irritates and mortifies him." Cicero further says in "*The Orator*": "I have often heard Roscius say that he had as yet been able to find no pupil to whom

he could give full approbation—not that he had none of whom he could approve in some degree, but because he could not himself tolerate the slightest fault.” His school had the highest reputation as a matter of course, and whoever was taught by him was sure of the approbation of the public. Cicero has left some interesting details of this fact. “What claim to public favor,” says he, “did Panurgus bring with him on the stage, beyond the simple fact that he was a pupil of Roscius? All who loved Roscius were favorably disposed to Panurgus; those who delighted in the former applauded the latter; those finally who had merely heard the name of Roscius regarded Panurgus as necessarily well-trained and perfect. So it is ever with the masses. They estimate very few things by the standard of absolute truth, but many by that of prepossession. Few indeed ask what a man really knows, but all where he has learned it. People believed that Panurgus could do nothing badly; but had he come from the school of Statilius no one would have gone to see him, even had Statilius surpassed Roscius as a teacher; for no one would have believed that a poor actor could make a good teacher of acting, and as little will people believe that a bad father can have a good son. Panurgus really seemed to know more than he did, simply because he was trained by Roscius. The same thing happened recently to Eros the comedian. As he was driven from the stage—not only by hisses but by contemptuous epithets—he fled to the house, instruction, protection, and name of Roscius for refuge. And thus it happened that he who at the beginning had been numbered among the most inferior actors, speedily obtained popularity. How did he win it? Simply through the recommendation of Roscius.”

The above-named pupil, Panurgus, not only caused Roscius much irritation and anxiety, but involved him in a scandalous lawsuit. He was the slave of Fannius Chærna (probably a rich manumitted slave), who had made an agreement with Roscius to the effect that the salary of Panurgus should be equally divided between teacher and owner. A certain Quintus Fabius, however, murdered the young comedian, and indemnified Roscius with an estate worth about the sum which Panurgus owed him. Fannius, who ought to have received an equal sum in

indemnification, subsequently demanded the half of that which had been awarded to Roscius, and went to law about it. Cicero, who before this had, out of friendship for Roscius, defended his brother-in-law Quintus in court, now undertook the office of counsel for his darling. Unfortunately we do not know the result of this ancient lawsuit.

In the few fragments which remain of his speech, Cicero speaks of his client as a man of means, who could not possibly feel tempted to defraud the plaintiff of so small a sum as that named. Pliny estimates his annual income at the very lowest at a sum equal to about \$20,500 (his contemporary, the dancer Dionysia, had \$8,200); and Macrobius informs us that he received 1,000 denarii (\$164) for every performance, besides payment for his troupe. In the year 77 B. C. he had already been playing ten years without receiving any salary, having voluntarily relinquished it. For this very reason he stood far above his compeers in the eyes of the Romans, having removed altogether from himself the ruling prejudice with regard to the unworthiness of paid labor. Cicero highly praises this disinterestedness. In his opening for the defence, he says: “Roscius has performed labor eminently worthy of reward, though he despises the reward of labor. He has long since ceased to serve himself, but he has not ceased to serve the Roman people.” Again he says: “Can blame be attached to a man like this, who is even more honorable than gifted, more true than learned; whom the Roman people estimate as a better man than he is even an actor; who would be as great an ornament to the senate for his disinterestedness, as he is to the theatre for his consummate art?” In other places the orator says that he regrets, for the sake of the man, that Roscius is an actor; and the deep enthusiasm with which he throughout speaks of the great artist shows that he felt in him a far more than artistic interest. It is therefore of the less importance, as proving the general recognition of actors, that Sulla presented Roscius with the golden ring which then only senators, counsellors, and magistrates were permitted to wear; for the dictator was not select in his company, and often invited dancers as well as actors. That Roscius died in the year 62 B. C. is proved from a letter of Cicero to the poet Archias.

From the German of HERMANN GOLL.

DRIFT-WOOD.

ETHICS OF DEFALCATION.

OUR morning "Trumpeter" contained some time ago a notice which, disguising the address, I copy as follows :

\$40.—I WILL GIVE \$40 TO ANYBODY who will secure me a place as collector, conductor, or some position of trust. Address NOCDOWN, Trumpeter office.

The very chastity of integrity to let—price \$40! It is not work that Mr. Nocdown wants, nor wages, nor the traditional "opportunity to make himself useful, salary being less an object than steady employment and a knowledge of the business;" he only asks that money may pass between his palms! He does not aspire to carpentry at four dollars a day, but dreams of a conductorship at two; does not envy the salesman who gazes Tantalus-like upon receipts that cannot be fingered, but would fain be a tax-gatherer, or compiler of actual lucre. Are trustworthy persons a drug, that they offer \$40 for the chance of collecting car-fares or subscriptions? Is there no asylum lacking a steward, no ward needing a guardian, estate seeking a trustee, railroad wanting a director, bank wanting a cashier, city wanting a councilman or comptroller? That man's bumps, I venture to say, destine him to be a Congressman, with power of appointment to cadetships; but now he covets a humbler post of duty, which, since \$40 is irresistible to many people, he will get; and so, having modestly figured among wanters of situations, will in time be promoted perhaps to the "Trumpeter's" news columns, under such capitals as "Dastardly Defalcation! Damaging and Damning Disclosures!!" and the other eloquence of head-lines.

The short way of settling the "ethics of defalcation" is to declare that a thief is a thief; that if a man has the knave in him, it is sure to come out; and that explaining villainy is only excusing it. But the solemn prayer, "Lead us not into temptation, deliver us from evil," teaches that sin may be ripened by circumstance, and that he that standeth should take heed lest he fall. Besides, as

defalcations are more frequent in America than elsewhere, this difference must be accounted for.

Some people account for it by "the late war"; but the late war is too convenient a scapegoat for evils, too handy a profit-and-loss page for squaring deficiencies. Politics, however, disclose persuasives to fraud, both in the shape of highly successful embezzlements and in their approved code of morals. The spoils of office are divided amongst the givers of money or of services to the winning party; and if lawful salaries do not repay the outlay, why, something of course must make up the difference; for you would hardly ask a patriot, in a canvass, to advance his time and money on speculation to the good cause, and then fail of his just reward, while millions are pouring into the treasury. Another class of patriots offer a bonus to the superior patriots and patrons who control places of profit. How they dare to make proposals to virtue so lofty and honor so delicate, is inconceivable. However, when the bargain is struck, who, think you, pays the bonus—the buyer or Uncle Sam? Who is likely to furnish, in the end, the \$40 which gives Mr. Nocdown his conductor's badge? Again, office-holders are taxed by party managers a percentage on their earnings for the election expenses, and this percentage is sometimes assessed not upon the lawful salary, but upon a very much larger sum supposed to be derived from "perquisites" or plunder. Is not that a highly moral hint? Petty place-holders, who can ill afford the levy, know that the law contemplates giving them the full wages, and that the party assessment is unrighteous. What a temptation to just enough embezzlement for "covering political expenses!" I do not pretend that many place-holders yield to this insidious bait, but only that it is offered, and that a dishonest man, exceedingly "liberal" to the election fund, probably keeps his foothold better than one who refuses the assessment, but has his accounts square. So far as politics set any example to young men in trade,

they set a bad one; and fortunate it is that the customs of politics are not oftener transplanted to trade.

Defalcations are not well punished in this country. A great theft is sometimes viewed by our countrymen as an unsuccessful business operation, and the greater the breach of trust, the more like a daring but disastrous stroke of business it seems. We are occasionally thunder-struck when some American financier, greatly respected for his skill, falls into the clutch of a European court, and is treated like a common swindler. Even if prosecuted and imprisoned here, defaulters are quickly released. There are persons whose occupation is to procure the pardon of convicts, and whose skill in this calling enjoys a national reputation. They are actually ranked among the Abou ben Adheims of mankind, are styled, I think, "Prisoners' Friends," and from time to time provide for themselves public dinners, medals, votes of thanks, or other testimonials to virtue; and these, combined with the long catalogues of pardons they audaciously publish as procured by them, advertise the business and cause their services to be sought for. Defaulters must be good subjects for such enterprise, because they commonly behave well in jail, can read tracts, or give other signs of improvement, and have good-natured friends to petition for their release, which last is a regular appliance of your "Prisoner's Friend." Gracious Heavens! What a trade this is, of devoting one's life to letting loose again upon society the murderers, burglars, forgers, whom it has been so hard to catch and cage—invoking the name of philanthropy to bless the precious task! What a public sentiment, that can bepraise such efforts to make law a fraud and justice a farce! Yet, when a cheat is prematurely let out of jail by this or other machinery, people seem to reckon the shortening of his term a kind of exculpation, as if showing that he ought not to have been convicted at all, or at least that his crime was no such serious affair as the sentence implied.

The war bedecked some crimes with droll names; thieves travelling with the army were "bummers," and their larceny was "foraging"; if a wretch took your property, he "confiscated" or "levied on" it. When a car-conductor steals

from the company, people say he "knocks down"; a clerk who pilfers from his employers talks gravely of his "perquisites." The reader will tell me that euphemism for crime is as old as Falstaff, since Pistol rebukes the knight and Nym for using the word "steal," impressively declaring, "*Convey*, the wise it call." However, if theft is habitual and reckless enough, we moderns sometimes softly style it *kleptomania*; and this very text-word of our homily, "defalcation," may describe lawful loppings off in a trust fund. Nothing in this kind is more detestable than the flippant slang with which the average reporter glorifies the adroitness of "cracksmen," using all sorts of thieves' lingo to cover up, in his perverted hero-worship, the cruel truth that a gang of armed ruffians break into an innocent home at dead of night to rob, and, if needful, murder the inmates. Such newspaper descriptions are ordinarily meant, I should say, to challenge respectful admiration for the criminals, or, at least, by their jocosity, the articles hint that it is a very funny business—that the thieves are playful dogs. If a bully brutally disembowels a good citizen, we sometimes find editors and clergymen protesting that the scoundrel was "suffering from temporary aberration of the intellect." Lawyers, physicians, and members of the Peace Society conspire to beg a jury or governor not to hold a man morally responsible who cuts throats "under a sudden access of passion." Quite on a par with euphemisms for robbery and murder is the ordinary newspaper talk of defalcation; for we are besought to let our minds dwell candidly on the virtues of the ill-starred "operator," on his open-handed generosity (with other people's money), on his kindly smile and cheerful word for everybody (even those whom he was cheating), and we are solemnly assured that such a man is no vulgar felon.

The mobility of our population aids the defaulter. Most young Americans might say, in a sense, with St Paul, "Here have we no continuing city, but we seek one to come." How old is the oldest settler of half the Western cities? Thanks to the migration of natives and the influx of foreigners, trade, like society, deals largely with people having "no references." New-comers are welcome in the

business world without a "character," as Biddy calls her scrap of paper; for, like the gracious common law, we take a man to be honest till proved a knave. Accordingly, a swindler in America cannot be called "utterly ruined" by exposure, because he is only ruined for a region whence he is glad to escape, under an alias. We Americans consider ourselves shrewd enough to checkmate the reputed scoundrelism of a skilful broker, lawyer, or agent, and in coveting the benefit of his talent will risk a rascality that can only find vent, we trust, in our neighbor's direction, not in ours. Hence it is easier than you fancy for able men of questionable integrity to obtain places of trust.

In truth, the customs of trade promote in several ways the increase of defalcations. Custom, to be sure, has much to do with conscience, in every line of duty. Molly the maid, with conscience void of offence, daily ravages her mistress's pins and pomatum, but scorns to pocket the smallest coin she picks from the dressing-room carpet—though pins cost pin-money, and Lubin's unguents are not had for the asking; and so John the clerk is vindicated by an established custom in applying "office" postage to his amatory letters, and in furnishing goods at cost to all his friends' friends. I do not aspire to point a brilliant moral of the embezzlement of a pin bringing Bad Tommy to the gallows; but, in an entirely different way, loose customs regarding the use of property may suggest defalcation. For, an unprincipled cashier observes that many of the banks in the country habitually violate the law by using in business operations those reserves which they are bound to keep on hand; that is, they employ money not their own for ventures whose success is doubtful, intending to be "all right" at any time of settlement. The knavish teller or cashier says to himself that he, too, will be "all right" on his balance day, and meanwhile will "use" the money of which he has the keeping. The unprincipled clerk looks about him in the business world, and finds here and there the members of some firm spending in extravagant living, or employing in speculation, money not quite their own, being lodged with them on trust, or advanced for specific use, or in some way not constituting earned pro-

fits, fairly withdrawn from the business; and so he attempts to "use" in like manner the money intrusted to him. Only a man ripe for knavery soothes himself by these fallacies; but they show how the least lowering of the standard of honor in trade adds something by its indirect example to the growth of defalcations.

DEGREES.

THE season is at hand for the swarming of several thousand Bachelors or Masters of Arts, and Doctors of Music, Physic, Philosophy, Dentistry, Divinity. Bachelors, quotha? Ay, marry, and their titles of Law and Matrons of Medicine.

The question is, shall scholastic degrees continue to mean next to nothing, as now, or shall some combined action of reputable colleges clothe them with the significance they were designed to bear? In favor of the former, or *laissez-aller* policy, is the desperation of the case due to the multitude of ignorant people already decorated with A.B., D.D., LL.D., S.B., S.P., A.S.S., etc.; in favor of the latter is the fortunate circumstance that M.A.'s and M.D.'s are mortal, and their titles not hereditary, so that any reform would affect the next if not the current generation.

To what a pass have degrees come in America! Colleges multiply like cockle over the land—or, rather, academies that take unto themselves the name of universities, and fling their diplomas broadcast. No writing-teacher dubs his school of penmanship with any less pretentious title than Commercial College or Calligraphic University. The Philadelphia High School confers on every mother's son of the boys who graduate at its so-called "Commencement" the same A.B. that Harvard gives. A scholastic degree, like a brevet in the volunteer service, is chiefly of use as a protection against eccentricity; and hence a lad who has really "been through" decimal fractions or "bounded" Asia Minor in his day, may appropriately accept the title of A.B., merely to avoid the suspicion of never having done his sums right. An exceptional man like Spurgeon can safely discard the Reverend, and threaten not to open letters that prefix the obnoxious epithet to his all-sufficient C. H.; a Beecher, too, may safely decline the D.D.

that hardly distinguishes; but so may not worthy brother Addlepate, who needs all helps to a loud "call," and who is a triple D.D. (Stubbs University, 1870; Champignon, 1871; Jonah, 1872), though he knows no more of theology than I of Choctaw. What chance would a man without a degree to his name have of being engaged as teacher in Milldale Academy? The list of the faculty of that seminary is a study in abbreviations, D.D.'s, LL.B.'s, and what not, stringing after each honored name like bobs upon a kite, the longest tailed functionary having the place of honor and the highest wages.

Were it worth while, reforms in the diploma system might be secured by a mutual pledge and sincere struggle of the genuine colleges, aided by the legislatures, whose function in the matter would be to frame statutes carrying penalties against the wilful issue or sporting of scholastic degrees by unauthorized persons, the colleges having first fixed some standard of authority. The difficulty is that without legal enactments no reform can be thorough, and such enactments our people would resent as an infringement of their liberties. We are a very free and enlightened people, and not only that, but we believe that everybody should enjoy some sort of honorary title, even if it is only deacon. In England the multitude of sham degrees in medicine caused Parliament to pass a Medical Registration Act; but we would consider it better to allow quacks to kill people that trust to the spurious M.D. on their signs, than for us to permit any odious monopoly of diploma-giving powers.

But, aside from legislation, the colleges (excluding by their leave from this list the primary schools that style themselves American Heidelbergs) could do something. They might agree to confer the lowest degree on simple graduation in the quadrennial course; whereas, some colleges give, at this epoch, an A.M. where others give A.B. Again, the A.M., or second degree in course, should be made a real, not a sham one, distributed only to graduates who have continued professional studies, and not to any who will pay

five dollars. It might perhaps still better be reserved as an exclusively honorary degree conferred on merit; or, if not, at least there might be a pinch of conscience in the matter, and not all cash. Something, too, might be done to curtail those "partial course" degrees that are usually such humbugs. As for honorary diplomas, it would work wonders were each college to limit itself to conferring each year one of each grade. At present, too, honorary degrees are mystifying; for even very dignified universities pass by profound scholars, learned lawyers, and able publicists, in their eagerness to placard a diploma upon the last popular sensation—for example, some dashing cavalryman or pioneer, who may merit a dozen service brevets, but is no more a Doctor of Laws than the King of the Fijis. To keep a bright lookout for millionaires, and to ensnare their affections with LL.D.'s, is plainly right, on account of the great expectations based upon the decease of a gratified Cræsus; but clapping an LL.D. on Timothy Dexter is one thing, and clapping an LL.D. upon Kit Carson is quite another. It might be a further aid to discrimination if gentlemen who take enough interest in their degrees to use them on the title-pages of their books, or elsewhere, would also append the abbreviated name of the college that conferred them.

But, after all, little real harm is done to mankind through the misuse of degrees. Were clients beguiled to the title LL.B., even as flies unto honey, the result (in the present state of law schools) might be disastrous in the extreme; but in fact a young lawyer never gets a case on the strength of his degree, nor fails to get one through lacking it. In medicine the matter is more serious, and deserves legislation. Still, even there, the evil remedies itself in part by its own monstrosity, since bogus M.D.'s are so plenty that a sensible man should no more be taken in by the mere title than he should mistake a Modoc brave for a Broadway dandy on finding him ornamented with a stolen silk hat.

PHILIP QUILIBET.

SCIENTIFIC MISCELLANY.

ARCTIC PERILS.

ANOTHER heat in the great international race to the north pole! All former results surpassed and the rider down! Metaphor aside, Captain Hall is said to have taken his ship nearer to the pole than any of his predecessors, and dying, was buried further north than any other arctic adventurer. The history of the attempts of the last four centuries to find a northwest passage to India in the interests of commerce, and of the great expeditions of the present century by Parry, Ross, Franklin, Kane, Hayes, and Hall in the interests of scientific exploration, is full of the records of heroic courage, invincible perseverance, daring exploit, danger and escape, suffering and death; and the last of these displays surpasses all of its predecessors. Captain Hall was a man of enthusiasm, forty-seven years of age, a blacksmith by trade, and with a vigorous and robust physical development. He undertook an expedition in 1860 in search of Sir John Franklin, and spent two years and three months in the arctic regions. He went out again in 1864, spending five years there, and ascertained the time and places where the Franklin company had perished. His third and last expedition sailed from New York, June 29, 1871, and his ship, the *Polaris*, reached latitude 82 deg. 16 min. He died October 8, 1871—but little over three months after leaving home.

But the event which will make this expedition most memorable among arctic adventures is the miraculous escape of a portion of the crew on an ice-floe which drifted down the polar ocean a distance of some two thousand miles. A similar event had occurred but a year or two previously of a most extraordinary character, but much less wonderful in every respect than that which has just taken place. The ship *Hansa* was crushed in the ice on the east coast of Greenland, on the 22d of October, 1869, in latitude 70 deg. 49 min. The crew, fourteen in number, all men, took to the ice, but they had ample stores and made a very comfortable voyage, drifting 1,000 miles, and arriving at Frederiksthal

June 14, 1870. In the present instance a part of the crew of the *Polaris*, consisting of eleven men, two women, and five children—the youngest but eight months old—were borne away from their vessel on an ice-floe in latitude 77 deg. 35 min., on the 15th of October, 1872. They had one boat, a small canvas tent, and provisions for one month, but fortunately possessed six or eight rifles and plenty of ammunition. They determined at the outset to go on short allowance, and make their stores last five months; yet had it not been for the seals they caught and a couple of ice-bears that were shot, they would have starved to death. They lived in snow-houses during the early part of their trip, but later had no shelter besides the tent. The floe upon which they floated frequently broke up in the storms, forcing them to take to the boat with their provisions and get on another floe. On April 21 all their provisions but ten biscuits were gone, when a providential bear again saved them. They were picked up by the steamer *Tigress* on the coast of Labrador on the 29th of April, 1873, in latitude 53 deg., after having drifted on the ice, without making any allowance for the windings of their track, 1,440 miles, the time of the passage being 196 days. No lives were lost, and all were in good health, the baby included. Captain Tyson is reported to have preserved excellent discipline during the whole perilous voyage, and all behaved remarkably well. Fourteen of the crew, in charge of Captain Buddington, were with the *Polaris* at the time of the separation; and as there were plenty of stores on board, she is believed to be in no danger, and is expected back this summer.

It is feared that the ship's papers together with the scientific records of the voyage are lost, as they were on the ice near the vessel when the floe to which she was attached broke up.

GLASS SPINNING AND GLASS FABRICS.

IN the "Journal of Applied Science" occurs an account of some modern improvements in the art of spinning glass,

from which it will be seen to how many varied uses that material may be applied. A Viennese manufacturer, Braunft, to whose ingenuity and unflagging perseverance we are indebted for the brilliant results here detailed, spins a thread of glass surpassing in fineness that spun by the silkworm, and almost as soft and elastic. He makes glass flock-wool wrappings for gouty patients, and the same material is used for filters by chemists. The threads are woven into textile fabrics, which are made into cushions, carpets, table-cloths, shawls, neckties, cuffs, collars, etc. As a material for fancy dresses, for tapestry, for covering furniture, for laces, embroidery, and the like, the glass tissue will probably at some future time occupy a prominent place. In softness it almost equals silk, and to the touch it is like the finest wool or cotton. It possesses remarkable strength, and remains unchanged in light or warmth; nor is it altered by moisture or acids. Spots may be removed from it by washing. Its being non-inflammable and incombustible renders glass tissue specially valuable for ladies' dresses. Clothes of this material are at once lighter and warmer than those of cotton or wool. A veil of glass fibres excludes dust remarkably well. The process of manufacture is as yet a secret.

THE ORIGIN OF PEARLS.

MR. GARNER of the Linnæan Society is inclined to discredit the received opinion as to the origin of pearls; namely, that their formation is due to the self-protecting instinct, or rather to the spontaneous action of the animal, coating with its nacre or mother-of-pearl any foreign substance—a grain of sand, for instance—which may have gained entrance between its shell and its soft mantle. That such is in some cases at least the cause of the pearly formation is an ascertained fact, long known to the Chinese, who drop grains of shot and the like into the opened valves of the pearl-oyster, and in due course get them again incrustated with nacre. They also introduce small metallic images of Buddha, which become in like manner incrustated. Linnæus, too, observed this curious fact, and received from the Swedish government a large reward for a process of pearl-making based upon it. Another mode of accounting for the origin of pearls is on the theory that they are

produced by eggs which have become abortive, and which remain lodged within the mollusk instead of being ejected into the sea.

In the face of all this, we should hesitate before accepting Mr. Garner's conclusions as of universal application, though in particular cases they may be legitimate enough. His opinion, which is confirmed by the independent researches of Signor Antonio Villa, an Italian, is that the exciting cause of the pearl formation in the pearl oyster, is a minute parasite, a species of *distoma*, and in the fresh-water mussel a minute mite, *atax*, a sort of itch insect. On treating pearls with a dilute acid, Mr. Garner claims to have ascertained these facts.

He proposes to turn his discovery to account by contaminating the water inhabited by the animals, and so producing an abnormal secretion of nacre. In that case the mollusk would be brought into a diseased state similar to that which favors the formation of calculus and chalky deposits in the human subject. In short, he would make these creatures accumulate their treasures by giving them the gout.

AN IMPROVED COOKING UTENSIL.

AN ingenious little culinary implement was lately shown in Paris at the Exposition of Gastronomic Products—a novel gridiron and baking oven all in one. It consists of an oblong quadrangular sheet-iron box, open at the top and at one end, and standing on four feet. The top has a netting of iron wire stretched over it, and on this glowing charcoal is placed. A gridiron slides in at the open end under the fire. The juices and melted fats of the meat, poultry, fish, etc., drop into a pan beneath the gridiron, and thus no disagreeable odors of burning grease are given out. No ashes sift through the wire network on the meat below, unless the fire is stirred. When it becomes necessary to meddle with the fire, the gridiron is to be removed for a moment and then replaced. The heat of the fire may at the same time be employed for the purpose of boiling water in a pot or kettle, set upon some sort of stand over the fire.

MINERAL TREASURES OF JAPAN.

CONCERNING the mineral wealth of Japan, a distinguished traveller, Mr. J. Kadsily, gives the following statement.

He says that there are good reasons for believing that the mountain range dividing the province of Mutsu from that of Dewa, and extending from 38 deg. to 41 deg. N. lat., is rich in gold-bearing quartz, and that placer gold is to be found in the tributaries of the Fia Ani Karva. Many other valuable metals and minerals exist abundantly in the interior, such as graphite, white and red chalk, red and yellow ochre, realgar, orpiment, elastic bitumen, Iceland and fluor spar, talc, alabaster, meerschauum, and pozzuolana. The native system of mining is very defective, but if the present liberal government will permit foreigners to develop the vast resources of the country, a great impetus will be given to social progress in Japan.

The richest copper mines of Japan are in Kiu Siu. Japanese copper has always been esteemed the best in the world. There are abundant deposits of coal, not of very good quality, it is true, but better than that found in Australia. An excellent clay for pottery is found in the southern end of Nippon, as also in Kiu Siu and Sikok. The entire archipelago is of volcanic origin, and many of the smaller islands consist only of lava, obsidian, and pumice. In the north and south there are volcanoes still active, but those in the centre are extinct.

A SINGING-FLAME ORGAN.

M. FR. KASTNER, inventor of a novel musical instrument, called by him the *pyrophone*, explains as follows, in the "Comptes Rendus" of the French Academy, the principles upon which it is constructed. If, says he, we introduce into a glass tube two flames of suitable dimensions, locating them both at a point distant from the base one-third of the tube's length, they will vibrate in unison. The phenomenon will continue so long as the flames stand apart, but ceases when they are in contact. With a tube 0.55 metre in length, 0.041 metre in external diameter, and 0.0025 metre thickness of glass, two separate flames of hydrogen gas, from burners situate at a distance of 0.183 metre from the base of the tube, produced the note of *Fa* natural.

But when, by the means of a very simple contrivance, these flames are brought together, the sound at once ceases. If the position of the flames be changed to any point above the first third of the

tube, the sound decreases until it reaches the middle; above that there is no sound. On the other hand, if the flames be moved downward from the middle point, the sound increases until the first quarter-length is reached. At this point, if the two flames be brought together, the sound does not at once cease.

The author has been experimenting on these singing flames for two years, and the result is his new musical instrument, which he describes as possessing a tone very much like that of the human voice. It has three key-boards, each key being in communication with the burners in a tube. On touching the key the burners are forced apart, and the appropriate note is sounded; when the pressure is removed from the key, the flames are again in contact and no sound is produced. It will be readily seen that all the usual effects of the organ may be obtained from the *pyrophone*, by the employment of very simple mechanical contrivances.

PARASITIC DISEASE AND SEWAGE.

FERTILIZING land with sewage by the irrigation process has been strongly objected to by Dr. Cobbold, on the ground that it would aid the dissemination of the ova of entozoa, and thus give rise to an increased amount of parasitic disease. This startling statement, coming from such an authority, excited no small degree of apprehension, especially in those districts where this mode of distributing sewage was employed. It also led to the investigation of the subject by other observers; one of whom, Dr. Alfred Carpenter of Croydon (England), reports that there is little real cause for alarm; that although the dangers feared might arise, in reality they do not. His own experience, and that of his medical friends, as well as the records of the poor-law medical officers, show that cases of *tania solium* are all but unknown among the inhabitants of Croydon, where sewage farms have been in operation for years. When such cases had occurred it was generally among those who had lived some time in India, in some part of the centre of Europe, or in Africa; showing conclusively that the ova developing the disease had been planted in the human frame in other countries. The apprehension, according to Dr. Carpenter, arises from a misunderstanding as to what sewage farming really is. The popular no-

tion seems to be that the ova of entozoa would be carried on to the land, applied to the crops, and then consumed as ova by the cattle upon the farm. No such contamination could occur except by accident, such as could happen to anybody's kitchen, where meat which might find its way into the cook's hands with *trichina spiralis* or other parasites in it, was not properly cooked or was eaten raw. If people cooked their meat properly, no evil could result; and if sewage farms were properly managed, no danger from entozoa could arise.

With reference to another point—the destination of the millions of ova of entozoa which undoubtedly do find their way to the irrigation farm at Beddington—Dr. Carpenter states that he often searched for them years ago, at the outfall, but never found them. He thought that a good work might be done in solving the question of development by following out a point which he had not hitherto found time to do. He had an idea that the ova of entozoa, placed in other channels, in other conditions as to moisture and temperature, might develop into some other form than that of parasites. He had not found the ova of entozoa; but in every running stream exposed to the air he had never failed to find the blood-red worm, the “naid,” waving its body about. It was contrary to received opinion that such a development should occur; but when the “naid,” and where were the parasitic ova of the entozoa? With reference to this latter question, Mr. H. Lee, the well-known naturalist, has offered to place at the disposal of Dr. Carpenter an apparatus which he has at Brighton, and which can be submitted to the action of a running stream as long as may be necessary. The solution of the problem is important, as tending to prove the fallacy or otherwise of one of the supposed dangers of sewage farming.

HABITS OF ANTS.

MR. DARWIN publishes in “Nature” a letter received by him from Mr. James D. Hague of San Francisco, giving some new and interesting observations on the habits of ants. Mr. Hague, while confined to his room by sickness, was annoyed by the presence of a colony of very small red ants which, issuing from a hole in the wall near the ceiling, formed an almost unbro-

ken procession to a vase of flowers on the mantel shelf. He frequently brushed them in great numbers off the wall down to the floor; but this course had the effect only of dividing the colony, and now a new settlement was made at the base of the mantel. One day he killed some of the marauders on the shelf at the foot of the vase of flowers, and disabled others. In half an hour the wall above the shelf was cleared of ants, the procession retreating from the scene of carnage with all possible haste. For an hour or two the lower colony continued to ascend, until reaching the lower bevelled edge of the shelf; here the more timid individuals were aware of trouble ahead and turned back, while the more daring ones advanced hesitatingly just to the upper edge, peeping cautiously out to survey the field. Then they too turned back, and in a short time no more ants were to be seen.

“A curious and invariable feature of their behavior,” writes Mr. Hague, “was that when an ant, returning in fright, met another approaching, the two would always communicate, but each would pursue its own way, the second ant continuing its journey to the spot where the first had turned about, and then following that example.” No ants were visible for several days after the disaster, but at length a few from the lower colony made their appearance. They carefully avoided the vase, which had been to their race so fruitful of misfortune, and attacked some violets in a tumbler in the middle of the shelf. The same experiment was repeated here, and with the same results as before. “Occasionally,” says the writer, “an ant would advance toward the tumbler until it found itself among the dead and dying; then it seemed to lose all self-possession, running hither and thither, making wide circuits about the scene of the trouble, stopping at times and elevating the antennæ with a movement suggestive of wringing them in despair, and finally taking flight.”

WASHABLE PAPER-HANGINGS.

A WALL-PAPER which may be washed like painted wainscoting has long been a desideratum, both from the sanitary as well as from the economical point of view, and we learn from the “Mechanics' Magazine” that such paper is now manufactured in England. The illumination, be-

ing in rich dead oil colors, will bear the application of soap and water, and thus the walls of a room may be readily restored to their original beauty. It is further claimed that this paper is damp-proof. These two advantages are sufficient to commend it to universal use, as the absence of them is the capital objection to the present styles of paper-hangings.

THE Royal Lombard Institute of Sciences and Letters offers a prize of eight hundred and sixty-four lire for the best method for the cremation of dead bodies. In 1871 the Medical International Congress proposed to supersede burial with incineration, as a measure of hygienic reform. Proofs are to be given, from experiments on dead animals, that the plan suggested is innocuous, expeditious, economical, and such as will meet all civil requirements. The competition for the prize will close in February, 1877.

LATE intelligence from the Livingstone Relief Expedition is to the effect that its commander, Lieutenant Cameron, was down with fever at Bogamoyo, and Mr. Murphy laid up at the same place with erysipelas. Dr. Dillon had, however, set out with the van of the expedition; but as the carriers were few and of indifferent quality, and the rainy season had begun, the prospect of success was not very encouraging.

A COMPANY has been formed in Ireland for the purpose of producing from the peat bogs of that country a dense fuel for domestic and manufacturing uses. Box's patent process is to be adopted, by means of which the raw peat can be macerated and pulped at a low cost. According to "Iron," the commercial and economic value of this fuel, while not equal to coal, very nearly approaches it.

COTTON waste, soaked in boiled linseed oil and wrung out, will oxidize so rapidly when exposed to a temperature of 170 deg. Fahr., that actual combustion commences within one hundred and five minutes, and oftentimes much sooner. With unboiled oil ignition does not occur so readily, requiring four or five hours. Experiments with various other oils give the following results: Rape oil and Gallipoli olive oil,

five hours or more (temperature 170 deg.) At 130 deg. castor oil takes over one day before ignition; lard oil four hours; salad oil one hour and forty minutes. These facts will doubtless satisfactorily account for the origin of many fires in mills, manufactories, and other places where oiled cotton waste accumulates.

THIRTY-NINE degrees Fahr. is commonly given as the temperature at which water attains its greatest density; but experiments conducted by Desprets and others show that this holds good for fresh water only. Salt water grows steadily denser as the mercury descends, until the freezing point is reached.

DR. MACKENZIE BACON discredits the diagnosis of softening of the brain. He has received into his asylum many patients, judged by their physicians to be affected in this manner, but has never, on *post-mortem* examination of the brain, found any peculiar signs of softening in such cases.

A WRITER in "Science Gossip" gives a remarkable instance of the tenacity of life possessed by bats. He states that having caught one of these animals, it was first kept immersed in spirits of wine for about two hours, and then laid away in a drawer, wrapped up in a handkerchief. Three weeks afterward, on unfolding the handkerchief, he was amazed to see the bat take wing and escape.

STIMULATED, doubtless, by the high prices which now rule in England, explorations in search of coal are being very generally prosecuted on the Continent, thus far with very good success. The genuine article has lately been found in Italy for the first time, and is now being mined for use on locomotives. Additional deposits have also been discovered in Denmark, and in the province of Scania in Sweden.

IN the New York State Lunatic Asylum experiments have been made with conium (hemlock) in the treatment of insanity. It is found to have a soothing effect on the motor centres, its action on the motor tract being analogous to that of opium on the brain. Hence it tends to quiet and renovate the whole muscular system.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

"THE FAIR SAXON." A Novel. By Justin McCarthy. New York: Sheldon & Co. 1873.

One is tempted to ask, what would a novel be without an Irishman? in enjoying the clever use made by Mr. McCarthy of that national character, which mingles like a ferment with other settled societies, and combines with none. "The Celt," as he frankly says, "is hardly ever a firm, self-contained, self-sufficing, individuality." If he were less sentimental, he could understand the English; or they, if less practical, might manage him. As it is, he remains an anachronism, sometimes only a troublesome talking one in Parliament, sometimes a mischievous rioting one, as in Fenianism. Trollope has traced, in his hard colorless style, with the distinctness of a demonstration, the career of the average Irish member, subsiding into a placeman. The Tyrone of this story, with his generous inconstancy and sensitive pride, is more of a man and less of a puppet. He studies the temper of the times quite as much for his country's sake as his own, refusing to let the blood of Irish kings pledge him further than to personal recklessness, and has sense to condemn and courage to denounce conspiracy, while he risks his safety and ruins his career by protecting his misled friends. Fenianism on this side the water was always a contemptible travesty of rebellion, chiefly remarkable for the ingratitude paraded by its contrivers in striving to embroil the country of their refuge with that of their birth. On the other side, a squad of constables put it to flight, but until then it was anything but laughable. Our author introduces a lively sketch of the fury it roused in the House, and the alarm produced by its blind brutality in London. The elements that composed it—the grains of fulminate charging the stinkpot—are distinguished with truth and point. The gallant blundering dupe, the Bowery newsboy turned colonel, and the fanatical French revolutionist, are fair types of the men of action spawned by the Fenian folly; and the sinews of such a war, levied from cham-

bermaids, intrusted to such agents, were of course squandered in handbills and tavern scores. Their proceedings, described with liveliness and humor, lead to certain judgments on politics and society in both countries, such as few men have had equal opportunities with the author for forming. One of these expresses an opinion which a more experienced observer, Bulwer, seems in his latest mood to wish rather than to believe the true one, that the "average and commonplace seem to have it all their own way, but the romantic and the eccentric are meanwhile moving the world."

The personal story thus provided with a background is well put together, and led naturally through not too much intricacy of plot to a conclusion that will content the most romantic reader, though the characters are hardly as strongly marked as those of the author's earlier novel. An American Tyrone leaves an estate by will to the hero, the head of the family, upon certain whimsical conditions, almost impossible for an Irishman and a man of the world to comply with, adding the proviso that on the breach of these another cousin, a colonel in the American army, shall succeed and only upon his death can the testator's son benefit by the inheritance. Tyrone is reckless enough of his expectations, and the cousins, aware of this, naturally make their way to England. One of them dies, leaving his widow and child dependent on their kinsman, and the other, the colonel, concealing their relationship, busies himself with the apparently easy task of intriguing to bring about the violation of the conditions imposed. His accomplice in this design is a Virginian widow, captivated by Tyrone, whose false, weak character is carefully drawn, on an American ground, but with decided French colors. Perhaps we need not complain that the author comes to America in search of materials for his villains of either sex, when their natural bad traits, and the influences in life that perverted their good ones, are very fairly set forth, with the intimation that their fitting field of action could only

be reached through emigration. The usual English respectabilities give the story a family air of reality, and serve as a foil to the heroine's impetuous unconventional sincerity. There is really less of the Saxon about her than her quiet sister displays; but she becomes interesting, apart from her frank innocence, by the gradual growth of her timid regard for Tyrone into strong affection. In tracing this frankness and timidity to her peculiar education, the opportunity is improved for drawing the portrait of something like an English *Père Goriot*, with so much tenderness and pathos in its few touches as to leave a regret that it so soon fades out of the story. *Mme. Pinel*, too, the devoted follower of the house of Tyrone, is a marked character that would bear being brought into stronger light. And since the hero's ruin hastens his reform, and his cousin's treachery succeeds only for the moment, one cannot regret that his fantastic dream of chieftainship is at last exchanged for the modest reality of happiness in what would have been a *mésalliance* if he had remained merely the Tyrone.

“A MEMORIAL OF ALICE AND PHOEBE CARY, with some of their later Poems.” By Mary Clemmer Ames. New York: Hurd & Houghton. 1873.

The quality of the poetry of Alice and Phoebe Cary is so well known to most American readers of poetry, that it is hardly necessary to attempt here to analyze its merits or its defects. The fame of the two sisters will never be elevated to a very lofty pinnacle by it, perhaps, nor on the other hand will its simple charm ever fail to be recognized by those who love verse. We cannot say, however, that the publication of this “Memorial” was the best way to keep their memory green. It is full of extravagance, and in its endeavor to exalt the two poets comes very near making them ridiculous. For instance, after saying that “as many remarkable men and women” came to their Sunday evening receptions “as ever gathered around the abundant board at *Stratham*, or sat in the library of *Strawberry Hill*,” the author quotes from a sketch of one of these receptions, written by the Rev. Charles F. Deems, which gives this extraordinary jumble of names: among others were present *Horace Greeley*, *Oli-*

ver Johnson, *Professor Raymond*, *Lord Adare*, *Robert Dale Owen*, *Edwin Whipple*, *Samuel Bowles*, *Colonel Thomas W. Knox*, *Justin McCarthy*, *Ole Bull*, and *Phineas T. Barnum*.

In the lives of Alice and Phoebe Cary there was quite as much which was deserving of admiration as in their poetry. They were free from all the affectation, all the vanity, all the selfishness which generally are companions of the poetical temperament; and their biography makes us understand how it was that a generation since there grew up in the minds of a certain number of writers and philanthropists in this country a feeling that a new literature was to be born in America, purged of all the dross which had sullied the brightness of older letters—a fit expression of the new life and new aspirations of the only country in the world which had founded itself upon a recognition of the superiority of man to outworn tradition. They have given up these dreams now, but are not the happier for it.

“HIS LEVEL BEST, and Other Stories.” By Edward E. Hale. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1873.

“His Level Best” is the story of a man who, owing to the failure of a mistaken attempt to do “his level best,” ended his life in a poorhouse, with his wife, who also made the same sort of failure, and his children. These unfortunate people had at the outset, at the time of their marriage, a comfortable fortune; but the husband had read newspapers and listened to lectures until he had persuaded himself that unless he did his part toward keeping alive all good things by philanthropic subscriptions of money, he should not be doing his level best—and his level best he always meant to do. There were not only the Lyceum and the Parker Fraternity, the Bay State course, the Citizens’ course, the Mercantile course, the Tremont Temple course, the Berkeley course, the North End course, the South End course, and the Lowell Lectures, but there were the Soldiers’ Home, the Serampore Mission, the Kanakas’ Hospital; there were great numbers of people who wanted to open classes; there was a man who had invented a new short-hand, which was “the reform of modern times”; there was a French gentleman, a professor in the University of Paris, who was starving. Then

there was physical culture to be looked to, which made lessons in boxing, fencing, and the use of tin broadswords necessary. And in short, one fine morning, Mr. and Mrs. Boothby find, each to the amazement of the other, that they have spent their last shilling, and then this affecting interview takes place: "Dear Gertrude," said John, after she had had her fit of crying out, "you have spent all your money. I have spent all mine. You have sold all your stocks. I have sold mine. You have not a penny, neither have I. But you have done your level best, and so have I." "Have we nothing, then, dear John?" "Dearest, when the house is sold, when our debts are all paid, we shall still have A SETTLEMENT." "Pray, what is a settlement?" said Gertrude. "Dearest, because we have been rich, because for five years we have paid taxes, because we have lived ten years without removing our home, the town will care for us now in the poorhouse. Had we been poor, dearest, had we had to move for work from place to place, the town would now have turned us out of its borders." (This, by the way, is local satire directed against the Massachusetts law of settlement.) "But we have each other," said Gertrude. "We have not meant to do wrong. We meant to do right." And so it was that they found themselves with their children in the poorhouse. This nonsense is followed by a better contrived, though altogether too audacious apologue called the "Brick Moon," which narrates the adventures of some philanthropists who conceived the idea of launching a moon into space, large enough to be seen from the earth, and made to revolve in an orbit north and south, instead of east and west. The object of this is to furnish navigators with a means of discovering their longitude, as they are now able to find out their latitude from the polar star. The enterprise succeeds. After years of toil and trouble, the brick moon is actually launched, accidentally, and is now to be seen on any fine night floating through the sky at a distance of a few thousand miles from the earth. Unfortunately some of the moon-builders got carried off from the earth with it, and are now living in or on it. With this party their friends on earth established communication, and pass a very happy summer in telegraphing to and receiving messages from them. The

moral of the story seems to be this: "Can it be possible that all human sympathies can thrive, and all human powers be exercised, and all human joys increase, if we live with all our might with the thirty or forty people next to us, telegraphing kindly to all other people to be seen? Can it be possible that our passion for large cities, and large parties, and large theatres, and large churches, develops no faith nor hope nor love which would not find aliment and exercise in a little world of our own?" Mr. Hale's stories have a liveliness which is not without attraction, but his smart humor is rather forced.

"ROUSSEAU." By John Morley. New York: Scribner, Welford & Armstrong. 1873.

Rousseau's reputation has already passed through two different stages, and to judge by signs which are trying to force themselves on every one's attention, it bids fair to pass through another before mankind arrive at anything like a just notion of his real importance. It is a significant illustration of the highly eclectic taste of the day, that this volume of Mr. Morley's should be making its appearance at the same time with that of Mr. Fitz-James Stephens on "Liberty, Fraternity, Equality," as one of them is the product of the sympathetic study of Rousseau's career, while the other is the product of purely critical and logical study of the ideas which Rousseau was the first to set in motion.

The opinion of Rousseau held by his contemporaries in early life was very low. He had no reputation even for ability, and it was not unnatural that this should have been so; for he failed in a dozen attempts to make himself a place in the existing order of society, and was so utterly devoid of morality, in the ordinary acceptation of the word, that his attempts were well-nigh hopeless at the very outset. Breaking loose from society, he led a wild life in the pursuit of his own dreams; and as his own dreams coincided with the aspirations of the people of Europe, then waking to life after the long heavy sleep of the middle ages, his report of them to the world was seized upon with avidity, and after his unhappy death his name became a sort of talisman for those who had in charge "the Revolution." The revolution has been accomplished throughout Europe, and more completely still in

America; we have ceased to be deeply interested in liberty, fraternity, and equality, and have begun with some alarm to ask ourselves, Now that we are all free, all equal, and all brothers, what is going to happen next? Rousseau's "social contract" is as much a thing of the past as the Ptolemaic system of astronomy; and his reputation, which was only a generation ago high in honor, is perhaps beginning to sink again to a level nearer that which it held when he first began to have one.

Was Rousseau a really great man? Or was he only one of those men who derive a fortuitous greatness from the tumultuous character of their times? It is yet too early to say. Mr. Morley does not appear to us to have added much to already existing means of information on the subject. Indeed, he has rather attempted to throw new light on the information we already possess, than to add anything new; and in this attempt we cannot say he has succeeded. His "Rousseau" is hardly likely to prove as valuable a book as his "Voltaire," or as his "Condorcet." He has endeavored to look at Rousseau from a purely critical and dispassionate point of view, but he rather represents him to us from the point of view of the humanitarian positivist, in whose eyes religion as well as metaphysics is a thing of the past; to whom a lofty sympathetic morality offers the key to the future; who is in the habit of spelling God without a capital letter, and who feels toward Rousseau a sort of gratitude that he is able to do so.

In his desire to look at Rousseau impartially, Mr. Morley seems to us to have fallen into the error, very common nowadays, of imagining that the first requisite for impartiality is to strip off all moral feeling. Instead of admitting what is perfectly obvious, that Rousseau was utterly devoid of a responsible will, and was quite the sport of his passions, Mr. Morley is at pains to explain that Rousseau's character was a curious combination of "Genevese austerity" with un-Genevese looseness. But the austerity was shown in his opinions, not in his actions, and in reality he presented the by no means singular spectacle of a man who is interested in moral and social speculations, but who is not practically moral at all. His strength lies in his head, not in his heart. One cannot help feeling from

time to time that Mr. Morley's way of criticising Rousseau's various rascalities would lead, if pursued to its logical end, to a complete confusion between right and wrong. Of course Mr. Morley's school does not believe in absolute right or absolute wrong; but as its principal aim is to elevate morality into the place once occupied by religion, it would seem as if it was their first duty to keep distinct the lines which divide the two regions. It is hardly necessary to say that, in spite of these drawbacks, Mr. Morley's book is very interesting, as is indeed everything he writes.

"A CHANCE ACQUAINTANCE." By William D. Howells. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1873.

It is rather to the disadvantage of each new American writer of stories that almost before his pen is dry, a certain division of the critical world is sure to have begun discussing the question whether he is or is not the "great American novelist," of whom we have all heard so much. It is not Mr. Howells's fault, then, but rather his misfortune, that the discussion has already begun about his "Chance Acquaintance." The discussion is all the more to be regretted, too, because it is not yet quite determined what the features of the "great American novel" are to be. Whether it is to be a novel filled with the young fresh democratic life instilled into us by freedom, bubbling over with the enthusiasm of humanity, rebuking by the emphatic protest of its existence the sham stability of the tottering social fabrics of Europe, or whether it is to be simply a story of love, with no more politics than money in it—all these are points which are as yet undecided, and we suppose must remain so until we have obtained a truly American academy, as they have in France, to let us know what is and what is not good in literature. Meantime, if Mr. Howells will continue to write his charming little stories, half love, half travel, and at least another half humor, we shall be quite content.

A "Chance Acquaintance" is the story of a pretty Western girl, who, in her summer travels, falls in love with a young Bostonian, accepts him, and finds, alas! even on the very day of the offer, that he is ashamed of her—ashamed even to that point, that when some rich and better

dressed Bostonians of his own set make their appearance, he does not even dare to take any notice of her existence, but leaves the poor thing in her travelling dress to shift for herself, while he affects to ignore his relations to her. This ends the idyl, but of course there is a great deal of very nice description of travelling in "the provinces," and a great deal of that delicate humor which is Mr. Howells's principal attraction. We do not find anything in the descriptive parts of the book which is to our minds as good as the account of Niagara in the "Wedding Journey"; but that, for those who have really appreciated Niagara, was so good that it would be difficult to better it. The love story is very well managed, and the analysis of Kitty's highly complicated psychological processes is—according to the testimony of several experts, whom we have had the honor of consulting—very true to nature. We are willing to confess that we do not understand them ourselves, but neither do we understand why the heroine of the "Wedding Journey," after crossing the Goat's Island bridge, should

declare it to be her unalterable resolution never to trust herself on it again—it being obviously impossible to get back to the shore by any other means, and the passage having just been made by her in perfect safety. These, however, are the arcana of life, and all that it is necessary to say is, that Mr. Howells understands them.

With regard to Mr. Arbuton, we must hasten to say that it would be wrong to derive any impression from his infamous conduct as to the general character of Bostonians. Indeed, it strikes us that Mr. Arbuton, as a type, is overdone. Boston society does not possess the extraordinary rigidity which would lead even a typical Bostonian to be afraid to speak to the girl to whom he was engaged, miles and miles away from home, merely because two Bostonian fashionable women are looking at him, and she is not full-dressed. Boston is a very pharisaical place, as all New Yorkers know, but the typical Boston young man, so far as there are any types in this country, is not likely to be so very "cad"-like as this.

RECENT PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

Year Book of Nature and Popular Science, by Dr. Draper. New York, Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

Turning Points in Life, by Rev. Frederick Arnold. New York, Harper & Brothers.

Woman in American Society, by Abba Gould Woolson. Boston, Roberts Brothers.

Ronde et Noir, by Edmond About. Philadelphia, Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger.

Wishing-cap Papers, by Leigh Hunt. Boston, Lee & Shepard.

The Coming Race, by Bulwer Lytton. New York, Harper & Brothers.

Treaty of Washington, by Caleb Cushing. New York, Harper & Brothers.

The Barber, by W. S. Mayo, M.D. New York, G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Queens, by E. B. Emory. Boston, Estes & Lauriat.

New Life in New Lands, by Grace Greenwood. New York, J. B. Ford & Co.

Oxley, by Lyndon. New York, Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

Nature and Utility of Mathematics, by Professor Charles Davies. New York, A. S. Barnes & Co.

Vagabond Herome, by Mrs. Annie Edwards. New York, Sheldon & Co.

The Telescope, by R. A. Proctor, B. A., F.R.A.S. New York, G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Prophecies of the Apocalypse, by Rev. James De Pui. Philadelphia, Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger.

The Year (Poem), by Colesworthy. Boston, Lee & Shepard.

Modern Magic, by Professor Schele De Vere, New York, G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Physiology, by Henry Lawson. M. D. New York, G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, by Fitz-James Stephens. New York, Holt & Williams.

Leaders of France, or Men of the Third Republic. Philadelphia, Porter & Coates.

Xenophon's Anabasis, with notes by Professor A. C. Kendrick. New York, Sheldon & Co.

Inquiries in Physiology, Ethics, and Ethnology, by A. H. Dana. New York, A. S. Barnes & Co.

Americans' Handbook to Vienna Exposition. Philadelphia, Porter & Coates.

Atlantic to Pacific, by J. E. Lester. Boston, Shepard & Gill.

Life of Franz Schubert, by Geo. L. Austin. Boston, Shepard & Gill.

Thanksgiving Story, embodying the poem "Betsey and I are out," by N. S. Emmons. New York, Carleton & Co.

Pay-day at Babel, by Robert B. Rodney, U. S. N. New York, D. Van Nostrand.

THE GALAXY CLUB-ROOM.

THE ABSURDITIES OF ENTHUSIASM.

ALL honor to enthusiasm! "To be drunk standing."

Are your hats on, gentlemen? Off with them at once, and wave them, too, right heartily. What a poky place this world would be without it! They say 'tis love that makes the world go round, but enthusiasm gives to love the idealizing charm, the rosy glow.

Men fight for a principle, but 'tis enthusiasm for the old flag or one's country that gives victory to the weaker side. Faith removes mountains, but enthusiasm drills an available road through them; and unfortunately the faith of most of us is like that of the old woman who, finding the mountain did not budge for her prayers, declared she had never believed it would. Inventors and discoverers, that noble vanguard in mankind's progressive march, could never survive half their trials without this God-given inspiration. "Every great and commanding movement in the annals of the world is the triumph of enthusiasm." Enthusiasm puts a girdle round the earth, makes the Atlantic cable practicable, tunnels the deepest rivers, scales the loftiest mountains, discovers new planets, moves audiences, melts juries (with emotional insanity thrown in), and sends a Stanley to Africa. No, it was the "Herald" that did that!

Many contradictory definitions have been given by many wise heads. Kant and Locke and Isaac Taylor, Hazlitt, Emerson, and Mme. de Staël have all had their solemn say. Let me try!

Enthusiasm seems to me a kindling of the soul toward a favorite object or idea, to almost the entire controlling of our thoughts and purposes and emotions. By its very nature it is uncalculating and unselfish. In this you can distinguish true from false enthusiasm. But this effervescence of the imagination often leads to mental intoxication, and the understanding reels and totters. Hence the element of absurdity. The enthusiasm of some souls is so grand that we are never tempted to smile at their eccentricities.

To one who abhors mathematics it may

seem a little strange that Pythagoras should have rushed shouting through the streets when he discovered that the square of the hypotenuse of a right-angled triangle is equal to the squares of the other two sides. But no one laughs.

You know the story of Archimedes. When he found out while bathing the fraud of the maker of the king's crown, by ascertaining the specific gravity of gold and the alloy, he was so transported that, leaving his clothes, he ran home exclaiming, "Heureka!" At the capture of Syracuse a Roman soldier found him in his room absorbed in the study of a diagram in the sand. He was ordered to follow his captor, but insisted on finishing his demonstration, and was killed. Now I think most of us would have acted differently, preferring not to spell di(e)agram with an unnecessary *e*, but every one respects the old fellow's enthusiasm. And when we read that Sir Humphry Davy bounded about the room in ecstatic delight when he saw the minute globules of potassium burst through the crust of the potash on which he was experimenting, we don't quite understand it, but there is nothing funny in his excitement.

Joan of Arc was a visionary maiden, a little cracked, on the whole, to a distant observer, but we cherish her memory with reverence. She was exalted to immortality by her enthusiasm.

The "admirable" Crichton, the wonder of the sixteenth century, a human prodigy who excelled in every known attainment and accomplishment, was an extreme enthusiast in his notions of chivalric honor. Strolling one night through the streets of Mantua, during the carnival, while playing on his guitar, he was set upon by six armed men in masks. His unrivalled skill and power with the rapier enabled him to disarm the leader and put the rest to flight. The former threw off his mask and begged for his life. It proved to be the pupil of Crichton, the son of the Duke of Mantua. Crichton immediately presented his own sword to the young man saying, "Your highness was always master of my existence, never more

so than now." The other plunged the weapon into his tutor's heart, and so perished, by an absurd devotion to his idea, this marvellous man.

Now, what do we feel as we recall that scene? Indignation, astonishment, regret; a smile would be impossible. There are a sufficient number of instances, however, of enthusiasm in its various aspects and degrees, which do excite the risible faculties. The alchemists amuse me. I know they were useful as pioneers of chemistry, but they didn't and couldn't turn everything to gold, and their frantic efforts thereto are decidedly absurd. They were always just on the verge of success (in their own estimation), and it must have been tantalizing.

An infatuated lover of this delusive art met with one who pretended to have the power of transmuting lead to gold. The hermetic philosopher required only the materials and time to perform his golden operations. He was taken to the country residence of his patroness: a long laboratory was built, and that his labors might not be impeded by any disturbance, no one was permitted to enter into it. His door was contrived to turn on a pivot, so that unseen and unseeing his meals were conveyed to him without distracting the sublime meditations of the sage. During a residence of two years he never condescended to speak but two or three times a year to his infatuated patroness. When she was admitted to the laboratory she saw with pleasing astonishment stills, caldrons, long flues, and three or four vulcanian fires blazing at different corners of this magical mine; nor did she behold with less reverence the venerable figure of the dusty philosopher. Sometimes he required a new still and sometimes vast quantities of lead. Already half of her fortune had been expended in supplying the demands of the philosopher. Much lead went in—nothing but lead came out. She disclosed her sentiment of dissatisfaction, and the sage candidly confessed he was himself surprised at his tardy processes; but that now he would exert himself to the utmost, and would venture to perform a laborious operation which he had hoped was not necessary.

One day, as they sat at dinner, a terrible shriek and one crack, followed by another loud as the report of a cannon, assailed their ears. They hastened to the laboratory. Two of the greatest stills had

burst, and house and laboratory were in flames. The despairing man swallowed poison.

Another alchemist, after bestowing much time and money on preparations for the grand projection, and being near the decisive hour, was induced by the too earnest request of his wife to quit his furnace one evening, to attend some of her guests at the tea table. While the projector was devoting himself to the ladies, his furnace blew up! Result: The wife was blown up as well, and he never would live with her again.

It is a fact that men go mad in herds, for nothing is so contagious as enthusiasm.

At an early age in the annals of Europe its population lost their wits about the Holy Land. Another age went mad for fear of the devil, and offered up thousands of victims to the delusions of witchcraft.

Poisoning has been quite fashionable at various times; a fierce desire of military glory has crazed, shall I say *enthused*, nations; but avarice in the form of a money mania has had as many devotees as any of these temporary idols.

John Law, a gamester and a gallant, escaping from King's Bench prison, no one knew how, and fleeing to Paris, excited the avaricious frenzy of a whole nation by his "Mississippi scheme," which was a stock company for mining purposes in the Mississippi valley. He meant to be honest, but circumstances and the enthusiasm of the people were too much for him. So there was a deal of paper and precious little gold.

But how he was besieged! Dukes, marquises, counts, and titled ladies, too, waited daily for hours before his door. He lived in a narrow, inconvenient street, and there were often fatal accidents from the pressure of the crowd. A cobbler let his stall for 200 livres per day, furnishing writing material to brokers and their clients. A hunchbacked man gained considerable sums by lending his back as a writing-desk to the eager speculators. He removed to the Place Vendôme; the crowd of *agioteurs* followed. The public gardens were forsaken; booths and tents for business and refreshments were erected; the chancellor, whose court was near, complained that he could not hear the advocates for the noise. Ludicrous were the stratagems to gain a hearing. One lady ordered her coachman to drive against

a post and upset her if he saw Mr. Law coming; and after three days of driving round the city, praying inwardly for an opportunity to be overturned, the crisis arrived, over she went, and thus secured a quantity of stock. Another raised an alarm of fire near his house; but this was not so successful, for Law noticed that while every one else scampered away she made all haste to get in. There was an increase of people in Paris to 305,000; carriages were obliged to drive at a foot pace for the jam, and Law's coachman rolled in wealth and a carriage of his own. Of course this could not last long.

The South Sea bubble, gayly tinted and very hollow, was the admiration of the English just about the same time, 1720. Innumerable joint-stock companies now started up everywhere. There were schemes to make deal boards out of sawdust; a wheel for perpetual motion; for furnishing funerals to any part of Great Britain; for insuring to all masters and mistresses the losses they might sustain by servants. One adventurer started "a company for carrying on an undertaking of great advantage, but nobody to know what it is." Many were duped by this. The prospectus stated that the capital required was half a million; five thousand shares, one hundred pounds each; deposit, two pounds per share; each subscriber paying his deposit entitled to one hundred pounds per annum. How this immense profit was to be obtained he did not condescend to inform the public. Next morning at nine the office opened, was beset by crowds, and shut up at three. No less than one thousand shares had been subscribed for and deposits paid in five hours. The winner of two thousand pounds was philosopher enough to be contented with his venture, which was undeniably "an undertaking of great advantage" to himself, and setting out that same evening for the continent, was never heard of more. The King at last had to forbid such crazy speculations.

The tulipomania, introduced into Europe about the middle of the sixteenth century, was a very curious sort of enthusiasm. In 1634 the rage was so great that the population to its lowest dregs embarked in the tulip trade, and as the mania increased prices augmented. It was in decidedly bad taste for any man of fortune to be without at least one choice specimen. A trader at Haarlem paid one half

his fortune for a single root to keep in his conservatory. At one time there were only two roots of the species called *Semper Augustus* in all Holland. A person offered twelve acres of building ground for one; the other was bought for four thousand six hundred florins, a new carriage, two gray horses, and a complete suit of harness. One single root of the rare species called the Viceroy was exchanged for

Two lasts of wheat

Four lasts of rye,

Four fat oxen,

Twelve fat sheep,

Two hogsheads of wine,

Four tuns of beer,

Two tons of butter,

One thousand pounds of cheese,

A complete bed,

A suit of clothes,

A silver drinking-cup:

in all, two thousand five hundred florins. People who had been absent from Holland when this folly was at its height were led into awkward dilemmas by their ignorance. A sailor brought news to a wealthy merchant, who prided himself on his fine tulip bulbs, of the arrival of valuable merchandise, and as a reward received a fine red herring for his breakfast. The tar, it appears, had a great partiality for onions, and seeing one lying among the silks and satins, slyly slipped it into his pocket, as a relish for the herring, and proceeded to the quay to eat his breakfast. Hardly was his back turned when the merchant missed his valuable *Semper Augustus*, value two hundred and eighty pounds sterling. Imagine the distress, the uproar—the tableau of the simple sailor quietly sitting on a coil of rope masticating the last morsel of his *onion*; last act in the little drama, imprisonment for felony!

The Americans cannot boast of superior coolness. We had a Jenny Lind fever, and an excitement about Dickens which might be called an intermittent attack, for the "Notes" gave a chill between the spasms of wild admiration. We play croquet rainy nights aided by glimmering lanterns, and are ready for base-ball matches while a digital stamp remains. We shake hands with our heroes until the poor member resembles a dropsical lobster; run the maddest kind of races on the Mississippi; and chew more tobacco and burst more engines than any other country. Then we had the "Moris Multicau-

lis" to an insane degree. (I prefer to appear learned, and so leave this a mystery to many.) And not many years ago we had the *hen* fever. The papers were full of the excitement. The largest kind of eggs were laid—on editors' tables—and extraordinary prices were paid for the fashionable fowls. Mr. Burnham, the gentleman who raised the excitement, assures us that in the summer of 1850 dozens of full-grown men, enthusiastic hen-fanciers, came to his house for Cochinchina eggs at one dollar each, and on being informed that there were none at present, would sit down and wait three or four or six hours for the hens to lay them a few. "Who's dead?" the stranger would query, seeing the rows of vehicles standing in long lines by his fence.

There was a great hen exhibition in Boston, and Daniel Webster, with stalwart form and noble head, came to see like the rest. He was begged for a speech. The cackling and crowing were something awful, and he excused himself. But the committee pleaded to such an extent that he rose with a "Ladies and gentlemen." Here a monster upon feathered stilts shrieked out an unearthly crow that completely drowned his voice, and he sat lown conquered by a Shanghai.

Enthusiasm for relics belongs to the Old World. We do not have enough. I have no time to dilate upon sacred treasures, mawkish legends, or the vandalism of hero worship. And these are familiar to all. Irving tells us of Shakespeare's chair, which, although made of solid oak, had to be new bottomed at least once in three years. And we have all read of those five Irishmen who, putting up at the same inn, and waxing confidential, displayed five legs of the animal upon which our Saviour rode into Jerusalem. Mark Twain found in the Catacombs the bones of a saint whose holy fervor burst his ribs, and he dared to wonder irreverently what Philip had for dinner.

There is a deal of mock enthusiasm about *art*. Many years ago at Florence the loiterers in the Tribune were startled by the sudden rush into the room of a little man whose literary fame gave him high claims to intuitive taste. He placed himself with clasped hands before the chief attraction in that room of treasures, and murmured, "There is the Venus de' Medici, and here I must stay forever and

forever." He had scarcely uttered these words when an acquaintance entered, and the enthusiast, making a hasty inquiry if Lady — had arrived, left the room and didn't return for some days. Before the same statue another distinguished countryman, whose sensibility old age had not diminished, used to pass an hour daily. His acquaintances respected his raptures, and kept aloof; but a young lady, whose attention was attracted by sounds that did not seem expressive of admiration, ventured to approach, and found the poet sunk in profound but not silent slumber.

The enthusiasm of snobbiism deserves to be ridiculed at length. I have only room for a little rhyme about a loyal lady who pocketed some precious stones. She shall tell her own story:

My cherrystones! I prize them,
No tongue can tell how much.
Each lady caller eyes them
And madly longs to touch!
At eve I lift them down. I look
Upon them, and I cry;
Recalling how my Prince "partook"—
Sweet word!—of cherry pie!

To me it was an era
In life, that *dîjeuner*!
They ate, they sipped madeira
Much in the usual way.
Many a soft item there would be,
No doubt, upon the carte;
But one made life a heaven to me—
It was the cherry tart.

Lightly the spoonfuls entered
That mouth, on which the gaze
Of ten fair girls was centred
In rapturous amaze.
Soon that august assemblage cleared
The dish, and as they ate
The stones all coyly reappeared
On each illustrious plate.

And when His Royal Highness
Withdrew to take the air,
Waiving our natural shyness,
We swooped upon his chair.

One large one—at the moment
It seemed almost divine—
Was got by that Miss Beaumont,
And three, O three, are mine!

Dear me, the cruel printer is inexorable, and my allotted space is filled. And I have *such* a capital story about old Dr. Beecher and his enthusiasm for clams! And I had such funny things to tell of flying machines!

KATE A. SANBORN.

P. S.—Enthusiasm is a good thing. If you have it, be thankful. You will need it all before you get through life.

NEBULÆ.

— THE awful controversy as to the relative merits of New York and Boston seems on the eve of a revival, owing to the appearance of Mr. Howells's "Chance Acquaintance." It is an old controversy, almost coeval with the founding of the two cities, and one in which every right-minded American ought to take an interest. Many different views have been taken as to the real nature of life in Boston and life in New York, and it seems important, in order to arrive at a true solution, to know what they all are. There is one "appreciation" of Boston, perhaps the most common of all, which has grown up in the minds of that part of the inhabitants of the country who are of New England by origin, Western by adoption, and free-soil or abolitionist by conviction, of whom the uncle of Kitty Ellison, Mr. Howells's heroine, is the typical instance. In the minds of this part of our fellow-citizens Boston is the representative of what is inspiring and noble in our national life—the cradle of liberty, the home of freedom, the guiding star in the march of progress. Mr. Howells's description of the state of mind produced by this view of Boston is this: "As far as concerned Canada his mind was purely historical; but when it came to Boston it was strangely reabolitionized, and amidst an ardor for the antiquities of the place, his old love for its humanitarian preëminence blazed up. He would have her visit Faneuil Hall because of its Revolutionary memories, but not less because Wendell Phillips had there made his first anti-slavery speech. She was to see the collections of the Massachusetts Historical Society, and if possible certain points of ancient colonial interest which he named; but at any rate she was somehow to catch sight of the author of the 'Biglow Papers,' of Senator Sumner, of Mr. Whittier, of Dr. Howe, of Colonel Higginson, and of Mr. Garrison. These people were all Bostonians to the idealizing remoteness of Dr. Ellison, and he could not well conceive of them asunder. He perhaps imagined that Kitty was more likely to see them together than separately; and per-

haps indeed they were less actual persons, to his admiration, than so many figures of a grand historical composition. Finally, 'I want you to remember, my dear child,' he wrote, 'that in Boston you are not only in the birthplace of American liberty, but the yet holier scene of its resurrection. There everything that is noble and grand and liberal and enlightened in the national life has originated, and I cannot doubt that you will find the character of its people marked by every attribute of a magnanimous democracy. If I could envy you anything, my dear girl, I should envy you this privilege of seeing a city where man is valued simply and solely for what he is himself, and where color, wealth, family, occupation, and other vulgar and meretricious distinctions are wholly lost sight of in the consideration of individual excellence.' " There is another view of Boston which we fear is the product of the fecund imagination of New York and of the South, according to which Boston is the headquarters of money-making on a mean scale. Just as all Massachusetts people look down on Connecticut as the home of a degraded kind of thrift, so New York and the old South have been in the habit of looking down on Massachusetts and the principal city of Massachusetts. Bostonians were as a race reputed to be fond of money, and at the same time fond of getting it in small ways. We call this a distinct view of Boston; but perhaps after all it was only the reverse of the aspect in which the city presented itself to the minds of those of whom Kitty Ellison's uncle is a type. The home of abolition was to the Southern slaveholder and to the conservative New Yorker—who in those days took his tone very much from the South—also the home of trade; and while the country was still in conservative hands, and the ruling conservative power was a pseudo-aristocracy founded on slavery, trade was rather looked down upon. The chieftains of the South were still accustomed to semi-military, semi-feudal traditions; and any community which, besides being poisoned by freedom, was also tainted

by trade, could not be expected to have a good standing in their eyes. How it was that this feeling extended itself to New York, which was certainly even before the war quite as much a trading community as Boston, we do not pretend to understand, but it certainly did exist.

— THEN there was the old Knickerbocker feeling about Boston, which must perhaps be traced back to the contest for the possession of New York between the Dutch and English, the old Knickerbockers keeping alive their hostility to England by half-public expressions of malevolence toward the still English capital of Massachusetts. In course of time, too, these various feelings were heightened by the birth of a literature in New York very different from, and opposed in style and traditions, to the contemporaneous literature of Boston; and of course when the rivalry between the two cities began to take a literary form, there came an end at once to any hope of a good understanding.

— BESIDES these various causes for quarrel, there has been for a long time a notion that not only was Boston English, but New York was French. Possibly there was no time when this was true, though, judging from existing statistics, New York is rather German than French, and, judging from the government of the past, New York was at the time of which we are speaking rather Irish than either. Still, it was agreed to consider New York French; and in obedience to this convention, a number of houses were erected with Dutch stoops in front, and Louis Quatorze furniture inside, and a number of other houses were put up with *portes-cochères* in front, and English furniture inside. It was *de rigueur* in those days to consider France as the central light of the universe, and many a young New Yorker was sent to France to complete his education; while no doubt the ascendancy of the Democratic party, which certainly was able to trace most of its ideas through Jefferson back to 1789, gave a semblance of truth to the fancy that New York was French in cultivation and association. There is nothing like a theory to reconcile us to the condition of affairs which we find about us. Once admitted that New York was very French, it did not much

matter whether it was French of the "Stratford atte Bow" kind, or whether it was the French of Paris. If some ingenious person were to invent a theory that New York was peculiarly Chinese in character, there would no doubt be plenty of persons who would find corroborations of the theory being correct. When we remember that Boston has been in times past so much looked down upon as the home of trade (and we ought not to forget that this contempt was chiefly due to the old-fashioned mediæval notion that trade was incompatible with a gentlemanly life, and also that trade was not generally honest), it is amusing to remember that Boston was also looked down upon as being only possessed of a small trade. The attempts of Boston to become a great modern city have excited much derision in New York, and many editorials have been written on the subject showing the absurdity of these attempts, and depicting the excitement of the population on the arrival of a foreign vessel at the decaying wharves, an event which used to be depicted in the most glowing colors as bringing out the inhabitants in their holiday attire. It seemed to be felt in New York that a city so pharisaical as Boston ought not to engage in such low pursuits as the accumulation of gain, unless really great gains were made, and it was for a long time supposed that Boston's fate was to be something like that of her early rivals, Salem and Marblehead.

— MEANWHILE how has Boston been looking upon New York? She has watched the growth of her rival city with mingled feelings of surprise, envy, admiration, and contempt. On the one hand it should be remembered that Boston was an important city, historically, while New York was still unimportant. In provincial times, the history of Massachusetts, compared with the history of New York, might be called grand. Irving, who has done as much or more than any one to rehabilitate the past of his State, found very poor materials outside a single legend or two, which, by the way, were not (at least the principal one was not) the peculiar property of New York; and when he left the mythical period, the historical documents only afforded subjects for a burlesque. Bostonians could not be expected to be surprised by the events which Diedrich

Knickerbocker afterward related with any distinct feelings, because at the time they did not follow them with that greedy interest which the inhabitants of each American city now take in the proceedings of the inhabitants of any of them. When in this century the surprising growth of New York began, and it seemed probable that the growth would be at the expense of that of Boston, the subject became more interesting. The general impression derived by the Bostonians from this later study is that, though the trade of New York may be increasing, the city has in less material respects been steadily retrograding, and that in intelligence, morality, and the art of self-government, New York is at a very low ebb. How easily this proved itself to the ordinary Bostonian, it is unnecessary to say. In order to appreciate the truth of the criticism, he had only to compare himself with the New Yorker and recognize in him his mental, moral, and social inferior. Through the streets of Boston no brazen Fisk flaunted his stolen wealth; in the courts of Boston justice was not bought and sold; on the Common of Boston no bronze statues were whitewashed by ignorant officials. Where was the "higher education" in New York? where was its Boston Public Library? What could be said in defence of the shameless misgovernment to which it submitted? New York was clearly ignorant and immoral; but strange to say, New York still went on growing, and it is impossible in our day for a city which is not growing to look upon a city which is growing without a certain amount of envy. So you may hear the same Bostonian, almost in the same breath, denounce the degradation of New York, and deplore the fact that the wealth and importance of New York were so great as compared with those of Boston, that young men could no longer be kept away from the larger place, or persuaded to lead a good old-fashioned, quiet, respected Bostonian life.

— It ought not to be forgotten, either, that a good deal of the contempt which Boston has felt for New York has been mitigated by the excitement and pleasure caused in the minds of many Bostonians by the highly sensational or dramatic character of many recent events in New

York. Why it is we cannot pretend to explain, but certainly events happen in New York in a much more startling way than they do in Boston. Perhaps it is because the people are more theatrical at bottom; but we do not wish, for our part, to add a single one to already numerous theories in which this whole subject is involved. However this may be, the history of the Erie road, the death of Fisk, the events connected with Erie reform, and those connected with the overthrow of the Ring, including the appearance of the "Demon Garvey" on the witness stand, all are illustrations of the fact to which we allude, that a political or social crisis in New York generally assumes a highly theatrical and exciting form. This cannot be said of Boston. If we were expecting to find anything of the kind in Massachusetts, we should look for it in the history of the Hoosac Tunnel, or the Hartford and Erie Railroad, or the political exploits of General Butler. But it is not to be found. Even General Butler, of whom one might actually expect great things, is just as apt, when he comes before the footlights, to burlesque the situation in which he wishes to appear, as to produce it. This theatrical tendency will make itself clear to any one who attempts to write about the affairs of the two cities.

— SHALL we be expected to say what is our own opinion as to the merits of the feuds between New York and Boston? We have no desire to conceal it. There was a time, undoubtedly, when the two cities were so far separated that there was little community of interest and much diversity of sentiment between them, when it was a long journey from New York to Boston, and when the tone of society was radically different in both. That period, however, came to an end thirty years ago, when steam brought them within a few hours of each other, and since then there has been nothing to keep the feud alive except the traditions of the past. Boston and New York are now nine hours apart, and this distance will soon be reduced to seven. They are closely tied together by the bonds of trade, and are becoming more and more alike every year. There are, of course, differences still, but they are rather differences, as we have said, of tradition than of tendency. Both are becoming modern cities, with the same passion

for display and cosmopolitanism, the same indifference to old prejudices, the same morbid vanity and reckless belief in the future. Two cities, only nine hours apart, filled with people speaking for the most part the same language, governed by very nearly the same laws, waited upon by the same servants, transacting the same kinds of business, professing the same sort of religion, seeing the same imitated plays and hearing the same imported symphonies, and living in houses of the same composite architecture; cannot long remain types of two distinct forms of civilization; and there is certainly not that frightful chasm between the two places which yawned in bygone times between rival municipalities. The Peloponnesian war would never have taken place if there had been three express trains a day between Sparta and Athens; and the Punic wars would never have lasted half as long as they did if Carthaginian rosebuds had been the fashion in Rome.

— A FRENCH officer, General Cremier, has lately taken strong ground in favor of the abolition of bands in armies. His argument is an extended one, and, we may add, somewhat humorous. Briefly stated, it urges first, that the French term of service prevents the musicians from ever becoming accomplished in their art, and that they only learn to play well when their term of discharge is at hand; secondly, that a large body of men is thus detached from the effective force of the army, and a large increase made in army expenditures, while much additional cost and conscription are imposed upon a country which already complains of the rigors of military law and the size of the military budget; finally, he declares that bands are merely luxuries for peace time, and chiefly for officers' quarters, while in war they are of no use, their instruments being hard to carry on a march, or perpetually getting out of order, and never heard in battle, in spite of the traditional power of music to inspire a brilliant charge or a stubborn defence. All these and other points are

effectively brought out, and the officer claims that he never under fire heard any band music whatever, except, of course, the drum and fife. In a satirical vein General Cremier suggests that all the present uses of a band might be supplied by the substitution of a "regimental hand-organ," and a saving of men and money thereby effected. But, on the other hand, we shall beg leave to cite from a private letter received half a dozen years ago from an officer who had been a distinguished corps commander in the Army of the Potomac. The same question of abolishing bands having come up, this officer wrote: "On the Peninsular campaign, during the battle of Williamsburg, things were looking blue enough, when I espied a drummer, and ordered him to beat. His drum was wet, and sounded too much as if muffled. I immediately stopped him, and called to some men of a band near by to play. They replied they could not, that all were not there. An officer of my staff collected enough, and referred to me to know what to play. I replied that I did not care. They struck up a national air, and the effect was magical." It is clear, therefore, that there are two sides not only to the question of bands in the army, but even to that of their use in active campaign. But, by the way, even the bugle and the drum and fife are threatened with a curtailed sphere of employment, for in France they appear to have been partly replaced by the *whistle* in skirmishing practice. Several battalions of *Chasseurs à pied* have lately been drilled with this novel instrument—novel, however, only in war, since on shipboard its varied calls are as familiar as those of the bugle in the army. The experiments are said to have succeeded so well as to promise the general adoption of the *whistle* in skirmishing. Still, the time-honored, "spirit-stirring" and "ear-piercing" drum and fife are doubtless destined to a long career, despite the "reformatory" and "economical" projects to abolish bands and to introduce in their place jewsharps or whistles.

THE GALAXY

Miscellany and Advertiser.

APPLETON'S JOURNAL, one of the oldest and best of our weekly papers, and one whose good opinion may well be appreciated by any writer; pays the following glowing tribute to Justin McCarthy's new novel, "A Fair Saxon": "Those who take note of publishers' announcements have probably read before this, in a little placard in Messrs. Sheldon & Co.'s Broadway window, a review in brief of Mr. Justin McCarthy's last novel—a review which says in a few words what we can make more emphatic in this notice. There the book is called—in that uncompromising spirit of praise which an author may certainly generally expect from his publisher, whether he receives it from the public or not—'a charming story by a brilliant writer.' We wish all advertisements were as just as this. Whatever faults Mr. McCarthy may have, no one can say of his ever-active pen that it does not at least give us constantly graceful, bright, attractive works; if these traits, sustained in the writings of one who has written so much, do not necessarily entitle him to rank among the leaders, they are, at least, sufficient to constitute brilliancy, as the word goes. And 'A Fair Saxon' is unquestionably a charming and an excellent novel. It is full of well-conceived characters, and very bright, with an unflagging flow of life. Its hero, Tyrone, is so unforced and unexaggerated a type of young manhood, so natural in his traits of uncorrupted yet not idealized young man's feeling, so true in his impulses, ambitions, disappointments, and successes, as almost to remind us of Pendennis—that master-picture of a man at this richest period of a lifetime. Indeed, Tyrone, with his fresh honor and chivalry and enthusiasm, yet with his faults, too, is a character sure to win hearts; and Jennie Aspar, the heroine of the story, will hardly be behind him in this. Show-

ing quite as much skill—we should say *more* if we did not know it to be harder to picture the common type than the exceptions—some of the other persons of the novel—notably Quentin, Mican, and Charette—are among the best of portraitures. We have gone so far as to imagine that the original of General Charette—the hero of countless useless revolutions, the eager conspirator in Fenianism, Communism, any ism that showed prospect of a fight—need not be sought far away by those familiar with the names of contemporary heroes. Mrs. Lorn is not much overdrawn, if at all; and the minor characters in the book are admirable. Mr. McCarthy has contributed to the pleasantest class of novel-reading that is given us nowadays; and many a reader whose patience has been overtaxed by some recent trials in the way of lighter literature, will thank him for the freshness and truth of his new story."

A WIDOW lady sitting beside a cheerful fire in a meditative mood, shortly after her husband's decease, sighed out, "Poor fellow! How he did like a good fire! I hope he has gone where they always keep good fires."

AN applicant for a pair of boots at one of our shoe stores was asked what number he wore, and replied, as soon as he could recover from his surprise, "Why, two, of course!"

A HORSE-CAR driver in Chicago gave a penny over to twenty different passengers, to try their honesty, and nineteen of them kept the money, while the other one swore that four cents more were due him.

"YOUR children may never have wealth," observed a neighboring clergy-

man to his congregation, "but when they grow up it will be something for them to boast that their fathers were not members of the Forty-second Congress."

A GERMAN physiologist has discovered that tobacco-smoking by the boys "interferes with the molecular changes coincident with the development of tissues, and makes the blood corpuscles oval and irregular at the edge." Any parent can thus ascertain if his boy smokes by merely taking out a handful of his blood corpuscles and observing their edges.

REMEMBER that a raw egg will clear your throat of fish bones. Put one in a little hot wine, add some sugar, and the fish bones will slip down all the easier. P.S.—You can take the egg, wine and sugar, anyhow. They're good as a preventive; and you don't know what moment you may get a fish bone in your throat.

AN old farmer, noted for his eccentricities, had a hired man who somewhat resembled himself, and whose vagaries exhibited themselves in ways most marked and unexpected. Going to his barn, one winter morning, the farmer found his man had been before him, and had taken a halter and hung himself to a large beam, and was already lifeless. Surveying the spectacle for a moment, the old man burst out: "Wall! I wonder what on airth that critter will do next!"

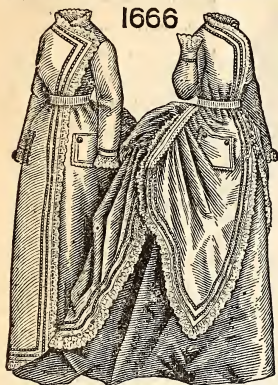
A PREACHER who had recently lost his wife, after commenting on her great moral worth, concluded with the following pathetic remarks: "My dear brethren and sisters, for six long months before my poor wife's death she suffered from divers diseases and torments. If she tuck medicine for one ailment, it was sure to inter-flict with another; and the last case was worse than the first. But rheumaty pains and a codicil of the brain tuck her off. But thank God, she had her breath to the last, and went a shouting clear through to glory. My brethren, I've lost sheep and I've lost cows, but I tell you the death of my wife was the worst lick I ever got. I still feel like an orphan, and for one whole month arter I put her

away I felt like I could fall down and go to sleep anywhere."

WE clip the following from the Providence "Evening Press": We are glad to hear that our friend has finally seen a light and has learned to appreciate brilliant writing. His conversion is better late than never. Although he spoke to himself in the quietude of his own study, Mr. McCarthy will now hear his praise and blush. "We may be deemed heterodox in taste, but we confess to a want of relish, or taste—appreciation, if you please—of the writings of Justin McCarthy. He is a voluminous writer, ranges over a large field in the selection of his topics, but there is something about his essays which fails to win our continuous attention. We took up this volume ('A Fair Saxon') with that impression strong upon us. We became deeply interested in its pages, and when we had finished it, arose from our seat, and addressed Mr. McCarthy something in this style: 'Sir, we have been unjust to you. You can write. You can captivate the mind, enchain the attention, make vice appear vicious, and nobility of character more noble. You have given us a living fiction, with living characters, both English and Irish. You have made your mark, and it is a strong one. Forgive us; henceforth we are yours to command.' Of course, we spoke to ourselves, in the quietude of our library, but had the author been present *incog.*, he would have blushed at the freedom of our speech of praise. The volume deals with the Irish question. Its hero is an M. P. from Ireland who had squandered a princely estate in disreputable living, but was won from his sin and folly by the pure love he entertained for an English girl. The English character comes in for its fair share of criticism as well as the Irish. The Fenian portion of the story is humorous, and in its sad ending a lesson is very plainly taught. It is full of exciting scenes, and has enough of the devotion and enthusiasm of true love to win the approbation of all who have ever become enthralled by the divine passion."

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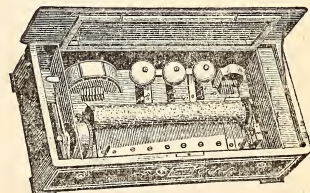
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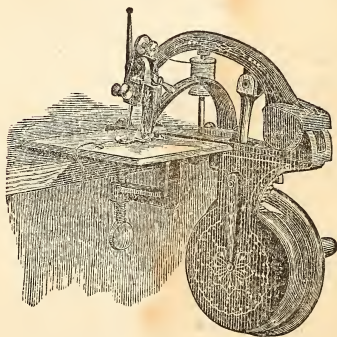
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